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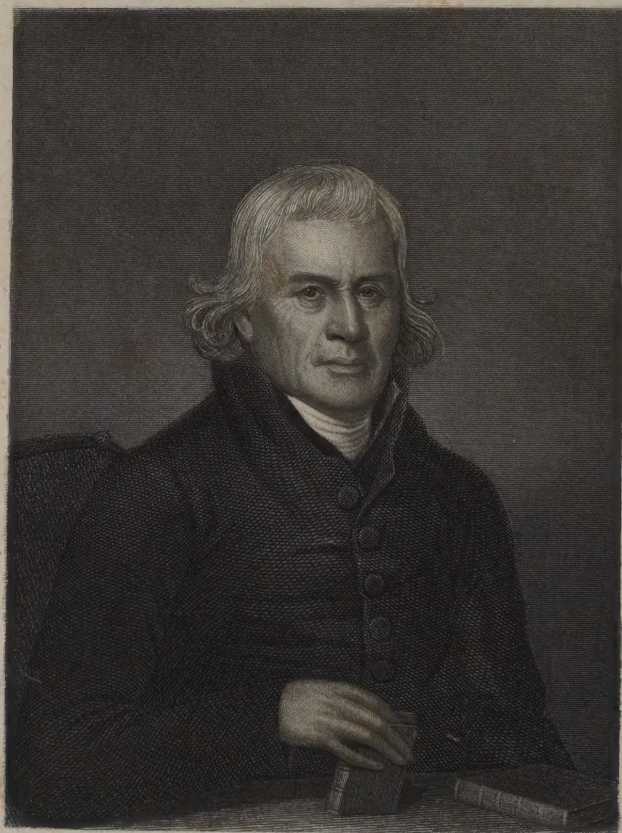
To his friend



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Theology Library
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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.



Eng^d by A.H. Ritchie.

THE REV. FRANCIS ASBURY,

BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

Eminent Itinerant Ministers

DISTINGUISHED, FOR THE MOST PART, AS

PIONEERS OF METHODISM

WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

EDITED BY

THOMAS O. SUMMERS, D.D.



Nashville, Tenn.:

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INTRODUCTION.

It is not the design of the present volume to encourage "hero-worship." There is a glorying in man which is denounced as idolatry, because it derogates from the glory of God. This we would carefully avoid. And yet the apostle speaks of "the messengers of the Churches," as "the glory of Christ;" and as such, while living, they are to be "esteemed very highly in love for their work's sake," and surely when dead they ought not to be forgotten. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

"Let us praise famous men," says Sirach. "The Lord hath wrought great glory by them—leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions—the glory of their times. There be of them that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore. The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will show forth their praise." But, says he, "Some there be who have no memorial, who are perished as though they had never been."

How pertinently these reflections apply to the fathers of Methodism is sufficiently obvious. Alas! many of them who were famous in their times have no memorial. But others of them have left a name behind them, and one which we, as their spiritual posterity, would not willingly let die.

It is not indeed our purpose to "praise" these "famous men," only as this is unavoidably done in tracing their holy and useful lives. It is difficult to sketch the characters of men whom we greatly esteem, without indulging somewhat in eulogy and panegyric. This may, perhaps, be observed in some of these sketches; but if so, we can assure the reader it was not the design of the volume. The sketches were written, for the most part, by the personal friends of the subjects of them; and some allowance must, of course, be made for the partialities of friendship. This being granted, we do not hesitate to express our belief that they are all faithful portraits, and valuable contributions to our religious biography. Going back to the heroic age of American Methodism, and tracing its rise and progress, as connected with the operations of its venerable pioneers in the South and South-west, they will be of no small value to the future historian of the Church. It is hoped that the record of their labors will quicken the zeal of those who have entered into them; and the memorial of their godly lives will induce many of their spiritual descendants to "admire" the "portraits," "nor stop to admire, but imitate and live."

In point of literary execution, as well as in regard to the

subjects of the sketches, there is, of course, a considerable disparity: this is the more observable, as the editorial prerogative has been exercised as sparingly as might be in preparing them for the press. The variety of style, it is thought, will add interest to the volume.

The publishers made great efforts to obtain a sketch of one minister from every Conference in the Connection, and delayed the publication for this purpose; but we regret to say they have been disappointed. Several honored names that were on our list have been consequently omitted: they may appear in a future volume, should the present be received with favor.

Each sketch would have been accompanied with a portrait of its subject, if it could have been procured; but in many cases this was impossible. The engravings which are inserted are considered as good likenesses as our artists could execute from the best portraits we were able to procure.

The Editor.

NASHVILLE, TENN., April 15, 1858.

Biographical Sketches.

FRANCIS ASBURY.

BY WILLIAM M. WIGHTMAN, D. D.

FRANCIS ASBURY landed in Philadelphia, October 27, 1771. He was an Englishman by birth, his native place being a few miles from Birmingham. Just two years previously, Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor had landed at Gloucester Point, six miles below Philadelphia. They were the first missionaries sent by Mr. Wesley to the American Colonies. Francis Asbury and Richard Wright made up the second missionary supply.

Application was subsequently made to Mr. Wesley to send Joseph Benson to the American continent. Providentially, as it now appears, this was not done. Mr. Benson was one of the most eminent of the lay preachers in Wesley's Connection—a man of literary tastes and fine abilities. He would no doubt have made his mark in New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore. But his position would necessarily have made Asbury's subordinate. He could never have done Asbury's work.

The number of Methodists in America in 1771 was less

than 600. They were found principally in the cities of Philadelphia and New York. Three years before Asbury's arrival, namely, in October, 1768, the first house of worship erected by the Methodists was built in John street, New York, and dedicated by Mr. Embury, a local preacher, and an immigrant from Ireland. It was 60 feet by 42, and took the place of the "rigging-loft" in William street, where the little society of Methodists had held their meetings at the beginning. Mr. Embury preached the first Methodist sermon ever delivered on the continent. It was in his own house in New York, in 1766, and his congregation was made up of five hearers.

Thus, sharply defined, as to time, place, and circumstance, was the rise of Methodism in this country. Small enough! But there was vitality in the germ: it has in less than a century overrun the land. We are now to trace the leading human instrumentality in this prodigious development—the grandest Christianity has made since the times of the apostles.

The year after Asbury's arrival, he was appointed by Mr. Wesley general assistant; by virtue of which office he was to exercise a supervision over all the societies and preachers. Thus he became the prominent leader, and his oversight and labors were coëxtensive with the young but growing community of societies. At this early period their affairs were managed at quarterly meetings.

In 1773, Messrs. Rankin and Shadford were sent from England as an additional supply of preachers; and as Mr. Rankin had been several years longer in the travelling ministry than Mr. Asbury, he was appointed by Wesley general assistant, in the place of the latter.

In July, 1773, the first Conference was convened and held

its sessions in Philadelphia. Ten travelling preachers were stationed at this Conference; and the numbers in society were reported at 1100. Mr. Asbury was appointed to Baltimore, but his ministry was not confined to that city. He travelled extensively throughout Maryland, preaching and forming societies.

The second Conference was held in Philadelphia, May 25th of the next year, and *seven* American-born preachers were admitted on trial. This brought the number of travelling preachers to seventeen, and the number of members had increased to 2073.

The new chief, Rankin, was a Scotchman, a rigid disciplinarian, inclined to be arbitrary in his rule, and withal, a somewhat poor preacher. He did not exactly understand the American character, and Asbury found it necessary to expostulate with him in respect to his occasional bearing and measures. On the breaking out of the war of the Revolution, he and the other British preachers, except Asbury, left the country and returned home.

Asbury had weighed the matter well, and made up his mind to give up his native country and identify his fortunes with those of American Methodism. This course entailed perils as well as privations. Wesley had published a pamphlet against the revolt of the Colonies, and his preachers in America could not fail to be subjected to popular odium. Asbury was known to be one of these preachers; his colleagues had gone back to England; one of them, Rodda, had been detected in circulating the king's proclamation on his circuit: it was no violent presumption, under the circumstances, that the Methodists might be disaffected toward the cause of American independence. And persecution was the natural result. Some of the native-born preachers were im-

prisoned, some beaten with brutal severity, and their little flocks scattered. In this state of things, Mr. Asbury found himself compelled to leave Maryland and take refuge in Delaware, where, in the hospitable family of Judge White, he found protection and the kindest treatment.

In March, 1778, this period of comparative inaction commenced. In the latter part of the ensuing year, having been elected general assistant once more, he resumed his itinerant labors, which extended, in 1780, as far south as North Carolina.

During the year just specified, his personal influence, judicious measures, and address, succeeded in arresting an incipient schism, occasioned by an earnest desire on the part of the societies and preachers in Virginia to have the sacraments administered. The Methodists had previously held a *quasi* connection with the Episcopal Church, which, in ante-revolutionary times, was part of the English Establishment. One of the results of the Declaration of Independence was to dissolve the Episcopal Establishment; and this left the members of the Methodist societies without any resource in the matter of the ordinances. This want the Virginia brethren undertook to supply. However laudable the design, the action was undoubtedly premature. The interposition of Asbury led to the suspension of a movement which must have hazarded, if not ended, the unity of Methodism. The process of disintegration was effectually arrested.

In 1783, the war with Great Britain closed. It had engrossed the public mind, and turned into political and military directions the course of public thought. But now the independence of the United States was acknowledged by the mother-country. The beneficial effects of peace soon began to show themselves in the enlarged circle of religious opera-

tions opened to the preachers, and in an accession to the societies of nearly 2000 members during the year 1784.

The time was come for the organization of a CHURCH. There were under Asbury's oversight 83 preachers, and about 15,000 members. We have traced the growth of American Methodism from its embryo state in 1766. In less than twenty years, it had reached a point at which the organic form took its proper shape, self-developed from the energy of the life that was in it. The expression of the combined elements of connectionalism, itinerancy, and general superintendency, was *Episcopacy*.

Methodism began with religion in the heart. Its grand appeal was to the individual conscience. It delivered the testimony of the gospel with all possible stress: "Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." It sought to bring men from darkness to light, from sin to holiness. This was its first business; and this it did without ordained ministers, without ordinances save the "glorious gospel of the blessed God," without churches, and starting from a "rigging-loft" as its point of departure. The only aid it received in money was a donation of £50 from the English Conference. For the first eighteen years, it had not among its lay-preachers a single man of profound learning or extraordinary mental accomplishments. It was encountered at its outset by the commotions of a Revolution: its cradle was rocked by civil storm and tempest. Who can fail to see that its strength stood in its *religion*? This was its *differentia*, its essential characteristic. Beginning with the religion of the heart, it began from within and worked outward—as genuine Christianity always does. The central functions, the vital forces of the system being in healthful play, it threw itself, not by mechanical force from without, but by spon-

taneous energies from within, into those forms of organic life which were the visible extension and manifestation of Church-life, in polity, discipline, and sacraments. This is the philosophy of Methodist *orders*. To state the case fairly and plainly is a sufficient vindication; and to the founders of the American Methodist Church we may apply justly the fine remark of an historian in reference to the founders of the American nation: "The result of their labors is eulogy enough: their best apology is to tell the story exactly as it was."

"Dispassionately looked at," says Isaac Taylor, "Wesleyan Methodism did not so much violate, as it rendered an homage to, the principle of Church order; for if it broke in upon things constituted with a violence that threatened to overthrow whatever might obstruct its course, it presently emerged from its own confusion, and stood forth as a finished pattern of organization, and an eminent example of the prevalence and supremacy of *rules*. The enlightened adherents of ecclesiastical institutions might well persuade themselves to see in Methodism, not as they are wont, a horrible Vandalism, but the most emphatic recognition that has ever been made of the very core of Church principles, namely, that Christianity cannot subsist, does not develop its genuine powers, (longer than for a moment,) apart from an ecclesiastical organization; and this seems to mean nothing less than a well-compacted hierarchical system."

When urgent representations were made to Wesley, upon the close of the Revolutionary struggle, of the necessity that existed for a regularly-organized ministry among the American societies, his former scruples immediately gave way. The American Colonies were an independent Republic—the Bishop of London's control in the United States was for ever ended—the field was clear—no man's right, assumed or real,

was invaded by the organization of a Methodist Church in the United States: then, as the founder and legislator of the Methodist body in Europe and America, he adopted for the American societies the primitive form of Church organization, an Episcopacy *jure humano*, with the orders of Elders and Deacons.

In this affair, due respect was paid to the important principle of the ministerial transmission of Christian ordinances and ministrations—Francis Asbury having been solemnly “set apart” by the imposition of the hands of those who themselves had been ordained; while at the same time the whole transaction waged war to the knife with the Romish dogma of apostolico-succession; since Wesley and the English Presbyters who ordained Coke Bishop, were themselves *only* Presbyters of the Anglican Church.

In the first point of view just referred to, it will be observed that while the call to the holy office is primarily the work of the Holy Spirit, the recognition of this inward call, and the formal investiture of ministerial functions, comes from the existing ministry. The 23d Article of the Church of England expresses the Protestant doctrine on the subject: “It is not lawful for any man to take upon himself the office of public preaching, or ministering the sacraments in the congregation, before he is lawfully called and sent to execute the same.” The Confessions of the Reformed Continental Churches teach the same doctrine. One of the special prerogatives of the ministry, then, by general consent, is “to examine and authenticate the qualifications of those who are to succeed them, and to set them apart to their office by the imposition of hands.” In Episcopal Churches, this formal “setting apart” is committed to the chief ministers—Bishops, who in ordaining act as the organs of the Church.

In the second point of view, Asbury's consecration to the Episcopal office proceeded on the ground that Episcopacy is not a ministerial order *jure Divino*—by Divine prescription, of immutable obligation, and clothed with powers emanating directly from God, the channel of Christ's covenanted grace, and therefore indispensable to the existence of a Church; but an order *jure ecclesiastico*, originating in the necessities of a connectional body of ministers and members, and holding the exclusive right of ordaining by commission from the Church. For this *jure ecclesiastico* claim, the precedent and practice of primitive Christianity may be adduced. For the *jure Divino* right, no solitary passage of Scripture can be pleaded. The papal theory alone is consistent on this point: the visible Church is a mediator between man and God, the impersonation of Christ, and a depository of grace, sacramental union with which alone gives us access to salvation: the ministry is a priesthood, its powers having come down by perpetual derivation from the apostles: the instrument of transmission is the "sacrament of orders," which is intrusted exclusively to the hands of a Bishop. This sacrament of orders impresses an "indelible character" upon the recipient, and confers sacerdotal grace for the performance of sacerdotal offices. Apart from the virtue of this "sacrament of orders" there can be no true sacraments, nor is there any absolution in the absence of a priest. There is no legitimate priest, therefore, without a Bishop; and consequently no valid Christianity outside of this apostolico-succession. This is a theory which one can understand. It is consistent as well as plain. It lacks but one thing: *it is not true!*

To this theory, premises, and conclusion, Methodism gives a distinct, unmistakable, utter refutation. It furnishes the demonstration that the spirit and life of Christianity, the

birthright and blessing of true inward religion, is to be found outside of this *pseudo*-sacerdotal system of men and sacraments. It has a priest, the "great High-Priest," no more to be exclusively appropriated by a single class of religionists, than the light and warmth of the sun. It has a sacrifice—that "once offered"—a sacrifice partaking of Divine perfection, wanting nothing to supplement *its* efficacy; unlimited in its power to save, and undiminished in the fulness of its merit through all generations of the world, and down to the end of time. Any other priest, any other sacrifice, is a grand impertinence. What need have we of other sacerdotal offices when *our* High-Priest is "able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he *ever liveth* to make intercession for them." But the sacerdotal character eliminated, then it is matter of not the slightest consequence whether the minister of Christ can trace his genealogy to Linus, Anacletus, or Peter. His call to the ministry of reconciliation is made by the Holy Ghost. The office of the existing ministry is merely to verify that call and countersign his title.

Francis Asbury was ordained Deacon, Elder, and Bishop at the Christmas Conference in 1784. To the Episcopal office he was elected by the unanimous suffrage of the Conference, and with the hearty consent of the laity throughout the Connection of societies. This Connection now becomes a Church, there being a regularly constituted Episcopacy to set apart preachers duly recommended by an Annual Conference, and ordained ministers to administer the ordinances of God's house. The historians of the United States are too much occupied with the story of diplomatic affairs, treaties, currency questions, articles of confederation, and the like, to notice this Christmas Conference, or to bestow a line on the

principal figure in the group of pretensionless preachers convened in Baltimore. History has plenty of "patriotic rouge" to bedaub men whose element was war, and plenty of tinsel for small statesmen, fourth-rate orators, and petty traffickers in politics. It ignores the existence of a man whose life for nearly half a century was devoted exclusively to a manly, earnest, and most successful movement, telling directly and powerfully upon the foundation-principles of national and social well-being—upon the intellectual and moral progress of vast masses of the American people. His witness is with God, and his record on high. To have done things worthy to be written in history more than compensates a truly great man for the omission of his name in historic records.

By way of comparing dates, it may be worth while to mention, that while the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized December 25, 1784, in the same year overtures were made to Franklin in Paris by the Pope's nuncio on the subject of appointing a Bishop or Vicar-Apostolic for the United States; to which Congress replied that they had nothing to do with a subject purely ecclesiastical. In 1786, the Pope appointed John Carroll, of Maryland, Vicar-Apostolic, who was subsequently consecrated Bishop of Baltimore. In 1789, a General Convention of Episcopalians was held, at which the constitution of the new Protestant Episcopal Church, which had been projected at two previous conventions, was ratified and completed, Bishops White and Provoost having been previously ordained by the English Bishops. In 1788, the Presbyterians arranged their Church-government on a national basis, the Synod of New York and Pennsylvania having been divided into four Synods, delegates from which annually met in a General Assembly. It may be added that there were at that time nine colleges in the United States,

of which three were controlled by the Episcopalians, three by Congregationalists, and one each by the Presbyterians, by the Reformed Dutch Church, and by the Baptists.

On the 27th day of December, 1784, Asbury was consecrated Bishop. The Conference adjourned on the 3d of January; and on the 5th, he inaugurated his Episcopal ministrations by riding on horseback fifty miles through frost and snow. His face was southward, and he was making his first visit to Charleston.

On the 23d of February, he reached Georgetown, S. C., where he was kindly received. The next day he preached there, and the word of God was carried with power to the heart of Mr. Wayne, a nephew of General A. Wayne, a distinguished American officer. Mr. Wayne immediately joined the Methodist Church, and thus the foundation for a society in Georgetown was laid.

On the 26th he reached Charleston, having preached some fifteen or twenty sermons during the journey from Baltimore. This visit of Bishop Asbury was the introduction of Methodism to Charleston. The earliest result of it was the conversion of Mr. Wells, the gentleman who had hospitably entertained the Bishop, to whom he bore a letter of introduction from Mr. Wayne. Thus was formed the nucleus of a Methodist Church in the Queen City of the South. Twelve years afterward, during one of Asbury's visits to Charleston, Mr. Wells died in the faith of Jesus, testifying with his last words that "God was with him." His funeral-sermon was preached by the Bishop, who described him as a truly religious man, "a gentleman of spirit and sentiment, and fine feelings, a faithful friend to the poor, and warmly attached to the ministers of the gospel."

Bishop Asbury made thirty-seven subsequent visits to

Charleston—a fact illustrative of the deep interest he took in the spread of Methodism at the South.

Among the earliest recollections of the writer of this sketch, is a tolerably vivid impression of a venerable old man, shrunk and wrinkled, wearing knee-breeches and shoe-buckles, dressed in dark drab, whose face to a child's eye would have seemed stern but for the gentleness of his voice and manner toward the little people. It was the custom of my honored and sainted mother, no doubt at the instance of the Bishop himself, to send her children to pay him a visit whenever he came to the city. The last one was made in company with my two younger brothers. The Bishop had some apples on the mantelpiece of the chamber where the little group of youngsters, the eldest only some seven years old, were introduced. After a little religious talk suitable to our years and capacity, the venerable man put his hands on our heads, one after another, with a solemn prayer and blessing, and dismissed us, giving the largest apple to the smallest child, in a manner that left upon me a life-long impression. I remember, too, how he was carried into Trinity Church, and placed upon a high stool, and with trembling voice delivered his last testimony there. An incident trifling in itself may powerfully illustrate character; and the foregoing shows the attention which the Chief of a Church, extending from Canada to Georgia, with cares innumerable occupying his thoughts, in age and extreme feebleness, was accustomed to pay to *children—little children*. This, too, not so much on account of any extraordinary fondness for children, but because in these little ones he saw future recruits for Christ, and desired to have religious impressions made upon them in their earliest years. His attentions won their confidence, and indirectly but powerfully increased his hold upon the

affections of parents. He lived to see multitudes of children's children who could remember with solemn joy his interest in them, his advices and prayers.

His frequent visits to Charleston developed another remarkable trait in his character—his attention to the religious welfare of the colored population. The blacks had access to him at all times. There was soon established a flourishing society of them. The Bishop always held society-meetings for them; explained the principles of Christianity to them; enforced the usages of the Discipline; and gave them special exhortations to faithfulness and perseverance in a religious profession. When the leading men among them went to see him at the parsonage, he always prayed with them when about to retire. The result of this interest in the colored people was an unbounded influence over them for good, and the establishment and perpetuation of the best society of the kind perhaps in the world.

It was at one of his latest visits to Charleston that PUNCH came on foot from the neighborhood of Georgetown to see the apostolic Bishop. One can readily conceive that a man like Asbury might feel a throb of joy, worthy of an angel's bosom, as he listened to the artless story of the faithful negro, and learned how a casual ten minutes' talk by the roadside, twenty odd years before, had led to the conversion of Punch, and through him to that of many of his fellow-servants who had never seen the face of a white preacher. If ever a man inherited the blessedness of them who "sow beside all waters," the subject of this sketch was the man. Bishop Asbury never set foot on the soil of Africa, but an innumerable company of the children of Ham will rise up at the last day to bless him.

I must make honorable mention of a certain Rembert Hall,

in Sumter District, S. C., which is frequently named in the Bishop's Journal. The proprietor of this estate, James Rembert, Esq., was a Methodist gentleman, of large property, who was strongly attached to Asbury. There was a room in his mansion that was appropriated to the Bishop's use. Here he commonly spent a week during his annual visitation to South Carolina. It was a sweet haven, where the weather-beaten sailor found quiet waters, and bright skies, and a season of repose. Here he brought up his Journal, wrote his letters, and lectured of an evening to the family and visitors and crowds of servants. Mrs. Rembert was a lady of the kindest heart: she not only had the Bishop's apartment always ready and commodiously furnished, but every year her seamstress made up for him a full supply of linen, which, neatly ironed, awaited the arrival of the Bishop. Rembert Hall, in my time on the Sumter Circuit, 1831, was occupied by Caleb Rembert, Esq., his honored father and mother having long before gone to heaven. Mr. R. subsequently removed to Marengo county, Ala.

The reader has now looked at one of the green spots in the journeyings of our Methodist apostle. The Bishop's usual route, after the Western Conference was established, was to strike the waters of Pigeon River or Holston, in East Tennessee; come up along the French Broad to Buncombe C. H., and, turning south-east, cross the mountains at Swaino or Mills' Gap; or, south-west, at Saluda Gap. In those times, this latter gap was the steepest of all mountain crossings in the Bishop's continental tours. In the winter it was dangerous. There were no turnpikes over these mountains in those days. The perils of the mountains passed, then succeeded the dangers of high waters. After getting through the mud of the upper country, he had the swamps of the low

country to encounter. Every winter found him in South Carolina and in Georgia after Methodism had found foothold there. Many of his tours of visitation at that season of the year were made in the worst kind of weather. He seldom went through the country without being thoroughly soaked with rain, or having to swim some river or creek. Most commonly his rides were from early breakfast, without intermission, until evening—sometimes nine and ten o'clock at night. When some considerate hostess furnished him with a lunch, he would halt and dine *al fresco*.

Speaking of lunching reminds me of an incident connected with one of these out-door repasts. The Bishop, accompanied by one or two preachers, had taken the road at the close of a Conference in Charleston. About dinner-time, they came in sight of one of the old parish churches, a venerable ante-revolutionary edifice. Riding into the grove which surrounded it, Bishop Asbury proposed that they should halt and lunch. The little party dismounted and secured their horses. The Bishop then wondered if they could get into the church. This was easily effected. "We will go into God's house and have prayers," said the Bishop, leading the way. He ascended the pulpit, and engaged in prayer. The spirit of grace and supplication was poured upon him in full measure. His intercessions rose into vehement pleadings with God; and he had boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Christ. The glory of God seemed to fill the house, and the refreshment of a special visitation from on high was realized by them all. The Bishop's prayer had brought them to heaven's gate; and they felt that they had indeed come to the city of the living God—to an innumerable company of angels, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. After retiring from the church, "Well," said the

Bishop, "God has graciously fed our souls with the bread of heaven—let us take some refreshment for the body." Long years after this little incident had occurred, one of the party related it to me, with deep emotion. It is a touching revelation of character. How much and how well this man *prayed*! To pray as God would have us—to pray with all the heart and strength, with the reason and the will, to believe vividly that God will listen to our voice through Christ, and verily do the thing he pleaseth thereupon, has been pronounced the greatest achievement of the Christian's warfare on earth.

In Asbury's religious character *devotional unction* was the master-trait. It occupied the place of honor in all the habits of his life. Wherever he stopped for a night, he prayed. Wherever he ate dinner, he closed the meal with prayer. Whenever he visited a friend, and of course whenever he was with the sick or dying, he prayed. At the approach of a Conference, he used special prayer for Divine guidance. After being shut up in a town or city for a week, he pined for the solitude of the old woods—God's first temples—that he might, undisturbed, pour out his soul in prayer. He received once an anonymous letter of abuse: he had just come from his knees in his closet—he forthwith returned to his knees. How harmless fell the shafts upon this man of God *upon his knees*! On the road, he was accustomed to pray ten minutes out of every hour. In a word, the vital element of his soul was prayer. He preached well; he counselled ably; he planned with the sagacity and sweep of a great general; but he prayed best of all. This habitual devout communion with God gave stability, serenity, loftiness to his spirit. It put him in direct connection with Omnipotence. It placed at his command the resources of God in Christ. It enabled

him, taking hold of the charter of gospel promises, to *move God!* It clothed the whole man with an authority which no ecclesiastical titles could pretend to. Intellectual greatness and mental accomplishments paled before the commanding majesty of this moral glory, reflected in full beam upon his soul from Christ, who is "the light and life" of men.

This habit of close and fervent communion with God was doubtless the spring of that amazing and steady zeal which bore him on in an unparalleled career of great labors. His contact with the "powers of the world to come" gave intense vividness to his perception of the moral predicament of our fallen nature and the solemn retributions of the eternal state. He had found by that most certain of all proofs, personal experience, that the gospel is the power of God to salvation, to every one that believeth.

In the order of the Divine Providence, it was his lot to arrange, from year to year, a vast and complicated machinery of itinerant ministerial operations, by which this gospel might, in the most effectual manner possible, be preached throughout the United States. For aggressive force, this itinerant organization was the most effective the world ever saw. To work it, demanded on the part of the ecclesiastical chief the rarest combination of qualities—sagacity, firmness, gentleness, impartiality, the authority, not of high-sounding titles, but that won from "labors more abundant," from a sacrifice of ease, comfort, and the pleasures of domestic life, from a disinterestedness so scrupulous and lofty that the tongue of detraction could not move against it, and a zeal so sustained that no foe could question it. Upon no lower conditions could the "captain of the Lord's host," in that early day of difficulty, when the new system was grounding itself and going through its experimental epoch, have maintained

his government. But he met the conditions, severe as they were. His daring canvas was spread, and his pennon fluttered in the lead of the whole squadron. Others had districts, circuits, and stations: his circuit was *the Continent*. Eight months' work for him, even as late as three years before his death, was six thousand miles of travel, and a sermon at nearly every fifty of them; a presidency in nine Annual Conferences, involving the stationing of near seven hundred preachers; and an attendance at ten camp-meetings. In every conceivable sort of place he preached: in the woods, in barns, in sitting-rooms; in court-houses, storehouses, markets; in College chapels, Representative chambers—even in bar-rooms, and once in a playhouse! When he could no longer *stand* to preach, he *sat*. Was he not, by eminence, *the* man for the time and country?

That country in his day began to embrace the great Western Valley. It was a region that stretched from the grand lakes of the North to the waters of the tropical gulf, guarded by mountain ranges right and left, embracing the Indians' "bloody ground," *la belle riviere*, and the mighty "father of waters." Fourteen populous States now cover the region which in the early day of American Methodism had just been penetrated by the intrepid foot of the adventurous pioneers of civilization. Very soon the Methodist preacher is found in these wilds, the no less intrepid pioneer of Christianity. In 1787, there is a circuit in Kentucky. In 1801, there is a Kentucky District embracing nine appointments, with Wm. McKendree as presiding elder. The next year, there is a Western Conference with two districts, reaching from the Miami River to Natchez.

There is a story connected with Natchez well worth listening to. Tobias Gibson, a brother of the late Major Gibson

of South Carolina, was one of the preachers in the South Carolina Conference. After having filled several appointments within the limits of his own Conference, he was impressed with a strong desire to visit Natchez. He accordingly offered himself to Bishop Asbury as a missionary, and was sent to plant the banner of salvation on the waters of the great Western river, in 1799, eighteen years before the Mississippi territory was admitted into the federal Union. He set out from Pedee, his native spot, and bent his course toward the Cumberland River. For six hundred miles he travelled, for the most part along Indian trails, through the wilderness. Arriving at the river, he sold his horse, bought a canoe, and embarked with saddle, bridle, and saddle-bags, and a supply of provisions. Paddling himself down the Cumberland, he dropped into the Ohio, and soon after reached the Mississippi. God speed thee, brave-hearted boatman! Neither gold nor fame is the prize before thee, but the salvation of men for whom Christ died. Thy frail bark carries the gospel to the frontier outpost of civilized life. He continued his solitary, adventurous course down the great river until he reached Natchez. Here he founded a Methodist church. He subsequently made four land-journeys through the wilderness lying between Natchez and the Cumberland, to procure additional laborers. In the Minutes of 1800, eighty members were reported as the result of his ministry in the town for which he had perilled so much. Mr. Gibson's heroism was only surpassed by his saintly piety. He professed to enjoy the blessing of that "perfect love which casteth out fear." His last sermon was preached on New-Year's day, 1804; and he rested from his labors.

William Burke is another name worthy to be mentioned in connection with Tobias Gibson. In 1804 the Ohio district

was formed, and William Burke was appointed presiding elder, having travelled several years previously west of the Alleghanies. Mr. Milburn, in his graphic lectures, "The Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-bags," makes the following mention of him: "He entered the West when the contest with the Indians was at its hottest. He travelled through what is now Western Virginia and North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio. There was scarce a settlement in all this vast region where he had not preached, or a cabin where he had not prayed with the inmates. So poor was he oftentimes, that his clothes, as he himself said, 'were patch upon patch, and patch above patch, until the patches themselves were worn out, and bare-kneed, and bare-elbowed:' without a cent in his pocket, or a friend to give him a new garment, he must needs go forward in the service of his Master. After three-and-twenty years of unremitting toil, having experienced hardships and sufferings beyond description, he lost his voice, and was obliged to abandon his vocation. Selling out his stock in trade, saddle, bridle, horse, and saddle-bags, he found himself in possession of two hundred and thirteen dollars, as the total receipts for his twenty-three years' labor."

Bishop Asbury crossed the Alleghanies *sixty* times, penetrating among the "endless mountains," as the chains west of the Blue Ridge were formerly called. In the autumn of 1800 he made, I think, his first visit to Kentucky, travelling through Knox, Madison, Mercer, and Washington counties. Returning through Tennessee, he visited Nashville for the first time. On the same route he preached in Knoxville, for the first time also. Ten years afterward, while attending a session of the Western Conference at Shelbyville, he refers with exultation to the open door set wide for Methodism in

Mississippi. The preachers laboring in that new field could spare but one messenger to the Conference. The Bishop says of them: "They keep their ground like soldiers of Christ and men of God who care for the cause and work of the Lord." He had intended to visit Mississippi in 1814, but the illness of Bishop McKendree made it necessary for him to attend the South Carolina Conference.

The labors and journeys of Bishop Asbury knew no pause till death sealed the mercies of God to him, and completed the sacrifice which his whole life in acts of faith and love had been rendering up. His last tour was through the Southern States. The last entry made in his Journal was at Granby, S. C., on the 7th of December. He passed on by slow stages to the vicinity of Charleston, and thence to Richmond, Va., where, on Sunday, March 24, 1816, he preached his last sermon, his text being, "He will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness"—a touchingly appropriate valedictory text to a ministry which had so long sounded like a clarion-call in all parts of the land. To preach this last sermon he was lifted from his carriage at the doors of the church and seated on a small table in the pulpit. It had been his aim to get to Baltimore, where in May the General Conference was to assemble. Leaving Richmond, he reached, after travelling three days, the house of his friend, Mr. George Arnold, in Spottsylvania county, where his journeyings terminated. On the following Sunday, amidst the kindest attentions of his faithful travelling companion, the Rev. J. W. Bond, and of an attached Christian family, he entered into the joy of his Lord. He was in the 71st year of his age; had preached in America nearly forty-five years; and exercised the office of Bishop for thirty years. His mortal remains lie in a vault beneath the pulpit of the Eutaw Street Church in Baltimore.

Bishop Asbury, as I conceive of his intellectual character, possessed that

“Plain, heroic magnitude of mind”

which shows its preëminence chiefly in affairs. His practical, sagacious intellect fitted him admirably for the task of governing. I suppose he had little of imagination, or profound philosophic insight, or rich and copious elocution. As a pulpit orator, it is likely he was surpassed by several of his contemporaries, and by not a few of his successors. His sermons were strong, emphatic presentations of religious truth, in its manifold applications—truth verified and substantiated to himself, not mainly by the speculative faculty, but by an inward experience of the Divine life—by an act of *being*, which, as it is the correlative, is, after all, the grand organ, of truth. One can readily conceive that on stirring occasions such a man could speak of matters pertaining to the great work of God in the soul with an authority, power, and unction which the mere orator could never command. Wise, plain, inartificial, pungent, striking home to the conscience—these predicates would perhaps sufficiently and truly set forth the qualities of his preaching. Joshua Marsden pronounces Bishop Asbury “a dignified, eloquent, and impressive preacher.” It must be remembered that his life was a ceaseless round of activities, affording very little time, and less opportunity, for hard, continuous study; that his public engagements precluded the sort of intellectual drill necessary to the formation of a great thinker; and that his acquaintance with books must have been, of necessity, too limited to furnish the best *pabulum* of thought. His *forte* was administration. That was the prime necessity in his position, the special demand of the time. Washington could not have

made as brilliant an oration as Patrick Henry: the latter could never have administered the government of a young nation as the former did.

It has been asserted by one of the distinguished ex-Presidents of the Wesleyan Conference—and the admission is remarkable, coming from that quarter—that Bishop Asbury was in labors more abundant than Wesley himself. I see no reason to question the accuracy of Dr. Bangs's estimate, which is, that Asbury, during the forty-five years of his ministry in this country, delivered not less than sixteen thousand four hundred and twenty-five sermons, besides lectures and exhortations innumerable; that he travelled during the same time about two hundred and seventy thousand miles, for the most part on the worst of roads and on horseback; that he sat in not less than two hundred and twenty-four Annual Conferences; and ordained more than four thousand ministers. This is a series of great labors, to which I doubt if the whole history of Christianity for eighteen centuries can find a parallel. For him wealth had no charm, ambition no lure, self-interest no gratification. He was absorbed in the grandeur of the objects of his ministry; and, with a noble simplicity of purpose, gave himself up fully to one idea and one work—to carry the holy fire of true religion around the continent. He found less than six hundred Methodists in the country when he began his ministerial labors: at his death, he left a flourishing Church in all parts of the land, with more than two hundred thousand communicants in it, and served by upwards of seven hundred travelling preachers, besides a large number of local preachers. In the forty years that have gone by since his death, the number has increased to *one million and a half!*

Sydney Smith says it is in vain to talk of men numerically:

if the passions of a man are exalted to a summit like the majestic steadiness with which St. Paul points out the single object of his life, and the unquenchable courage with which he walks toward it, he is a *thousand men*! This thousand-men power was in the soul of Francis Asbury. Measuring its extent and depth, it might be supposed we had a *cast-iron* man before us—one who rejoiced in sinews tough and strong as the mountain oak which shows no weather-side to the storm. It might be presumed that such tireless application to work had indurated into a stoical callousness the native sympathies of such a man. We should be mistaken in both conclusions. Bishop Asbury was a man, if not of feeble constitution, at least delicate; often sick, often wearied; who felt the cold which he braved; who trembled at the roaring torrent which he hesitated not to plunge through; upon whom the summer-heat fell with oppressive sense of languor; who was many a time pinched with hunger, when a crust of bread would have been thankfully received. His sufferings were manifold. But let it be well observed that no particle of merit was allowed by the apostle of American Methodism to attach to these sufferings. No fanatical asceticism, with its “righteousness by starvation,” was allowed to obtain foothold amongst the elements of his personal piety. He endured hardness as a good soldier of Christ, because the circumstances of the time and country involved the necessity of such an endurance, not because austerities were good and desirable *per se*. His sole ground of acceptance before God was the merit of Christ crucified, apprehended by faith; and with that merit, no lower and fancied merit of severities and sufferings was allowed to participate.

Thus, too, he was kept clear of the callousness of spirit which a supposed meritorious asceticism always generates.

The spirit of power that was in him was tempered by the spirit of love; and his heart throbbed with responsive sympathy to every form of distress, and every sigh of suffering. His travels brought him frequently into contact with the sick; and in many an instance he was not only a physician for the soul, but for the body also. Like an angel of mercy, he brought not only spiritual consolation but physical relief to the distresses of the poor and diseased. With the afflictions and destitution of his preachers, he sympathized most tenderly. At the session of the Western Conference in 1806, some of the preachers were in want, and could not purchase decent clothes: "So I parted," he says, "with my watch, my coat, and my shirt"—a sublime passage in a Christian Bishop's Journal. Suppose a year's revenue of my Lord Bishop of London had been at Asbury's control in that wild wilderness of a Western Conference: the \$50,000 had gone as freely as "my watch, my coat, and my shirt."

One of his friends, in 1800, asked him to loan or give him £50. "He might as well have asked me for Peru," says the Bishop. "I showed him all the money I had in the world, about \$12, *and gave him \$5.*" One of the Georgia preachers, in 1799, had been ill: the Bishop came into his District, and found him just able to travel. He gave up to the convalescent man his sulky, and rode his horse. This is his account: "We proceeded down the Oconee twelve miles to B. Pope's, after a heavy siege through the woods, from one plantation to another, on Brother Blanton's stiff-jointed horse, that I would only ride to save souls, *or the health of a brother.*"

The Bishop was fastidious about having his portrait painted, and persisted in refusing this favor to his friends. It was got out of him in the following way: At a session of the Baltimore Conference, Bishop Asbury lodged with his friend

McCannon, who was a merchant tailor, and wealthy. He had to pass through the front shop in entering the house. He had been greatly depressed by the sad equipment of many of his pioneers for the ensuing year. As he passed through the shop, Mr. McCannon said to him: "Brother Asbury, here is a piece of black velvet which I was thinking I would make up for the preachers, for some of them seem to be in great need." "Ah, James," said the Bishop, "that would be doing a good thing, if you can afford it!" "O yes, I can afford it; but I expect to be paid a good price for it." "Price!" said the Bishop; "if it is price you are after, it is not worth while to talk any more about it;" and was about to pass on. "Come, come, Brother Asbury," said his friend, "you can pay my price, and be none the poorer for it." "Why, how is that?" said the Bishop. "Just this," answered his friend: "if you will sit to a painter for your portrait, I will give the piece of velvet to the preachers, and have it made up for them besides." "Ah, James," said the Bishop, "I believe you've got me now!" and passed on to the parlor. That afternoon he gave the artist a sitting.

Another illustration of the tenderness of his sympathies is found in the habit he had of visiting the graves of his deceased friends. When he came into a neighborhood where some dear friend whom he had left a year before in good health was ascertained to have departed this life, he invariably expressed a desire to visit his grave. In the hour of twilight, he bent his solitary steps toward the "house of silence," to hold communion, in spirit, with the dead. In his lone musings, he followed the flight of the redeemed spirit to the land of light and love; affection whispered,

"He is there, and he weeps no more!"

Hope shot across the narrow defile of the grave to the "everlasting home" beyond. Eternity opened to his view the awful and boundless succession of ages into which death introduces the immortal spirit; and the prospect of everlasting fellowship with the good—with many who owned him as the instrument of their conversion to God—came with ravishing effect upon his spirit. What seasons of fervent prayer must those have been to a man like Asbury!

We have been tracing the early history of Methodism in this country while we have been following the steps of this good and great man. We have seen its grand characteristic—a revival of scriptural *religion*—an element of Divine life in the bosom of society. We have noticed its leading agency—an itinerant ministry, aggressive, enterprising, self-sacrificing. We have observed the epoch of its development into full organic form—a Church, with a regularly-constituted ministry and Christian ordinances. We have seen its subsequent growth: how it formed societies and reared churches throughout the Atlantic slope; how it kept up with the march of frontier settlements, crossed the Alleghanies, touched the Mississippi, followed Indian trails, and at length filled the mighty Valley with the sound of its battle-shout. In all this movement there may be traced, in connection with the direct influence of religion, the steady growth of all kinds of improvement, comprehensive views of usefulness, home-influence exalted and purified, and agencies set on foot which aim at the diffusion of knowledge, sound morals, and the restraints of virtuous principle throughout all classes of society. But what is this but in effect saying that the highest and best form of *civilization* has walked in the footsteps of the expanding and pervading religious movement? What is it but saying that its civic achievements are of the

noblest quality? Patriotism no less than piety is under obligation to revere the memory of Francis Asbury. Fame, with its burning tongues—the voices of posterity, will pronounce his name as that of a nation's benefactor; and time will continue to shed on that name a lustre brighter than the blaze of heraldry.

Let me now observe that it is possible to glory in the achievements of a religious ancestry without imitating them. It is possible to carry on a system of operations upon a level lower than that in which it originated, and with a spirit and tone less earnest than the primitive *animus* and enthusiasm. There may be more philosophy, but less force, in pulpit ministrations; more polish, but less point; more attention to style, and less of the unction of the Holy Ghost. Our church-edifices may be vastly more splendid, our church-services vastly less spiritual, than in primitive times. All will allow that degeneracy is possible wherever *man* is concerned.

On the other hand, it is equally possible that one may view *couleur de rose* every thing primitive, and indulge in the carping spirit which cries, the former days were better than these—a spirit which, seizing upon the circumstantialia of the case and overlooking its essence, concludes that because Methodist Bishops do not now travel on horseback, at the rate of thirty or forty miles a day, in an age of steamboats and railroads, therefore they are the degenerate sons of Asbury. Saddle-bags and forty miles a day was the best he could do in his circumstances. It is far from being the best in our time. Bishop Asbury, in his peculiar circumstances, maintained a life-long celibacy; and it was a noble self-sacrifice. But it by no means follows that his successors are called to the same sacrifice of the domestic affections. Wesley, Coke, and Fletcher were married men in Asbury's day. The

primitive Methodist preachers received at first sixty-four dollars, and subsequently eighty dollars per annum, whenever they were fortunate enough to get their full disciplinary allowance. To fall back upon primitive usage and again starve the ministry might be a good specimen of "old-fashioned Methodism," but it would be a signal proof of the total want of true religious feeling, in the present circumstances of the Church. There was a time when circuits comprehended the half of States: is that any reason why preachers should now occupy their whole time in mere locomotion? Clearly, then, we must discriminate between the circumstances and the essence.

What, then, is the *essence*? I presume to say, in the first place, that Methodism stands or falls with its RELIGION. Commute this into a mere formalism, or turn it into a mere philosophy of spiritual life, instead of life itself—an experimental verity in the heart—and then the monuments of the conquests of our fathers will only exhibit more emphatically the degeneracy of the present race. Retain this, and let it be true that "God is with us," and then the "glory in the midst" is also a defence round about. We hold the charter of our perpetuity by the tenure of fidelity to religious principle. This is the real power in the Church—the prophecy and the pledge of a long youth and a glorious maturity.

2. A steady hold upon the cardinal truths of the gospel is another of the essentials. If the time ever come when flowers of rhetoric, or polemical subtilties, or elaborate moral essays, or scientific discussions, or a hybrid politico-pulpit declamation shall take the place of Christ—his atonement, our meritorious ground of justification; his Spirit, the source of our regeneration; his commands, our law; his love, our inspiration—if our theology ever become transmuted, by the

processes of modern spiritual chemistry, into an attar-of-rose sentimentality, and Methodist preachers become famous for delivering *beautiful* sermons, with no baptism of fire upon them, then write Ichabod upon the temple-doors.

3. In fine, we may reckon among the characteristic, essential elements, the spirit of activity, of aggressive enterprise. How this spirit breaks out in the character and achievements of Asbury and his contemporaries! Their voice went through the land as a trumpet-call. It sounded over height and depth, and filled the country with its echoes. What yearning for souls; what eagerness for the onset against sin and the devil; what a vigor and pitch of working power, did these venerable men exhibit! Times are altered: the state of the country is improved; persecution is found nowhere, unless we choose to dignify with that name the pitiful snarlings of an enraged but insignificant bigotry; wealth abounds among the members of the Church; learning, and eloquence, and reputation, are found among her ministers. What then? Is the mission of the Church ended? Are there no fields for her sickle? Is there no call for her activities? May she confine herself to decorous, *routine* operations? Asbury! tell us. Ah, we well know what would be *his* voice, could he speak to us from the heights of immortality. He would say: "Behold your country! Infidelity, worldliness, ambition, are swallowing up millions of its people. Yours, my sons, is the task of staying these plagues. Far mightier is the field before you than was that into which your fathers entered. In your days is to be fought the grand battle for the mastery of the world, between gospel truth and a boastful but determined unbelief. The God of Jacob make your arms strong to draw the bow of steel. Push the battle to the gate." He would bid us survey the world, break fresh ground in the

“regions beyond,” and bear a part worthy of our resources, and proportioned to our responsibilities, in the grand equipment for Christ’s conquest of the whole earth.

Instead of waning in zeal, in faith, in enterprise, let the Church go onward in accumulative power. The first century of American Methodism has a decade of years yet to run. Its history may be traced in one line: “Mightily grew the word of God, and prevailed.” What may not—what *ought* not the second century to witness?—when the spirit of modern society, too, is all astir; when activity, progress, is written on the banners of science, philosophy, invention, arts, literature, commerce; when the barriers of prejudice are crumbling; when public respect has been won for our principles and modes of operation; when opportunity opens the gates of the world to us, and province after province invites our entrance? O for a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire on all the Church! May her future history be worthy of the past, and realize to the full the noble anticipation of the poet Montgomery with which he closed a public address at the centenary celebration of English Methodism: “Century expanding after century, like circle beyond circle, in broad water, shall carry farther and farther the blessings of the Methodist dispensation, till they have tracked every sea, and touched every shore!”

[In the foregoing admirable sketch of Bishop Asbury it is stated that “his mortal remains lie in a vault beneath the pulpit of the Eutaw Street Church, in Baltimore.” There, indeed, they were deposited, and there they lay for thirty or forty years; but we are sorry to add, that they have since been removed to Mount Olivet Cemetery, in the suburbs of Baltimore, for what reason is best known to those who disturbed the sacred ashes. We hope they will be restored to their first and final resting-place; where there is a tablet bearing an inscription, which is copied *verbatim* on the following page.—EDITOR.]

Sacred
TO THE MEMORY OF
THE REVEREND FRANCIS ASBURY,
BISHOP
OF THE
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

HE WAS BORN IN ENGLAND AUGUST 20, 1745;
ENTERED THE MINISTRY AT THE AGE OF 17;
CAME A MISSIONARY TO AMERICA 1771;
WAS ORDAINED BISHOP IN THIS CITY DECEMBER 27, 1784;
ANNUALLY VISITED THE CONFERENCES IN THE UNITED STATES;
WITH MUCH ZEAL CONTINUED TO "PREACH THE WORD"
FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY;
AND
LITERALLY ENDED HIS LABORS WITH HIS LIFE,
NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA,
IN THE FULL TRIUMPH OF FAITH, ON 31 MARCH, 1816,
AGED 70 YEARS 7 MONTHS AND 11 DAYS.
HIS REMAINS WERE DEPOSITED IN THIS VAULT MAY 10, 1816,
BY THE GENERAL CONFERENCE THEN SITTING IN THIS CITY.
HIS JOURNALS WILL EXHIBIT TO POSTERITY
HIS LABORS, HIS DIFFICULTIES, HIS SUFFERINGS,
HIS PATIENCE, HIS PERSEVERANCE, HIS LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.





WILLIAM MCKENDREE.

BY A. L. P. GREEN, D. D.

WILLIAM MCKENDREE was born in King William county, Virginia, July 5, 1757, and departed this life March 5, 1835, at the residence of his brother, Dr. James McKendree, Sumner county, Tennessee.

Of his early history, childhood, and youth, we know but little, further than that he was born of worthy and pious parents, who were in moderate circumstances, and was brought up to the pursuits common to the sons of a medium farmer in those days.

His early education was imperfect; but in the course of years, by close attention to study, he became a learned man. In his youth his attention was mainly directed to arithmetic, so that his education in these days would be called a business education.

It was not an easy matter to learn from the Bishop much about himself—that was not with him a topic of conversation: his own acts and doings were never introduced, except in such a manner as to keep himself out of sight. If at any time he related an anecdote, or gave a piece of history, in which he was an actor, instead of saying, I did so and so, he would say, a preacher did so and so; consequently, many

facts, which would no doubt be very interesting, pertaining to the early portion of his life, have never obtained public notoriety.

For instance, he once belonged to the army, as a soldier of the Revolution, and was in the service under Washington the last two years of the war with Great Britain. He entered as a private, and was in a short time afterward made an adjutant, which office he seems to have held about six months, and was then, in consequence of his great business qualifications, placed in the commissary department. Here he showed his accustomed energy of character, in making impressments of cattle and food to sustain the allied armies of Washington and Rochambeau at the siege of Cornwallis at Yorktown. This part of his life he but seldom mentioned, and many of his intimate friends never even knew that he had belonged to the army. There was an effort made at one time to induce him to obtain a pension of the government for his services; but he would not accede to this, stating that his liberty was all that he wanted, and *that* he had obtained, and that he asked for nothing more.

As readers generally are curious to know something of the personal appearance of those whose lives they are to be made familiar with, I will here give a short description of the outer man of the Bishop.

He was about five feet ten inches in height, weighing, on an average, through life, after grown up to manhood, about one hundred and sixty pounds. He had fair skin, dark hair, and blue eyes. He increased in flesh between the years of forty and sixty, and at one time he weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds; but as he grew old he declined in flesh, and for the last ten years of his life did not exceed one hundred and forty pounds. When in his prime, his form was

almost faultless, possessing extraordinary action and great physical strength. His features, taken as a whole, were decidedly good; rather handsome than otherwise. When *calm* and *silent*, there was the expression of deep thought upon his countenance, sometimes approaching even to that of care; but whenever he spoke, his eyes would kindle up, and a smile, like that of pleasant recognition, would cover his face, which was the outcropping of a kind and benevolent heart. His constitution was no doubt naturally a good one, but he was so much overtaxed through life with labor, hardships, and exposure, that his old age was burdened with infirmities, being for many years under the influence of asthma and neuralgia.

With respect to his intellect, I may say it was of the highest grade, and it is hard to say from what standpoint to view him in order to see his strongest developments. His perceptive organs were perfect. He saw every thing that came in sight—nothing passed him unnoticed. His comparison was superior, being by nature a logician and mathematician, and withal remarkably practical. Had he been called to the field at the head of an army, his enemy would not have been his equal, unless he had been *wise*, sleepless, and powerful. Had he taken his place in the halls of legislation, righteous laws and wise counsel would have followed in his wake. Had the subject of finance taken possession of his mighty brain, he might have been the American Rothschild. As a man of order, he was faultless: every thing was in its place, and all things were done at the proper time. His taste was exquisite, and he fully appreciated every thing that interests humanity. His mind had no dark surfaces or blunt edges. His intellect, as a whole, was bright, and his thoughts diamond-pointed. He never said foolish things—never weak, never even com-

mon things. There was thought in all his words, and wisdom in all his thoughts. As he grew in years and increased in knowledge, he did not suffer any thing to be lost: the balances he continually brought forward, so that at any time he was prepared for a full statement of life's account. He transferred childhood into youth, youth into manhood, and manhood into old age: so that when his locks were gray and he was leaning upon his staff, if he sought the society of children, in which he took great delight, they found in him their own thought, feeling, and sympathies; when with the youth, he was a boy again; when among the lions of creation, he bore his mane aloft, and shook the earth with his roaring. He was the man for the times and the age in which he lived, leading in triumph the Church in the wilderness, like Abraham leading his son to the mount of vision. I shall never see his like again.

As it regards his social habits, I may safely say that he was every thing that could be desired. He was communicative, companionable, and sympathizing. There was no coldness, coarseness, or selfishness about him. Without effort, he found his way to the confidence and esteem of every one, old and young, black and white, rich and poor. His heart was always in the lead, so that a stranger was first impressed with the goodness of the man and the purity of his purpose—a natural draft upon his confidence which he was sure to honor. This point once gained, his great wisdom never failed to command respect.

His religious and ministerial character is not unknown to the Church, and it will soon be put into a living form by an abler hand, yet we think it advisable to give a short sketch of it here.

He was under serious impression when quite a youth, but

did not embrace religion until some time in the year 1787; at which time he connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the following year obtained license to preach, and joined the travelling Connection on trial. The Conference at which he was admitted was held in Amelia county, Virginia, June 17, 1788. His first appointment was to Norfolk and Portsmouth. His next was to Petersburg: after the first quarter, he was removed to Union Circuit, in the bounds of the South Carolina Conference. The following year he was sent to the Bedford Circuit, Virginia Conference: the third quarter he was removed to the Greenbrier Circuit: the fourth quarter he was removed to the Little Levels, on the Western waters. The next year he was appointed to four circuits, to travel each one quarter. At the end of this year he was appointed to the Richmond District. The following year he was sent to a mountainous District in the Baltimore Conference. From this District he was returned at the end of the year to the Richmond District, from which he was taken after one round, by the Bishops, to what was then called Kentucky, and left in charge of what was then the Western Conference, which embraced Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and all Virginia west of New River, and also one Circuit in the State of Illinois. The foregoing account of his labors is from the Bishop's own hand.

He was continued in the Mississippi Valley until the General Conference of 1808, at which time he was elected and ordained Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His labors and responsibilities after this were greatly increased. While he was in charge of the Western Conference, as Presiding Elder, his work was exceedingly difficult, and in some instances hazardous. The country was new, the roads were generally very bad, and the accommodations poor. The

streams, for the most part, were without ferries or bridges, and travelling had to be done altogether on horseback or on foot, so that every variety of difficulty had to be encountered. But deep streams, high mountains, muddy roads, cold and snow, together with long rides, were the inheritance of a travelling preacher in those days. Yet these things moved not our beloved Bishop.

He led his band of tried men. It was not his plan to say "go," but "come" was his word; and a nobler band of Christian heroes never lived than those who flocked around the standard that was borne in triumph by William McKendree. A bare mention of the names of a few of them will settle this point. Reader, run your eye over the list for a moment. There were John McGee, John Page, William Burke, Jacob Young, Thomas Wilkerson, Learner Blackman, Samuel Dou-thet, James Gwin, Lewis Garrett, and Jesse Walker. These were men of *mark*, of *nerve*, of *intellect*, with great powers of endurance and decision of character. The yell of savage men and savage beasts did not daunt their courage: poverty, hunger, and fatigue, they regarded as very little things; while the scoffs of infidels and the persecutions of the wicked fell harmless at their feet. Led on by the wise, the prudent, the far-seeing McKendree, they seemed to be endowed with ubiquity: they were to be found almost everywhere. With them, it was open war with the enemy of Christ, and they carried the standard of the cross into every town and hamlet: they planted it on the tops of the mountains and beside all waters.

Jesse Walker was generally sent forward as a sacred engineer, who would reconnoitre the ground and discover the position of the enemy, and select his position, and report. Then McKendree would bring into the field his heavy ord-

nance, which generally consisted of McGee, Burke, Page, and Garrett, and their like, by whom *hot shot* was thrown thick and fast into the camp of the enemy, until the bulwarks of infidelity were in ruins. Then would be heard the sound of the silver trump, blown by Wilkerson, Blackman, Gwin, Douthet, and others, who always had a supply of balm for the wounded hearts, and delighted their ears with their heavenly music, for some of them were sweet singers, so that the bruised and mangled became easy and willing captives. Thus was Christianity, under the instrumentality of the Methodist Church, established in Kentucky, Tennessee, Western Virginia, and Illinois.

Here permit me to say, that having at one time lived in the house of the Rev. James Gwin, and having been the travelling companion and intimate friend of Bishop McKendree, and living for several years on terms of the closest intimacy with him, having heard much from these fathers in the Church in the shape of narrative, what I may have to say with regard to incidents in the life of the now sainted Bishop will be drawn mainly from memory; therefore I do not claim always to be correct in dates.

That the present generation may be able to form some idea of what a Methodist travelling preacher had to encounter in those days, I will give one chapter in the life of McKendree, running through a few short weeks, in carrying the gospel to the pioneer, and looking up the frontier settler.

In the year 1807, Brother Walker was sent to Illinois, there being at that time but one Circuit in that State; and a young man by the name of Travis was sent to Missouri. In the summer of this year, William McKendree, who was then in charge of what was called the Cumberland District, which extended to Illinois and Missouri, took with him James

Gwin and A. Goddard, (Gwin was then a local preacher, and Goddard was travelling what was then called Barren Circuit,) and set out to visit Walker and Travis. They crossed over the Ohio, and entered into the State of Illinois, travelled all day, and, finding no house to stop at, passed the night in the wilderness. Next day, they shared a like fortune, camping out at night again. During this night, their horses got away, and they did not find them till about noon the next day; but that night they found a lone settlement, and tarried with a poor family who were living in a temporary hut or camp. Next night, they reached the house of a Mr. B., who received them kindly. The Mississippi was not far off; and there being no way to get their horses across it at that point, they left them with Mr. B., took their baggage on their shoulders, and went on foot to the river, which they crossed in a canoe, and after walking twelve miles, they came to the house of a Mr. Johnson. Here they met young Travis, who had gotten up a little camp-meeting in the wilderness. At this meeting their labors were greatly blessed. When it closed, they returned again to Mr. B., and went to a camp-meeting in the bounds of Brother Walker's work, called the Three Springs.

Here they found a few faithful members of the Church, but hosts of enemies. One individual, in particular, who was a leader of a band of persecutors, had called a council among them to form a plan to drive the preachers off. He stated to his clan, that if the preachers were permitted to remain, and could have their way, they would break up all the gambling and racing in the country, and that they would have no more pleasure, or fun, as he called it. So the determination among them was to arm themselves, go to the camp-meeting *en masse*, take the preachers and conduct them to the Ohio River, carry them over, and let them know that they were to keep on

their own side, and never trouble them again. This purpose was made known to the preachers in advance of their appearance on the encampment. On Sunday, while Mr. McKendree was in the midst of his discourse, preaching to a large and interested congregation, on the text, "Come now, and let us reason together," etc., the Major, as he was called, and his company, rode up and halted near the congregation. The Major told his men that he would not do any thing until the man had done preaching. Mr. McKendree was then in the prime of life, his voice loud and commanding, his bearing that of undaunted courage, while a supernatural defiance seemed to shoot forth from his speaking eyes. He was sustained by the presence of Gwin, Goddard, Walker, and Travis, who sat near him. The prayers of the faithful were being sent up to heaven in his behalf; and, above all, the Divine presence was with him. Such was the power of his reasoning, that he held the Major and his party spell-bound for an hour. During his remarks, he took occasion to say that himself and the ministers that accompanied him were all citizens of the United States and freemen, and had fought for the liberty which they enjoyed; but that their visit to that place was one of mercy, their object being to do good to the souls of men in the name of Christ. As he drew his remarks to a close, awful shocks of Divine power were felt by the congregation. At length mourners were called for, and scores crowded to the altar. At this moment, the Major undertook to draw off his men and retreat in good order; but some were already gone, others had alighted, turned their horses loose, and were at the altar for prayer. He led off a few of them to the spring; and after a short consultation, none of them seemed inclined to prosecute their purpose any further, and at once disbanded. Several of the

number were converted before the meeting closed, and became members of the Church.

On the same evening, about the going down of the sun, a man came up to Mr. Gwin and said to him: "Are you the man that carries the roll?" "What roll?" said Mr. Gwin. "The roll," said he, "that people put their names to that want to go to heaven." Brother Gwin, supposing that he had reference to the class-book, referred him to Brother Walker, who took his name. The wild look and novel manner of the man indicated derangement. He left the campground and fled to the woods with almost the speed of a wild beast. Nothing more was seen of him until the next morning, at which time he returned to the encampment, wet with the dew of the night, in a state of mind which was distressing beyond description; but during the day he was happily and powerfully converted to God, and was found sitting, as it were, at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind. He afterward gave the following account of himself: He lived in what was called the American Bottom, was very wicked, and professed to be a deist. A short time before, he dreamed that the day of judgment was coming, and that three men had been sent on from the East to warn him of his danger, which had distressed him greatly; and when he saw the three preachers, McKendree, Gwin, and Goddard, pass his house, he recognized them as the same persons whom he had seen in his dream, and he had followed them to the camp-meeting, and they had warned him of his danger sure enough. It was said of this man that he possessed a large estate, was very influential in his neighborhood, and was ultimately instrumental in doing much good.

At the close of this meeting, one hundred persons connected themselves with the Church.

In all my intercourse with Bishop McKendree, there was no man whose name was more frequently mentioned by him than Jesse Walker. Often have I heard him say, Jesse was a true man; and it may not be amiss for a few lines to be devoted to him.

The Rev. Jesse Walker was a character perfectly unique: he had no duplicate. He was to the Church what Daniel Boone was to the early settler—always first, always ahead of everybody else, preceding all others long enough to be the pilot of the newcomer. Brother Walker is found first in Davidson county, Tennessee. He lived within about three miles of the then village of Nashville; and was at that time a man of family, poor, and to a considerable extent without education. He was admitted on trial in 1803, and appointed to the Red River Circuit. But the Minutes, in his case, are no guide, from the fact that he was sent by the Bishops and Presiding Elders in every direction where new work was to be cut out. His natural vigor was almost superhuman. He did not seem to require food and rest as other men; no day's journey was long enough to tire him; no fare too poor for him to live upon; *to him*, in travelling, roads and paths were useless things—he blazed out his own course; no way was too bad for him to travel—if his horse could not carry him, he led him, and when his horse could not follow, he would leave him, and take it on foot; and if night and a cabin did not come together, he would pass the night alone in the wilderness, which with him was no uncommon occurrence. Looking up the frontier settler was his chief delight; and he found his way through hill and brake as by instinct—he was never lost; and, as Bishop McKendree once said of him, in addressing an Annual Conference, he never complained; and as the Church moved West and North, it seemed to bear

Walker before it. Every time you would hear from him, he was still farther on; and when the settlements of the white man seemed to take shape and form, he was next heard of among the Indian tribes of the North-west.

In 1808, he was sent to Missouri, and at once bent his way to St. Louis, which was at that time as destitute of true piety as any point in America. On reaching the town, he passed through it in various directions in search of a Methodist, but found no one who could inform him where such a character could be found. At length he passed out, and was making his way into the country beyond; but when he had gone quite out of the town, he drew up his horse, and looked back upon the place for a few minutes, and at length said, in the name of that Saviour who said to his disciples, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," I will not give you up: I will try again! So he turned about, rode again into the town, and renewed his inquiry. At length, he was told that there was a man down on Front street who was a Methodist. Taking the name and directions, he went in search of his man, whom he soon found. Calling him brother, telling his own name and business, he asked such countenance and coöperation as the circumstances of the case required. The man gave him the *wink*, and beckoned him into a back-room, several persons being present, and said to him about as follows: "*Look here*: I was a Methodist where I came from, but it is not generally known here, and I do not wish it to be. You cannot do any thing in this town, and it is useless to try." Brother Walker soon after learned that the man was keeping what would be called in these days a "doggery," and could not be relied on in Church matters. He went at once to a public-house and put up. He made inquiry where he could rent a room. An old shell of a house

was soon found and rented, and in a few days Walker had set up housekeeping on a scale of economy which would astonish the present generation, and took measures to have preaching in his own room; so that his little establishment was kitchen, chamber, dining-room, parlor, and meeting-house; and, gloomy as the prospects were, he soon gathered together a little handful of serious, well-disposed persons, some three or four of whom had been members of the Church before. But not much could be done, for the want of a house of worship. He could not rent a suitable building, and would not have been able to pay for one if it could have been found. At length he was told by an individual that he would give him timber to build him a church, but it was across the Mississippi, on the Illinois shore, growing in the forest. But notwithstanding, light began to break upon the mind of Walker. Next, he had the offer of a lot to build upon. So his plan was at once laid. He hired a man to aid him, took his tools, cheese and crackers, crossed over the river, and went to work *cutting, hewing, and sawing*, and in a few months had his frame and plank all gotten out: his plank was put into a kiln to dry, and by the time he had put up his frame, the plank was sufficiently seasoned to work. The result was, that at the end of the year he reported to Conference a church in St. Louis—house, congregation, and all—the labor of his own hands. Such was Jesse Walker. His education, as we before stated, was poor, with but little opportunity for reading, though he studied nature closely, was wonderfully gifted in prayer and exhortation, while his faith was uncompromising; and being well acquainted with human nature, he became a powerful instrument, in the hands of God, of spreading the gospel in the valley of the Mississippi. He was one of the Rev. James Gwin's kind of men, which the reader will

more readily understand when he shall hear the following incident.

Once when I was boarding in his family, and observing his habits, I became fearful that he would not be able to sustain himself, as he read nothing but newspapers, and at the same time had to preach every Sunday to a large and intelligent congregation. At length I thought I would talk to him on the subject, which I endeavored to do as humbly and modestly as I could, but just remarking that I could not see how he was to sustain himself without reading. He heard me through without manifesting the least displeasure, and answered by saying: "You little fellows cannot learn any thing until somebody else finds it out first and puts it in a book: then you can learn it. But I know it before it goes in a book: I know what they make books out of." And so he did. And it may be said of Walker, that he knew what books were made out of: he understood how to use the raw material. He took lessons from rocks and trees, mountains and rivers: he held Nature's keys, and forced her, secretive as she is, to divulge her secrets. He lived in the antechamber of Wisdom's storehouse. He slaked his thirst from the mountain brook at its source, plucked flowers from stalks that had never been transplanted, and read the volume of nature in the first edition, without note or comment. He was one of nature's great men.

But to return to our McKendree, let us just glance at his social habits. This was one of his strong points. He knew the way to the confidence of the people, and was by no means indifferent to their good opinion. He was not one of that kind of men who do not care what others think of them. He understood perfectly the peculiarities of the different classes and conditions of human society, from presi-

dents and senators down to the humblest shoeblack, and was never out of place, no matter where you found him. In the crowded hotel, stages, and steamboats, the elegant parlors of the rich, or the humble cottage of the backwoodsman, or even the sinks of poverty and wretchedness, he always knew how to behave himself, and did not think it either weak or wicked to do so. The result was, all classes united in pronouncing him a perfect Christian gentleman; yet all the while very modest and unassuming, making no great pretensions in any way. So perfectly natural was his politeness, that no one ever thought for a moment that there was any thing like affectation about him. He did not regard roughness, coarseness, and bluntness, as the insignia of internal piety, but allowed no one to behave more handsomely than himself; and if he considered that a compliment was deserved, it was not beneath his dignity to bestow it.

I recollect once, while travelling with him, on reaching the house of an old friend in the interior of Mississippi, several persons came together in the evening, expecting that he would preach to them, but he was too feeble to undertake it. Among the number was a lady, an old Virginia acquaintance of his, of fine mind and manners, who seemed to be afflicted by the disappointment. She at length told the Bishop that her husband was hauling his cotton to market, and all the horses were in the wagons, so that there was nothing on the place for her to ride, and that she had come some three miles on foot, which she did not think she could have done but for the hope of hearing him preach. The Bishop, turning toward her, his countenance lit up with a smile, answered by saying, "Sister, if you only knew the pleasure it gives me to see you, I do not think you would reproach yourself for having taken so long a walk." The lady afterward was heard to say

that she never felt herself so much complimented in her life before. Yet he never went anywhere that he did not carry the meek and lowly Saviour of the world with him; neither would he long continue where Christ was not welcome. And it was next to impossible to keep his society without being impressed with the loveliness and purity of the religion he professed.

As to attention to appearance, on this subject even he was not indifferent. While there was nothing gaudy or extravagant in his wardrobe, yet he dressed well. He exhibited a full share of neatness and cleanliness in dress and person. He generally went clean-shaved, and his head combed. When well dressed, according to his taste, you would find him with a long-waisted, single-breasted black cloth coat, black vest and breeches, and long black stockings, well-polished shoes with silver buckles, a white linen stock, and broad-brimmed hat; and I must confess that I have looked upon him sometimes, when thus attired, and regarded him as the most noble and dignified-looking man I ever saw.

With regard to his ability as a pulpit orator, his excellency consisted mainly in his power of analysis. In this respect, I doubt if I ever heard his superior. He was not wanting in description and pathos. In declamation he did not often indulge, though he had considerable power in that direction; but in argument he was overwhelming. He knew the truth, and was wonderfully gifted in telling it in such manner as to impress it on the mind of the hearer. He discriminated with great precision and accuracy; while his selection of words was so appropriate, and his taste so pure, that he might be regarded as almost faultless. Falsehood, error, and sophistry, were hunted down and dislodged from their hiding-places, while truth stood forth in bold relief. Woe to the

man who exposed himself to the keen edge of his criticism and mighty force of argument!

As to manner, he was perfectly natural and easy, with not much action, unless when greatly excited; then every gesture spoke. He was always himself both in manner and matter; and though he did not write much for the pulpit, yet his subjects were generally well studied. His enunciation was good, his voice fine and full—the lowest tones of it could be heard throughout the congregation; still there was a slight natural defect in his utterance, which consisted in his occasionally hesitating or dwelling upon a word. Yet he managed this defect so handsomely that it became an ornament, from the fact that he rested or made his swell on the most important word in the sentence, so that it had the effect of a well-directed emphasis. His sermons were generally short, particularly in the last years of his ministry, and gave evidence of being greatly condensed. His public prayers were simple, comprehensive, and brief, while they seemed to be the very essence of humility and breath of devotion.

As to his habits, he was remarkably systematic. He lived by rule. He retired generally at nine o'clock and arose at five. Any thing that could be done to-day, he never put off until to-morrow. Every thing was in its place—every thing was done at the time. The Bishop having several times noticed the trouble a gentleman with whom he sometimes stayed had in finding his hat, said to him at length, "I can put you upon a plan by which you can always tell where your hat is, which is this: have but two places for it: let one of them be your head, the other the nail; and when you cannot find it on your head, look for it on the nail, and when you cannot find it on the nail, you may be sure it is on your head!" The gentleman said he adopted the Bishop's plan,

and, by carrying out the suggestion, got clear of at least one of his difficulties.

He kept house, as the Rev. Mr. Axley used to say, in his saddlebags, at least for the first twenty years of his ministry. And I have often heard it said that he could put more into one pair of saddlebags than any other man, while that which he wanted first was always at the top. He knew so well how to pack and store away whatever he wished to carry with him, that he could lay his hand upon any article that he wanted in the middle of the darkest night without light. He did not throw and scatter his effects all about the house, to be gathered up and taken care of by others, but always attended to his own baggage; and it mattered not who was going to start on a journey with him—no matter what hour of the day or night—nine times out of ten, he would be the first one ready: no one ever had to wait for him. He lived on simple, plain diet, and, as far as my recollection extends, could eat any thing that other people ate, and asked no questions. I was well acquainted with four of his homes, as he called them, and with one voice those who entertained him declared that he gave less trouble than any other person that ever came about their houses. This has its effect in making guests welcome.

With respect to his financial ability, he had a very large capacity to manage money matters, the best evidence of which is found in the fact, that while his income was only one hundred dollars per year, besides his travelling expenses, he so managed his affairs as to keep out of debt, to aid in the support of his father and sister, and contributed something to other relatives. He also gave to the public charities of the Church, and was ever mindful of the poor and needy, and yet at his death had several thousand dollars to divide be-

tween his relatives and the institutions of the Church. He but seldom talked of his temporalities, though he once told me that he never was out of money after he had grown up to be a man, except in a single instance, and then a kind Providence came to his relief. The instance, as I recollect it, was as follows: He had been on a long, hard tour, and was within one day's journey of his head-quarters, where he had some money, but his tavern-bill took as precisely his last cent as if the innkeeper had known the amount and made his bill to suit; still he felt no great concern about it, because the days were short and cold, and both his horse and himself could stand it very well till night, when he would find relief. But on leaving the inn, he found his horse had lost a shoe, and the foot was so very tender that he did not think he would be able to get him over the rocky road that lay before him. "The difficulty is, my horse must have a shoe, and I have no quarter to pay for one. What shall I do?" And just as he was beginning to feel this embarrassment, it commenced snowing, and snowed rapidly until a beautiful soft carpet covered his way, and made the travelling more pleasant both to himself and horse than if there had been a shoe on his foot. No man had more confidence in God, or a greater reliance on Providence, than Bishop McKendree; but he took care not to expect Providence to do for him what he could and ought to do for himself.

With respect to his official character, while he was yet young in the ministry, his brethren saw in him the capacity to govern, as well as a disposition to obey; and they judge correctly who suppose that those only who know how to obey will make good governors. The high estimation placed upon him by the venerable Asbury is shown in the fact that he selected him from among many to take charge of the exten-

sive work in the Mississippi Valley; and when he had been eight years in that field, in the General Conference held in 1808, he was elected and ordained Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by which his field of labor was extended and his responsibilities greatly increased.

In selecting William McKendree as one of our general superintendents, the Church made no mistake: time proved that he was the very man for the work. It is matter of gratitude and praise to Almighty God that thus far the Bishops of our Church have been true and faithful men; and in no instance has any reproach or scandal fallen upon the Church on their account; which, I believe, cannot truthfully be said of any other Church. As regards his administrative powers, I do not think I ever knew his superior. He was less dependent on the Presiding Elders for information than any other of our Bishops except Bishop Asbury. As the work was not so much extended as at present, and as he had no family to take care of, he was enabled to travel throughout the length and breadth of the country, so that his information with respect to the state and condition of the Church was direct; and being particularly gifted in observation, it was only necessary that any matter of interest should come within his reach, when it was at once seen, understood, and never forgotten. And it was not necessary that you should tell him all of any thing to enable him to understand it: tell him a little, and, as by intuition, he would know the rest. He was a man of peace; but if nothing but war would do, he was always found armed and ready to defend the cause of truth.

As a presiding officer, he was always up with the business of the Conference, understood the question in debate, and the wandering speaker had nothing else to expect but to be

reined to the track. As a judge of Church law, he was superior, ready, prompt, and clear. I never knew even an appeal from his decision of a question of order sustained.

As to his general information, he was an extensive reader: almost every subject was more or less familiar to him. You would never find him ignorant of those things that interest humanity; and no matter what the topic of conversation might be, you would find him in possession of correct information. He was remarkable in this, that his knowledge always seemed to be accurate, while a majority of poor erring mortals are half their time wrong.

He was a man of strong attachments, and no doubt prejudices too; but they were so controlled and subdued that they did not affect his general character. His sense of propriety was so thorough and just that it always gave his sensitive nature pain to see it violated; so that once in a while, when he became old and infirm, he would manifest a little impatience where he saw gross departures from the correct rules of propriety, particularly among the preachers, all of whom he looked upon as his children. This had a tendency to make young ministers shy of him, and more or less embarrassed in his presence, which he knew and lamented. O, how mistaken was that minister, no matter who he was, who did not desire the presence, advice, counsel, and even reproof, of our now sainted McKendree! Never did a father love his children more than he loved the preachers. They were the joy of his great heart and the pride of his life. Many a time, when I have been travelling with him, when fatigue and bodily suffering had borne him down until he would seem to be scarcely able to live, just let two or three preachers from the neighborhood or town, as the case might be, call in to see him, and join in easy conversation, he would

spring again to life, his countenance glow with pleasure, his eyes kindle with delight, while the scenes of other days were talked over, and friend after friend inquired after. But occasionally his manner of conversation was so critical that it would embarrass those with whom he conversed. I recollect one instance when the brother said that he felt all the time that he was conversing with the Bishop as if he were upon oath. Yet this disposition to criticism did not dispose him to controversy in private: that he always avoided when he could do so without leaving truth to suffer. But woe to the man who provoked him into argument! I have in my mind one case which will illustrate this trait of his character.

I think in the year 1830, while descending the Mississippi on a large steamer, crowded with passengers, the weather being cold, we were compelled to live in close community about the stove. The company was a mixed one—old and young, ladies and gentlemen—so that various subjects of conversation were up from time to time; until an old lawyer and politician, who no doubt mistook the Bishop's character in part, thinking that the Church had made a Bishop of him on account of his goodness and lamb-like nature, never for once supposing that there was any of the lion in him, concluded, no doubt, that he would make some capital by a controversy with him on Church-government. A greater mistake no poor man ever made, for the Bishop would have been more than his equal on any subject, and on that of Church-government he was too strong for any one, for he had given to that subject extraordinary attention. Having been a little troubled in that direction in his youth, he had thrashed, fanned, and sifted it with his powerful intellect for years, until there was not a comma, a crossed *t*, or dotted *i*, in the whole empire of Church-government which he did not

have by heart and at his tongue's end. The old Colonel commenced by saying to the Bishop that he differed with him on Church-government; to which the Bishop answered by saying, "*So, so!*" The Colonel, finding that he had not got the Bishop off to his liking, said next that he thought the Bishops of the Methodist Church had too much power. The Bishop answered by saying that he wished he had more power than he had—that he once had power enough to travel round this continent in a year; "but now," said he, "I hardly have power enough to walk." This produced a laugh around the circle, which was any thing but comfortable to the Colonel; so at once he commenced an argument against the government of the Church and power of the Bishops. Finding that nothing else but a controversy would do him, the Bishop met him promptly with a force that evidently overpowered him. The Colonel rallied, and came again to the attack; but was again routed with great slaughter as to his arguments. Next he attempted an escape, without calling for quarter, by saying that he had not words to express his ideas, or he would make it appear very different. But the Bishop had determined that as nothing but a contest would do him, he would make him cry out. The Bishop repeated slowly the words of the old Colonel: "*Words, words,*" said the Bishop; "*words to express your ideas!* Words," said he, "are the signs of ideas; and you cannot have ideas without signs. Now," said he, "friend, if you have any ideas that you have not conveyed, you have received and retained those ideas by a certain set of signs. They may not be the best signs for the purpose, but do you use just such signs as you have, and I will undertake to understand them. Now," said he, "*use your signs,*" and dropped his head, and all sat in perfect silence for half a minute, waiting for the signs to be

used; but not one word was said. The Bishop then looked him fiercely in the face and said, with a measure of earnestness not common to him, "*Use your signs*;" and another pause ensued, and to the poor Colonel it was an awful pause. But no signs were given. Then said the Bishop: "Friend, you are mistaken: it is the want of ideas." I felt too badly for the poor Colonel myself to laugh; but the sympathies of the circle were with the Bishop, and the controversy closed by a burst of laughter at the Colonel's expense. After a while, when the Bishop and myself retired to the state-room, for me to read to him, which he requested me to do at stated periods, I said to him, "You treated that gentleman too bad." He answered by saying, "*Let him let me alone!*"

There was one thing which the Bishop never seemed to enjoy, which was, to be questioned: though fond of conversation, a number of questions asked in quick succession were sure to procure short answers. I recollect one circumstance of the kind. A gentleman who lived in the city of Nashville, who was in the habit of asking a number of questions without waiting for answers, put quite a string of them to the Bishop. When he had gotten through, "Now," said the Bishop, "which one of your questions shall I answer first?" The brother laughed, but made no reply. The Bishop continued: "Your mind makes me think of a prairie on fire: the wind pressing in on all sides, it drives first one way and then another, so that you cannot tell with certainty how to run to it or from it; and I am afraid if I were to attempt to answer one of your questions, you would run over me with another before I could get out of the way."

In nothing was the character of the Bishop more strongly marked than in his *decision* and *firmness*. He had his own thoughts, and came to his own conclusions; and while

he was ever ready to hear the views of others, and be advised, yet his own mind had to be made up. For the most part, he came to his conclusions rapidly, notwithstanding he seemed to step cautiously. This arose, no doubt, from the fact that his perception was extraordinary and his reasoning powers very strong. Yet I never knew any man who seemed to suffer more than he did when he felt that his own conviction compelled him to go contrary to the views or wishes of his brethren.

I will here give one strongly-marked case in point. In the autumn of 1833, when the Tennessee Conference met in the town of Pulaski, the Bishop who was expected, from some cause, did not reach the Conference. Bishop McKendree was present, and, notwithstanding he was superannuated, took charge of the business of the Conference; and in the stationing-room there was not a little trouble and difficulty. And as some facts will come to the public now for the first time, I think it best to give names.

The Rev. Thomas L. Douglass, who was then quite an old man, and pretty well worn out in the work, had been for the three preceding years on the Nashville District, and as the law of the Church would allow him to continue another year, it was his pleasure to do so. But between him and a portion of the stewards in the bounds of the District difficulties had sprung up: not that there was any thing against the moral character of Brother Douglass—in that respect he was unspotted; neither was it because they did not like his preaching, for he was an able minister. The difficulty was wholly on the subject of *finance*, and grew out of the manner in which the stewards settled with the preachers and Presiding Elder. The Presiding Elder, by the law of the Church, is expected to share *pro rata* with the preachers, but the

stewards considered that they had discretionary powers; and as Brother Douglass was well off—*rich*, as they said—and the preachers generally poor, they saw cause sometimes to pay the preachers more than their proportion and the Presiding Elder less. This Brother Douglass protested against, and contended that the Presiding Elder's portion was his own, and that he alone had the right to dispose of it. This disagreement became so strongly fixed that there seemed to be no hope for the better; and the stewards from several Circuits sent up petitions to the Bishop not to return Brother Douglass to the District. Brother Douglass took the position that if he had not done the work assigned him as a Presiding Elder, he ought to be removed, but would not consent to be removed on the grounds urged against him. While this was the state of affairs, the Bishop consulted the other Presiding Elders, and they advised that Brother Douglass should not be returned to the District. At about eleven o'clock on the Tuesday night of the Conference, a servant came into my room and said that the Bishop wanted to see me. Supposing the Bishop was unwell, I hastened to his room. On entering, I found him alone, his long staff in his hand, walking to and fro, in apparently troubled haste. I said, "How are you, Bishop?" Stopping suddenly, he gave me a look I shall never forget, and said, "*I am distressed! I am distressed!*" and again commenced walking the room. I at length said, "What is it distresses you, Bishop?" to which he answered, "Brother Douglass—Brother Douglass: what shall I do with Brother Douglass?" Knowing nothing of the difficulties in Brother Douglass's case, and such being the apparent pressure on the mind and heart of the Bishop, it alarmed me, thinking that something dreadful had turned up. I at once asked what was the matter with him. He then gave the facts

as stated above with respect to the opposition and advice of the Presiding Elders, who had but a short time before left his room. "The stewards request me not to send him back, and the elders advise accordingly. *What shall I do? what shall I do?*" I said to him: "After all, you are the only responsible man, and will have to do just as you think will be for the best." He then went on to remark about as follows: "I know Brother Douglass—have known him long—have known him well—known him in times of trouble: he stood firm when others faltered. I know him better than the stewards—better than the Presiding Elders: he is a true man—Thomas Logan Douglass is a true man!" He then went on to say: "He is an old man: this is to be his last effective year in the ministry. If I do not return him to the District, he sinks at once, and will have neither time nor strength to recover. Yes, he will be an injured man in the estimation of his brethren—injured in the house of his friends." He further remarked: "It is a small matter for his brethren to bear with him one year, though they may differ in their views of finance; but it is no small matter to imbitter the declining years of an old man and faithful servant of the Church." Then, as though it required the gathering up of his strength for the act, he said: "In the name of the Lord, I will send Brother Douglass back to the Nashville District." And it is a most glorious fact, that from the very beginning to the close of the year, he rose continually; and left the District, at the end of his term, with more popularity than he had ever before enjoyed. At Conference, he took a supernumerary relation, and remained a favorite with his brethren till by death he was removed to his home in the skies. What a delightful thought that these two old faithful servants of God and the Church are resting together in

heaven to-day, where there is no midnight distress, or misunderstanding among brethren!

The Bishop was very much devoted to his old friends. I was holding a camp-meeting, I think in 1834, at what was called Old Salem, in Sumner county, which the Bishop attended, and we were also favored with the presence of the Rev. William Burke, who had come out from Cincinnati, Ohio, to visit a relative in the neighborhood of the camp-ground. I had the pleasure of seeing the Bishop and Mr. Burke meet. They held each other's grasp for some time, the Bishop saying, "I am very happy to see you once more at camp-meeting;" while Mr. Burke says, "We have camped together before, Bishop." Tears came into their eyes. They talked together by the hour of other days, with an evident pleasure which was refreshing to observe. Mr. Burke was not at that time in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, but was the pastor of an independent congregation in Cincinnati; yet I put him up to preach, so that the thousands that attended the meeting had the great pleasure of hearing each of these two old veterans preach once a day for three successive days; and I would perform a pilgrimage now to enjoy such a privilege again.

Soon after this meeting was over, the Bishop said to me, "I would like to live till the next General Conference for one thing." "What is that, Bishop?" "I want to see Brother Burke back again in his place in the Church." Although the Bishop did not live to attend the Conference, yet Mr. Burke was restored, and died in the Church.

With regard to the extent of the labors of the Bishop, we may safely say that he wore himself out, in the strictest sense of the word. No *rust* ever gathered upon him. He was in every valley, crossed all the mountains, all the

streams: his voice was heard in the crowded cities and sparsely-settled frontier; and in all these lands he raised the standard of the cross, and showed to fallen man the way to heaven through Jesus Christ. He even forced his way among the tribes of Indians on our borders, and, through interpreters, pointed them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. He was one of the few aged persons of whom it may be said, *they live till they die*. He wrote but little for the press, although he would no doubt have been a writer of great ability if he had been placed under circumstances suited to the development of his powers in that direction. His life was spent in the field: he was always on the wing, and had not time to write much beyond his correspondence, which was for many years very extensive; and as a letter-writer he was a perfect model. In the main, he labored for immediate effect.

From his great exposure, he became an asthmatic sufferer, and was also troubled with neuralgia, so that for several of the last years of his life he was exceedingly feeble; yet he preached frequently up to within a few weeks of his death. His last sermon was in the church that bears his name in the city of Nashville, which the writer of this sketch had the privilege of hearing. I can in my imagination see him this moment, as he last stood on the walls of Zion with his sickle in his hand: the gray hairs thinly covering his forehead, his pale and withered face, his benignant countenance, his speaking eye; while a deep undercurrent of thought, scarcely veiled by the external lineaments, took form in words, and fell from his trembling lips, as, by the eye of faith, he transcended the boundaries of time and entered upon the eternal world. But he is drawing to the close of his sermon. Now, for the last time, he bends himself and reaches his

sickle forth to reap the fields ripe for the harvest. How balmy the name of Christ as he breathes it forth, standing as it were midway between heaven and earth, and pointing to the home of the faithful in the sky! I look again: the sickle sways in his hand, his strength is measured out, and he closes up his ministerial labors on earth with the words, "*I add no more,*" while imagination hears the response from the invisible glory, "*It is enough!*"

A short time after, he left the city to visit his brother and other relations in Sumner county. When about to leave, a friend said to him, "Bishop, when do you *think* you will be back again?" He answered by saying, "I do not think myself back at all: I can only think myself to Sumner now. I cannot think myself far ahead these days. Should I get to Sumner, I may then, after a while, think myself back again. I once laid far-reaching plans, running through a whole year; but now my plans are not more than of one day's length."

He was at that time suffering with an inflammation of the forefinger of the right hand. A few days before, a little portion of the skin had become loosened by the side of the nail; attempting to pull it off, it reached the quick, and made the place a little sore. In writing, the ink from his pen got into the place, and he thought poisoned it. His finger continued to inflame, and became very painful: this deprived him of his accustomed rest, and was apparently the immediate cause of his death. He was enabled, however, to reach his brother's house in Sumner county, where he had the presence of his relatives and the kind attention of his beloved sister, *Nancy*, as he called her, whom he had always cherished with a brother's love. Soon after reaching his friends in Sumner, he took his bed, from which he arose no more. He was for a short time during his last illness troubled a little in mind;

which one writer calls a temptation. The nature of the affliction I perfectly understood, having conversed with him on the subject. It was as follows: He always had a strong desire to be useful as long as he lived, and could not bear the idea of becoming a burden; and finding that he could no longer go in and out among the people, and be of service to the Church, he was fearful that he might become too anxious to depart, and not with sufficient resignation wait the Lord's time. A strong desire to depart and be with Christ will be regarded by many in another light than that of a temptation.

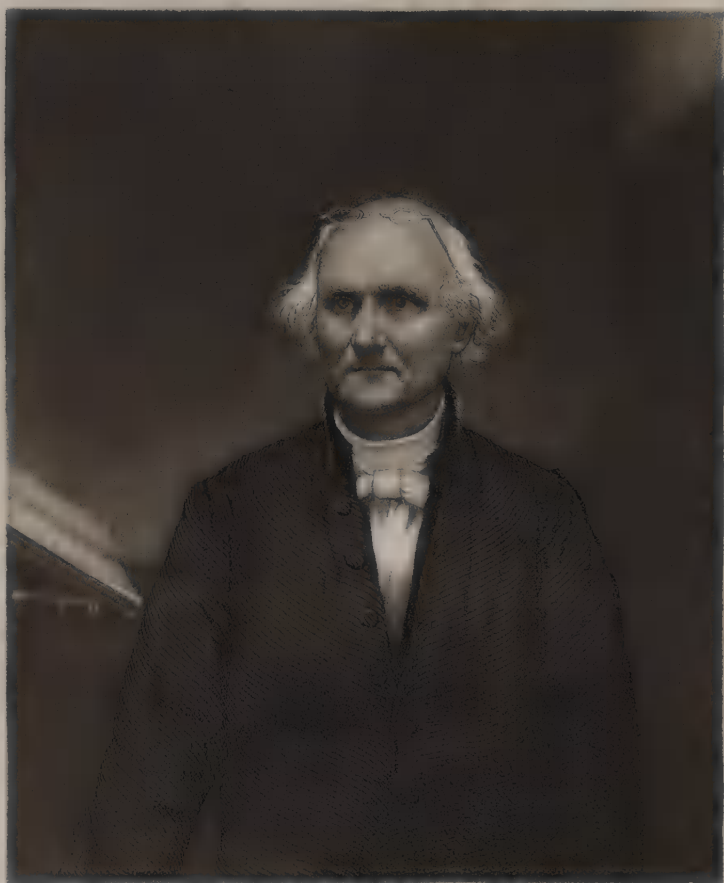
He suffered considerably during this illness, though in the last few days of his life he was free from pain. His sweetness of temper, his words of kindness, his strong, unshaken faith, made ever-during impressions on all around him. He was constantly saying some kind thing to those who attended him. Once when he awoke from sleep, he said to his sister and nieces, who were watching by his bedside, "You are like lamps burning while I sleep, to cheer me when I wake."

It was the high privilege of the writer to spend a night with him just before his death. O, how rich were the words that fell from his lips! Among other things, I at one time said to him, "Bishop, I may live when you have passed away, and wherever I go your friends will want to hear from you: what shall I say to them?" To which he answered, "Tell them for me, that whether for time or for eternity, *All's well!*" This was a favorite saying with the Bishop, and was the last connected sentence that ever fell from his lips.

On the 5th of March, 1835, he rendered up to the Church the parchment he had so long held as a minister of Christ, as pure and unspotted as a flake of mountain snow. A smile passed over his face, he took his leave of the Church mili-

tant, gathered up his feet, the earth swept from beneath him, the heavens were opened, the chariot passed over the everlasting hills, now loaded with sheaves gathered from the harvest-field of this world's ruin, and, with the approving sentence from his Lord, "Well done, good and faithful servant," like a wreath circling his brow, and the shout of welcome from all heaven, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," he passed through the gates into the city.





Portrait of William Charles Cresswell

W. C. WILKINSON, A. P. R. 1850.

Portrait of William Charles Cresswell

WILLIAM CAPERS.

BY WILLIAM M. WIGHTMAN, D. D.

THE beautiful and boundless variety of nature may be traced in the moral world also. Manifold are the types of excellence to be noted in those instrumentalities which are taken up by a gracious God into his plans for the spiritual renovation of the world. In one man, we observe a wonderful depth of intellect; in another, the predominance of the emotional nature. One exhibits an imperial spread of imagination; another, a vast practical energy, a special tact for government. Here is the severe logician—a John Wesley; there the captivating orator—a George Whitefield. Bascom sweeps with arrowy rush through the airy regions of the sublime; Olin, unique, colossal, searches the abysses of the soul; Capers, master of a style copious, elegant, and felicitous, captivates by the charm of genuine refinement. How different each of these from all the rest! and yet each is peerless in his own department—a model preacher—a study. By this rich variety of endowment is the edification of the Church sought to be promoted by its Divine Head. “There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit.”

Dr. Capers long enjoyed a national reputation. He was indeed worthy of all honor. His was the manly nobility of

character which every one admires in an eminent man, and the vital warmth that wins hearts. The elegance of a finished gentleman in manners was in him combined with the simplicity, purity, and benevolence of a deeply-spiritual Christian. He shone in the pulpit, in the Conference, in the social circle; was one of the most interesting companions one ever travelled with; and was just the sort of spiritual adviser and comforter one would desire in time of distress, sickness, or at the approach of death. On many accounts, then, he presents a character which it is equally pleasant and profitable to contemplate.

William Capers was born in St. Thomas's Parish, in South Carolina, January 26, 1790. His birthplace was at his father's winter residence, some twenty miles from the city of Charleston. He came of a Huguenot family. His father, Major William Capers, was a planter in handsome circumstances; had been a brave soldier of the Revolution, and held a commission in the Second Continental Regiment, raised by the State of South Carolina. He was in the battles of Fort Moultrie and Eutaw; was in the sieges of Charleston and Savannah; and afterward served with Marion. After the war, he was among the first who joined the Methodists in his native State, and his house was one of Bishop Asbury's homes. He was the worthy sire of a distinguished son.

William's early life was very happy. In his twelfth year, he was sent to a boarding-school at some distance from home, where privations and hardships served to strengthen his constitution and train his powers of self-reliance. In his sixteenth year, he was admitted into the Sophomore class in the South Carolina College. Before the time of graduation, however, he left college, and began the study of law with Judge Richardson. His religious training at home had pre-

served his morals from the vitiating influences which, at college, too often blight youthful character and promise, and from the dry-rot of deistical principles, which at that time were popular among many of his young contemporaries. But he was ambitious and gay, popular among the ladies, and fond of the excitement of the ball-room.

In 1808, he was brought to the personal experience of the grace of God, and happily converted in the family circle, while his venerable father was engaged in prayer. He embraced the earliest opportunity of joining the Methodist Church, going into that measure, by which he finally and forever broke with the world, with singular simplicity and whole-heartedness. In a few weeks, he accepted a cordial invitation given him by the preacher in charge of the circuit, the Rev. William Gassaway, to accompany him on his round of appointments. His law-books were thrown aside; and without any definite convictions as to the duty of preaching, but mainly for the spiritual profit he anticipated from the society of his friend Gassaway, he set out with him. Much to his astonishment, at the close of the first service after he had taken the circuit, he was invited into the pulpit and bidden to *exhort*. It was the first time he had heard the word, in its technical sense. He thought to himself, the word must come from "*exhortor*"—that means, to beseech earnestly: he was taken by the hand and helped into the pulpit; and there commenced his brilliant career as a preacher.

Before his six months' trial was over, he was recommended to the Annual Conference, his conviction being now clear that God had called him to the work of the ministry. Bishops Asbury and McKendree were present at the Conference where he was admitted into the travelling Connection. His first

circuit was called the Wateree: it embraced twenty-four appointments, was a four weeks' circuit, and about three hundred miles around. He was sent there alone and in charge. He attended faithfully to his duties during the year, having missed but a single appointment, and that on account of rain. His next circuit was Pedee, from which he was removed, at the second quarterly meeting, to the town of Fayetteville, N. C., where he spent the remainder of the year with much pleasure to himself and advantage to the flock.

He had now passed his novitiate, was elected a member of the South Carolina Conference, and ordained deacon by Bishop Asbury. The next year was spent in Charleston, and the following on the Orangeburg Circuit, and then he was ordained elder by Bishop McKendree, and stationed in Wilmington, N. C.

On his way to this appointment he was married. Wilmington was one of the three stations in the Conference which had parsonages. This preachers' house had nothing to boast of in point of size or accommodations. The two sleeping apartments were just high enough to allow an ordinary-sized man to stand upright with his hat off. Mr. Capers consoled himself with the reflection that hats were made to be worn out of doors. He had a young, charmingly beautiful, and deeply pious wife, whom he loved with passionate fondness, to share the accommodations of this humble parsonage with him. I dare say, under the circumstances, the inmates of a palace might well have envied him his happiness.

His next circuit was among his relatives, where he had no need of a parsonage. He was a rising man, full of youthful vigor, with the promise of many years of distinguished usefulness before him. But he was married, and the Church in

those days made no provision for married preachers. The popular doctrine was, that when a minister married, he must *locate*. In his circumstances, there seemed no alternative: it cost him much trouble of mind, many hours of anxious deliberation; but the result was his location. And now a small farm was settled: hard work *at the plough* all the week, and preaching at some neighboring church on Sunday; but that lovely young wife turned the farm into a paradise. The year fled on rapid wing; but before the snows of December lay on the ground, that beautiful being is no more! At one sharp stroke, the desire of his eyes is taken from him. Enough of the farm now. The lesson was solemn, but well improved. Thenceforth, a full consecration to the work of the ministry was the result.

In 1818, he was readmitted into the Conference, and stationed in Columbia, and the two following years in Savannah, Ga.

In 1820, he was for the first time elected a delegate to the General Conference. William Capers is now a man. He is thirty years old, and has won a name in the Church. Let us look at him more minutely.

His stature is five feet and some nine inches. His face is finely moulded, and animate with blended intelligence and kindness. His eye is black, lustrous, and full of power. As for his voice, it is "musical as Apollo's lute." In listening to one of his discourses, the first thing that strikes you is the wonderful fluency of the man. He goes on and on, like some fine instrument wound up and set agoing—smoothly, easily, naturally, the right words coming in at the right place. These words, too, are all orthodox, good, old English words, easy to be understood even in the galleries. An air of classic elegance, in the vein of the old Horatian "*simplex*

munditiis," pervades the whole affair. There is no strain after sonorous, Johnsonian terms, no building up of magniloquent periods.

Then, you are struck with another thing: there is a manifest aspect of originality in his treatment of the matter in hand. He uses no formal divisions or subdivisions. His method is distinct though peculiar. There is a central point, the key-position of the sermon, on which all the remarks are founded, and which the listener presently commands. This is the point of view which gives you a sight of the whole field. The route to this may have seemed, and actually been, somewhat circuitous; but the preacher was taking no random steps: he saw from the first his distances and bearings. He is capable of discussing the great principle, whatever it may be, contained in his text, without the artificial helps of heads of discourse formally announced at the outset.

Again, his modes of argumentation and illustration seem to bear the impress of original mental elaboration, and to owe very little, if any thing, to profound scholarship and extensive and various reading. His mind is much more of a self-fed, copious spring, than of a capacious reservoir into which other men's thoughts have been pumped. He has studied evidently and thoroughly two great books, however—the Bible and man. He has reflected profoundly upon the great law of adjustment between the former and the latter, and searched out the manifold relations of this law. He has a firm hold upon the central peculiarities of the gospel—its atoning sacrifice, its promised Spirit of grace. The bent of his genius does not lie in the direction of metaphysical speculation: he takes his premises as the gospel gives them, without going back of the revelation to inquire for the

reasons. He has fancy rather than imagination; an intellect acute, masculine, ready, rather than the widest spread of the faculty of generalization. You have heard of his fame for eloquence; you expect perhaps to listen to the full, grand, orchestral swell of Olin, or the booming thunder of Bascom. But the forte of Capers is not the grand and overwhelming. He reminds you rather of a beautiful summer sunrise, with the sparkle of its dewdrops, the melodies of its birds, the freshness of its breeze.

He was fond of preaching on the parables and the leading historic incidents embraced in the Gospel narrative. In treating this class of subjects, his powers of fine discrimination, his tact in dissecting character, his minute tracery of motive, his fertility of illustration and fervor of devotional feeling, were all shown in a masterly style. His ordinary preaching kept the level of a solemn, animated, edifying appeal to the reason and conscience of his audience.

Sometimes, when a special occasion awakened powerfully his emotional nature, and he was roused to the full strength of his intellect, his preaching was great—sublime. In 1822, at the Rembert's camp-ground, he preached a sermon on the text, "Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock, thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth." His subject was the developments of Providence and the manifestations of grace. From all I have heard of that sermon, I doubt if it was ever surpassed, if equalled, in South Carolina.

During the same year, at a camp-meeting in Putnam county, Ga., in the presence of an overwhelming audience, after an eloquent sermon preached by Dr. Pierce, he delivered an exhortation the effect of which will never be forgotten. In this he rose to the highest mood of impassioned feeling. He seemed to drive the chariot of the earthquake, his steeds

the storm-clouds. The world of woe, at his bidding, uncovered its horrors, and its despair-riven victims, incarnated, so to speak, and voiced, passed in awful procession before the audience, crying, Woe, woe, woe! The very heavens seemed to send back, in reverberating crashes, these terrific woes. The effect was awful beyond description. One gentleman was put into a state of derangement. Judge Shorter, who was present, declared to a friend, some days after, that the "woes" with which Dr. Capers's address had closed had been ringing in his ears ever since, and that he heard them day and night, asleep or awake. At the invitation of Dr. Capers, the mighty crowd, as one man, dropped on the ground, and the voice of weeping and intercession smote the heavens. It was supposed that not less than a thousand persons were convicted of sin as the result of the meeting; and a revival of religion ensued which seemed to sweep every thing before it.

One of the most masterly and powerful appeals I ever heard from human lips, in defence of the position that personal Christianity must have in it a direct, Divine *power*, was a camp-meeting sermon preached by him, on the text, "Go and show John again what things ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight," etc. He brought the tenth legion into the field that day.

Another sermon, scarcely inferior, I heard him preach in 1829, on the text, "And now, little children, abide in him, that when he shall appear we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming." In a vigorous style of argument, he examined the leading types of defective religionism—pointed out the grounds of their insufficiency—swept them away, and presented in clear light the true source of divine life in the soul of the believer, and its sufficiency

for all possible exigencies. He portrayed in words of fire the grandeur of Christ's second appearing, before one glance of which all that is loftiest in human things pales and becomes insignificant. Amidst the splendors and terrors of the scene, the strength of that principle of "confidence," the result of abiding in Christ, was shown: how it rose superior to the world's philosophy and painted pomps, and, in a vitality indestructible and triumphant, asserted its power to sustain the soul, since it recognized a *brother* on the throne of judgment—one who, having redeemed us, had carried our nature and fortunes with him as he traversed the adoring heavens, and will bring the same nature, encompassed by jubilant millions, to the judgment of the great day.

If, however, he sometimes rose above himself, under circumstances of peculiar excitement, he occasionally fell below his accustomed level. Who, indeed, does not? I incline to suppose that preachers remarkably gifted with a fluent delivery are somewhat liable to the temptation of trusting too much to the inspiration of the moment in preaching, without a due foregoing preparation. For many hearers a fine flow of words, gracefully uttered, will serve to cover up considerable poverty of thought; and the veriest commonplaces of the pulpit may be passed off for good preaching, provided they are dressed up in the drapery of a clever style. I have heard sermons which seemed to *take* very well with the crowd, though they explained nothing, proved and enforced nothing, contained, in fact, no living idea—not a suggestion that struck or stuck. A pleasant voice, a fine manner, and words, words, words—this comprehended the sum total. Now, there *are* words that are half-battles, as Richter said of Luther's. There are words of fire, words which cut with an edge of steel, words which rive like the lightning. Such

words, however, are instinct with thought, or tremulous with passion: they are born of the inner essence of the soul when "deep calleth unto deep." They might challenge for themselves the lofty apostrophe of the Hebrew prophet, "Hear, O heavens! and give ear, O earth!"

Some of Dr. Capers's sermons, as I have observed, were made up of this latter kind of words. They fell with an effect upon the soul which time cannot obliterate. Candor compels me to add that occasionally a sermon of his would betray confusion of ideas, or poverty of thought, the indications of inadequate mental preparation. Generally, he thought rapidly and clearly. It has been said of him that you might give him a text at the dinner-table, and he would be ready to preach on it by the time he had walked to the church.

Returning one night with him from a crowded congregation where he had preached, seemingly with his usual ease, he asked me if I had perceived a break in the thread of his discourse. He then added that the subject had not received sufficient previous reflection, and that in the middle of the sermon he came suddenly to the edge of an abyss of darkness through which not a ray of light glimmered. To have paused to gather up the missing links of thought, would have been to break down utterly. His expedient was to strike off at a tangent. This he did so easily and readily, that I doubt if half a dozen of his audience detected the mental hiatus, or were aware of any interruption in the flow of consecutive ideas.

Sometimes he was betrayed into a too minute attention to matters connected but remotely with the main topic, and sacrificed breadth and power of striking impression to delicacy and excessive fertility of illustration.

A felicitous description of the preaching of Dr. Bunting would, I think, apply to Dr. Capers, at his ordinary mean between the extremes just indicated: "His pulpit addresses are luminous, but without glare: it is a kind of sober, chastised, cathedral light, in its general effect, with the addition of a powerful stream reflected on different portions of the subject, as if several concentrated rays had found their way through a solitary square of unstained glass, and passed between some of the principal pillars in the interior of St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey."

Dr. Capers never needed urging to preach: he seemed always willing and ready. No apprehension appeared to trouble him that he might exhaust his resources, or that a great reputation for pulpit eloquence needed caution and care in its public manifestations.

He had trained himself from his youth to a felicitous management of his voice, so as to avoid the extremes of tones too high or too low. It was consequently seldom strained or injured by his pulpit efforts, however often repeated. His manner in the pulpit was uniformly characterized by a high and delicate sense of propriety. He was easy and graceful, but always solemn. Every movement indicated a deep sincerity, the antithesis of all mere rhetorical art, the natural expression of a master-mind intent upon its theme, warmed with genuine animation, and yet chastened by habitual sobriety of thought. His fine face lent its varied expression to the character of the subject; and that expression was concentrated in the "electric flashing of the eyes." No manuscript ever interfered with the power of these eyes. They sent their radiant, searching glances over the upturned faces of the congregation, and caught the first sign of "answering fire" given forth in any direction. This subtile sympathy

between speaker and hearer is, after all, the grand secret of eloquence. I agree with Milburn in laying stress on this power of the eye. He says: "The speaker pursues the line of his thought: a sentence is dropped which falls like a kindling spark into the breast of some one present. The light of that spark shoots up to his eyes, and sends an answer to the speaker. The telegraphic signal is felt, and the speaker is instantly tenfold the stronger: he believes what he is saying more deeply than before, when a second sentence creates a response in another part of the house. As he proceeds, the listless are arrested, the lethargic are startled into attention, tokens of sympathy and emotion flash out upon him from every portion of the audience. That audience has lent to him its strength. It is the same double action which characterizes every movement of the universe—action and reaction; the speaker giving the best that is in him to his hearers, they lending the divinest portion of themselves to him. This tidal movement of sympathy, this magnetic action, awakening and answering in the eyes of speaker and hearer, by which he is filled with their life, and they pervaded by his thought, is to me the secret and the condition of real eloquence."

I have embodied in the foregoing sketch my impressions and recollections of Bishop Capers as a preacher. I honor his memory for the undeviating constancy of his devotion to the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Church. That constancy was tried by much exposure, hardship, peril, self-sacrifice, as well as by some tempting lures. When he was stationed in Savannah, in 1819, a terrific visitation of yellow fever desolated the city. The idea of deserting his post never entered his mind. Day and night he was in the thick of the pestilence. His noble disinterestedness and fearless

bravery, in ministering to the sick and dying, together with his rare gifts of eloquence, led to an offer on the part of the wealthiest congregation then in Georgia, of the pastorate of their church, made vacant by the lamented death of Dr. Kollock. The salary was one of the largest at that time paid to any minister in the United States. The position was honorable and influential. No surrender of doctrinal peculiarities was asked. He might readily have exchanged the hard and poorly-paid service of a Methodist travelling preacher for ease, affluence, and high respectability. But it cost him no second thought to decline the offer.

Several times his life was in imminent peril in his many journeyings. He once drove over a high bridge, which he did not know at the time to be unsafe. He had his family with him in the carriage. The moment the carriage was over, the bridge fell with a loud crash; but he was safe. At another time, in crossing one of the low-country river swamps, in time of a freshet, he made an almost miraculous escape from drowning, with his whole family. On one of the Alabama river steamboats, he was within a hair's-breadth of destruction, but escaped unhurt. Once or twice his life was despaired of, in severe visitations of fever, contracted in the discharge of his clerical duties. He spent a handsome patrimony in the service of the Church, and was often reduced to straits and shifts to get on. At the time of his death he was entirely dependent on his salary for the support of his family. But, nevertheless, God was gracious to him all the while: he succeeded in educating his children; saw most of them happily married, and usefully engaged in the honorable employments of life; and left to them what is better than houses or lands—the legacy of an untarnished name, of an example bright in all paternal excellence, illus-

trious in life-long consecration to the highest good of his fellows.

Dr. Capers possessed the confidence and affectionate esteem of his brethren in a high degree. He was a member of every General Conference from 1820 to the time of his election to the Episcopal office. At the General Conference of 1828, he was appointed a representative of the American Methodist Church to the British Wesleyan Conference. In the ecclesiastical assembly he was a ready, skilful debater. He always took a prominent part in all the important business transacted. Dr. Olin said of him that there was no end to the work that was in him.

He was the pioneer in the first missionary enterprise undertaken by the South Carolina Conference, that, namely, to the Creek Indians, then occupying the western border of Georgia. His name is identified with the formation of the important missions to the blacks in the low country of the Carolinas and Georgia. For several years he held the post of Missionary Secretary for the Southern department of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and travelled extensively, devoting his whole time to that important field of service.

From this he was transferred, at the first session of the Southern General Conference, to the Episcopal office. This office he filled with dignity and usefulness for nine years. From exposure to bad weather on one of his early tours of Episcopal visitation, his health became infirm, and he was not at all times fully equal to the severe burdens imposed on the incumbents of this office. But he was characterized to the last by his usual habits of punctuality and promptness. I had the great happiness to travel with him part of the last journey he ever made. His health seemed improved; his spirits were good; his conversation possessed its usual viva-

city and range; his eye was bright; and I little thought, in parting with him, that I had seen the last of him on earth. A week or two afterwards, he was with God. He had fought the good fight, finished his course, kept the faith, and entered into the joy of his Lord.

Thus we have traced the character and public services of a man identified with the growth of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church for nearly half a century. He formed a connecting link between the first and the present race of Methodist ministers. He began in the heroic age of the itinerant service, and bore his full share in the hardships, toils, and privations of the primitive times—times which tried men's souls and bodies also. He carried into this service the earnestness, simplicity, talent, and activity of a large soul, which was devoted without reserve to Christ. He "broke with the world," to use his own emphatic phrase, at the day of his conversion to God. He turned his back upon the honors and emoluments, the ease and pleasures of the world, when all these lay in full prospect before him; and never counted that he had made a sacrifice—never cast one lingering look of regret upon the abandoned aspirations of his youth. He has left upon the Annual Conference of which for so many years he was a "bright, particular star," the impress of his large views, of his thorough devotion to the itinerant ministry, of his catholic, unremitting zeal, of his aptitude for work, of his missionary spirit. In all these particulars, preëminently in the last, that body of Christian ministers is inferior to none on this continent. "Great men," says Dr. Arnold, "can only act permanently by forming great nations." It is a noble distinction, worthy of the highest aspiration of the soul, to be able to impress upon large bodies of leading minds, whether in the State or in the

Church, the principles, sentiments, activities, which carry on the progress of society in virtue and wisdom, and thus do God's work in the world. It is this posthumous life of influence, spreading out into far-reaching and remote results, long after one's brief time on the earth is past, which, after all, is the true measure of human greatness. How paltry in comparison are the glittering prizes in pursuit of which most men waste life's energies and dwarf its powers!

Of the rank, honors, emoluments of Methodist Bishops, we can predicate little or nothing. No gorgeous rites, no imposing array of ecclesiastical pomp and circumstance, no splendid vestments, no pealing *Te Deum Laudamus* swelling through the long-drawn aisles of some noble cathedral, mark the investiture of the Episcopal office. They are no peers of the realm afterwards; no palace opens its portals to them; no rich preferments are in their gift. They claim not even the pretension of a *de jure Divino* Episcopacy, with a celestial patent, wrapped up, as Coleridge somewhere expresses it, "in the womb of this or that text of Scripture, to be exforcipated by the logico-obstetric skill of high-church doctors." They trace the origin of their Episcopal office to the founder of the Methodist societies, who, so far as external platform and polity were concerned, had the right, from his relation to these societies, to form them, when their growth demanded it, and the political ties of the American colonies to the mother-country were severed, into a Church organization by ordaining Bishops for them. Strong and clear in their *de jure humano* claim, they troubled themselves no more about apostolico-succession theories or figments of transmitted sacerdotal grace, than did the patriots of the American Revolution about the Divine right of kings. They were Protestants. They held that it is the Holy Ghost who

gives to the Church overseers—Bishops: that he alone holds the prerogative of calling ministers to the holy office, as he alone quickens the souls of men: that he gives the inward endowment by which, only, true ministers are made, the existing body of ministers conferring nothing beyond the outward commission. This was their ground, irrefragable as the New Testament, solid as common sense.

This Methodist Episcopacy entailed long journeys, protracted absences from home, arduous labors, and responsibilities no less arduous. Some of the Bishops, in the heroic age, rode round the North American Continent repeatedly on horseback—the saddle sometimes their pillow, and the midnight sky and the silent stars their canopy. The summer's sun and the winter's cold, the dreary forest, the swollen river, the rugged mountain, and the savage and wily Indian; hunger, thirst, weariness—these were no impediments in their way. They braved all these in their truly apostolic work of carrying the evangel of Jesus Christ over these lands, and in the van of an early civilization. But what then? These holy, self-sacrificing men, worthy successors of the apostles, were the chief ministers of a Christian community then in its infancy, but whose churches are now planted from the Canadas to the Mexican Gulf, from the Atlantic slope through the gates of the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Western Ocean. They wore no mitres, kept no state, despised the mere badges and trappings of ecclesiastical dignities, and received no pay from the State, no remittances from any English propaganda. But they wielded the grand and mighty powers of an influence sanctified by God's grace to the largest good of their fellow-men; of a courage and patience, of a wisdom and love which swelled fresh and glorious in holy exertion, and are worthy

of the brightest page in their country's history; of a dauntless enterprise and varied adventure in directing the movements and preserving the unity of a young and vigorous organization destined to strike its roots deep throughout the nation; and which in time was to build its colleges and universities, erect its printing-houses and presses, collect its missionary revenue by hundreds of thousands of dollars, year by year, send out its missionary preachers to the antipodes, and make its influence felt over the earth, and to the end of time—

“Its flag on every height unfurled,
Its morning drum beat round the world!”

I call that man great who worthily bore his part in a scheme of operations vast as this. I honor the names of Francis Asbury, William McKendree, Joshua Soule. Posterity will hold them in ever-increasing veneration. Among these “bright, immortal names” will stand that of WILLIAM CAPERS.





H. B. WASCOTT, D.D., L.L.D.

ONE OF THE BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH

HENRY B. BASCOM.

BY WILLIAM M. WIGHTMAN, D. D.

GREAT men are rare. They die, as do common men, having served the State during their lifetime, or adorned the Church by the lustre of their genius and the mighty influence of their character and labors. But though *they* thus pass away, they ought not to be forgotten. Theirs are the

———“*deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither, though the earth
Forgets her empires.*”

History—biography delights to treasure up the memorials of their virtues and talents; and thus their posthumous influence reaches through all time. The more minute, individualized, and lifelike we can make the portraits of such men, the better will after-comers in distant generations be able to conceive of their characters, and to feel the ennobling influence of their worth.

The Methodist Episcopal Church possesses the materials for a rich portrait-gallery of this kind; though it must be confessed that not a few of her worthiest sons, who would have been a delightful study for the moral portrait-painter, survive only in lingering and fading traditions. Many of

these men were giants in their day. They laid the foundations of the largest Protestant Church in the United States. They were gifted with an ample variety of endowments, and exhibited strong and distinguishing peculiarities of character; and their "times" were rich in incident. How full of touching interest would be even a sketch of such persons!—a sketch that would bring out the *man*, fresh, clear, distinct, with the warm life-blood walking its rounds, and the mental peculiarities sharply defined. But, like the brave men who lived before Agamemnon, referred to by Horace,

"Longa premuntur
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

The humblest contribution of this kind cannot fail to be acceptable. And while the present writer does not allow himself the expectation of doing full justice to the fair fame of one of his illustrious contemporaries, with whose friendship while living he was honored, and whose death was by none more lamented, still, as a tribute to the memory of his friend, and an expression of the gratitude felt by him, in common with the whole Southern Methodist Church, for the distinguished services rendered by Bishop Bascom, he embodies in the following pages his impressions of the preacher and the man.

Henry B. Bascom was born May 27, 1796, in the State of New York. In 1811, he was converted to God; and in 1812, he was admitted on trial as a travelling preacher in the Ohio Conference. He died in the autumn of 1850, in Louisville, Ky., at the house of his friend, the Rev. Dr. Stevenson. Between these two points of time intervened a public life crowded with cares, labors, responsibilities, honors and dignities, such as have fallen to the lot of few men.

The story of his youthful struggles, beset with poverty, misunderstood by friends, grappling manfully with difficulties in the process of self-education, riding hard circuits on the outposts of civilization, his pay a dollar a month for four hundred sermons and three thousand miles travelled on horseback, during one of these early years, and yet indomitably girding on the armor by which the battle of life and the highest distinctions of usefulness and greatness were to be won—all this surpasses a romance in thrilling interest. Next in intensity to his religious affections is his filial piety, a trait most remarkably developed in his character, reaching even to the moral sublime. Let the young preachers of the present time study the pages of his biography, and learn how Providence trains in hardships and sufferings those for whom a preëminent lot in after-life is destined. Little did that poor lad, among all the young dreams which flitted across his soul in the hour of revery in the primeval solitudes of the great West, imagine that he was to become one of the ablest counsellors and most eminent leaders of the Church; to preach the glorious gospel of the blessed God before Senates, as well as to masses of his countrymen counted by thousands; to be invested with the highest ecclesiastical dignities, win a name mentioned with respect from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and die lamented by a whole Church!

Let us look at him as a PREACHER, in the maturity of his great powers. There is no doubting the fact that he possessed the rarest aptitude for impressing a popular assembly; that his preaching made the pulpit a secret place of thunder, vindicated its ancient claim to a station among the most powerful institutions which exalt and ennoble a people, and covered it with trophies resplendent as virtue, venerable as goodness, and precious as the hopes of immortality. In

what did his great strength lie? What were the peculiarities of his pulpit eloquence? Were there any defects amongst its excellences? He has left a volume of sermons which has had a wider circulation perhaps than any similar volume published in this country. Are these pulpit orations perfect in their kind, or are they open to criticism as to structure and style?

To begin with this last question, it must be premised that there are important differences between the extemporaneous address intended for the ear of a popular assembly, and the written composition which addresses the mind through the medium of the eye. In the latter case, condensation, simplicity, abstinence from ornament, or at least a judicious reserve in the use of it, attest the perfection of art in composition. On the other hand, the address which comes from the living voice, the progeny it may be of deep previous reflection, but thrown off at the moment in the clothing of extemporaneous utterance, and meant not so much to gratify the scholarly tastes of the man of letters as to move and persuade the multitude, this allows at one time a colloquial freedom, at another an imperial sweep of imagination—a language free from the trammels of exact composition, and an *abandon* in keeping with the swell and flow of emotion on the part of the audience. The elegant accuracy, the well-poised antithesis, the polished diction which shows the labor of file and lamp, are all well enough in the literary essay. The oratory of the pulpit in its highest moods, and in pursuance of its grand end, the arrest, persuasion, and conversion of men, rushes forward under the pressure of mighty thoughts and glowing passion; makes its energy felt in accumulated illustrations which *depict* rather than discuss; and at the full thunder strikes home to the heart. Even in foren-

sic eloquence this distinction holds good. "Did the speech read well when reported?" asked Charles James Fox, one of the greatest orators who ever spoke in the British Senate; "if so, it was a bad one."

Besides, the mere reader misses the world of influence originating in the oratory of *manner*. One reads a sermon of Summerfield's coolly enough; but could he have *heard* it unmoved? when the very tones of the voice were like the murmuring breezes blown from "the spice-islands of youth and love." Dean Kirwan, an Irish clergyman, is said to have been one of the greatest orators that ever filled a pulpit. The celebrated Grattan once remarked of him, that "he came to interrupt the repose of the pulpit, and shake one world with the thunders of another: the preacher's desk became a throne of light—around him a train not such as crouch and stagger at the levee of viceroys, but that where-with a great genius peoples his own state—charity in ecstasy and vice in humiliation." And yet, when his friends after his death published a volume of his sermons, they were scarcely readable!

Dr. Bascom seems to have been well aware of the distinction here referred to. He states in the preface that the sermons are published as they were originally preached; that they were never intended to be judged by the ordinary tests of composition and authorship; and that the *writer* is essentially merged in the *preacher*. In the preparation of them, he adds, the main object was to give form and voice to the thoughts and impressions, the convictions and feelings, of the preacher, in a way best adapted to arrest and impress the hearer.

Without intending to subject these sermons to an ordeal deprecated by the author, it may not be out of place to ad-

vert to one or two particulars in which they seem defective, and in reference to which a caution may be, with advantage, suggested to young preachers who seek the best models.

1. The great merit of all discourse is *method*. The philosophical idea of method combines progression with unity. Unity implies that there is one main leading subject taken in hand, to be explained and enforced: progression or disposition is the development of this subject—the presentation of its relations or qualities, one thought generating another, and by vital affinities, either of logic, illustration, or passion, justifying the place where it is put. There may be movement without progression, as in a ship beating on and off without being able to keep her true course. There may be accumulation of ideas without organic unity, as in the case of marbles touching each other in a bag, or beads strung together on the same thread; or as a rabble stands distinguished from an army. Growth and evolution, not mere aggregation, represent the combination of unity and progression. Thus, without any forced transitions, the natural sequence of the discourse goes forward, and the requirements of just proportion in the parts are observed.

Vinet illustrates the importance of method in a fine remark or two, which I am tempted to repeat. He is speaking of a preacher who has neglected the great law of order. "Conceive," he says, "yourself in the situation I suppose. You proceed at hazard, and as groping in the dark, by turns advancing and receding; the thread you have hold of is broken at every instant, and requires incessantly to be retied. Instead of completing the presentation of an idea at the first, after having presented it imperfectly once, you present it a second time still imperfectly; you have many *almosts*, many fractions of which the sum remains to be

taken. You have skirmished on all sides of the place, one after another; made false attacks which terminate nothing. One idea does not presuppose another; in what you have, you have no guaranty as to what is to come, the passages (badly named, surely!) follow one another, but are not connected; as idlers who live by the day, you write by the sentence, not more sure of the second after the first, than they as to provision for to-morrow."

Now, to some extent, it seems to me, Dr. Bascom's sermons are defective as to method. I incline to attribute this to his using too many subdivisions. A careful examination will show that these subdivisions only serve to break the continuity of thought, and interfere with the grand totality of impression sought to be made. They have the effect of rays passing from the surface of a plane mirror in parallel lines, whereas the mirror ought to be concave, bringing, in converging lines and concentrated power, the force of each leading division of the subject into one intense focus. Considering the logical power of Bascom's mind, and his capability for severe argument exemplified in documents which will be a study for future historians of the Church, it might have been expected that his sermons would partake very much of such a type. One might have looked for great masses of thought, bound together by few but vital affinities, and swung by a giant force. His method is otherwise, however. For this we may account by the circumstances of his self-education, his want of early, liberal, and complete scholastic training: in fine, by the fact upon which he lays considerable stress himself, that the nucleus forms of these sermons were produced many years before he reached the full strength of his intellectual powers; and were expanded and added to, as they were preached, again and again. Such

a process could not fail to result in a somewhat defective unity. A sermon, we take it, to reach the maximum force of impressiveness, ought to be cast in a single mould, from the mind's furnace glowing with the excitement and inspiration of a great subject, meditated upon in its relations and bearings, until the "thought-agglomerating flood" rushes out into the form and body in which it is to be permanent. The blent powers of reason and passion, with

"Imagination all compact,"

assume, of their own accord, the disposition—method—so vitally necessary to a full impression.

2. After making due allowance for the difference between written and extemporaneous discourse, it seems to me that in point of style Dr. Bascom's sermons exhibit an exuberance of ornament. In an artistic point of view, this is certainly a defect. Style, like fine painting, ought to have a background—shade as well as light—dark as well as bright colors. In the fine arts, this is called *relief*. Every one sees how necessary to the perfection of a picture is the observance of the principles of perspective. Not less needful is the study and art of relief in moral painting. To give effect to the fine passages, there must be a background. Without affirming that a sermon ought in any part to affect a conversational undress, it is nevertheless obvious that some portions of it must be intended for greater effect than others: some passages must be more striking, others less. To rise to the pitch of the sublime too soon or too frequently, is to undo the effect by overdoing. Language may become *dangerously* powerful. Dr. Olin had the opportunity of hearing Bascom only a single time; and his remark to me a few hours afterward was, that while he admired the wonderful opulence

of Dr. Bascom's resources, he thought that the effect would have been far greater if the sermon had contained a third less of accumulated thought and brilliant imagery. He considered that the mind of the listener was likely to be overwhelmed by the excess of the profound and vivid, in such pulpit manifestations, to the detriment of the main ultimate impression sought to be made.

3. The reader of these sermons will be struck with the liberty taken to coin new words. They were doubtless used, if not formed by this master of pulpit eloquence, in his youth, on the mistaken supposition that they were stronger or more picturesque than words found in that great "well of English undefiled," King James's Bible. These corruptions of the English idiom remind one of Julius Cæsar's golden rule, given to the Roman orators: "*Ut tanquam scopulum sic fugias insolens verbum.*" It was a saying of Mr. Fox: "Give me an elegant Latin and a homely Saxon word, and I will always choose the latter." It is certain he never used any of the hybrid terms which are becoming too common, neither fish nor flesh, Latin nor Saxon, but for the most part the spawn of Yankee provincialism.

The foregoing criticism, if it answers no other purpose, will show at least that the respect and admiration felt by the writer for the mental manifestations of Dr. Bascom is not a partiality blind to all just discriminations. The reputation of this distinguished man rests upon a basis sufficiently broad to allow whatever of abatement a candid judgment may deem necessary on grounds just specified. There are defects in the heel of the Farnesian Jove. A fair appreciation of his eminent qualities must place him in the front rank of great preachers. For the masses of his countrymen, who heard him in nearly every part of the United States, he

stood forth as the most popular and powerful of American pulpit orators.

Marvellous things are told of his preaching, in the flush of its manly prime: how, on one occasion, a whole congregation rose up, apparently unconscious, and pressed toward the pulpit, absorbed in strong emotion: how, on another, a camp-meeting sermon, at eleven o'clock A. M., produced such effects that there could be no more preaching until the next day: how he assaulted and stormed the strongholds of infidelity; and by the power of Divine truth brought multitudes of sinners to repentance. I witnessed myself a remarkable scene in the Tabernacle at New York, in 1844. He preached at night; and long before sunset, crowds were pouring into the immense church, which, by the time it was dark, was filled by as compact a mass of human beings as was ever crowded within its walls. After singing, and an introductory prayer by Dr. Durbin, Dr. Bascom delivered a sermon which produced at three several times the unprecedented effect of loud and apparently irrepressible applause! It was the strongest case I ever witnessed of a congregation fairly *breaking down* before a preacher.

A year or two afterwards, Dr. Bascom mentioned to me in familiar conversation a reminiscence connected with his preaching in Baltimore. A venerable Methodist lady, of great piety and intelligence, said to him on one occasion: "Brother Bascom, I have heard with pleasure many of your sermons; but how does it happen that nobody '*shouts*' when you preach?" "Madam," said he, "I never aimed at such a result; but I cannot tell what might happen with a suitable subject." The conversation led him to prepare a sermon on the text: "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" The old lady was present at its delivery.

Before the service closed, the congregation was wrought up to a pitch of excitement so intense, that whenever the preacher repeated the first word of his text, a thousand voices cried out simultaneously, "Hallelujah!" and "Hallelujah" rang, and rolled, and pealed, at the close, like the voice of many waters. The text had given the key-note of the orthodox, old Methodist shout, and the walls of the church shook with the Hallelujah-chorus. His venerable friend was more than satisfied that Dr. Bascom's preaching *could* raise a shout.

In Kentucky, they tell of the effect produced on Henry Clay by the second sermon preached by Dr. Bascom at Lexington. The first had been a failure. Mr. Clay, whose guest Bascom was, had engaged him in conversation up to the time of preaching, and he was not in tune. At his next visit, he took care to leave Mr. Clay's house soon after breakfast, and retire to the adjoining woods, for prayer and meditation. A large congregation had assembled at the Court-House, and Mr. Clay's "greatest natural orator of the American pulpit" stood before them to preach on righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come. The full inspiration was upon him now. His daring sweep of thought; his glowing illustrations; his impetuous and electric declamation; his searching appeals to the conscience, held his audience spell-bound. Clay was listening for everybody; and at length, carried away beyond all sense of the proprieties of time and place, he rose up and gave vent to his excitement by crying out: "Well done, Bascom! give it to them—give it to them!"

In the spring of 1848, I had the pleasure of being present at an interview between Mr. Calhoun and Dr. Bascom, in Washington City. I refer to this merely to state my impression, from listening to an hour's conversation between these eminent men, that Dr. Bascom's mind moved with ease, self-

possession, and elegance, in contact with one of the most peerless intellects of the time.

The Rev. Dr. Dixon, of England, during his visit, the same year, to America, makes the following mention of an interview he had with Bascom: "This one interview was sufficient to convince me that he possessed a powerful intellect, of masculine form, richly furnished, highly polished, and conversant with various learning and knowledge. He had been making a long preaching tour in the South, and we heard that his ministry had made a deep impression. This gentleman is considered a master of eloquence; and if he drew up the State-papers which appear in the dispute betwixt the South and the North in 1844—which I believe—his pen is as eloquent as his tongue; his eloquence, however, not being that of declamation, but of reason, and clothed in the flowing dress of lucid and beautiful diction."

If I were asked for a description of Bascom's mind, I should say in one word that its distinguishing feature was *magnificence*. Its combination of elements, and its amplitude of capacity and intellectual wealth, suggest to the fancy the picture of some spacious oriental palace, glittering with all forms of elegance, filled with diversified treasures, surrounded by garden, and grove, and sparkling fountain, the elaborations of art, and the "wild loveliness" of nature. He had the *conceptual* faculty strong and vivid; not merely as it stood related to the material world, forming combinations such as poets and painters deal in, but as it grasped the spiritual and eternal, and these mainly in connection with the moral consciousness—that indestructible essence in our nature, beating alike in the heart of the masses and of the few who boast the advantages of superior culture.

Imagination, too—the mediating power between pure rea-

son and sense, an endowment so necessary to the poet and great orator—was his in a preëminent degree. Fancy is to imagination what talent is to genius. The former may be considered the descriptive, the latter is the creative power. Trained in the peculiar circumstances of Bascom's early life, amidst the primeval forests of the West, under the mountain's shadow, by the side of river and waterfall, from nature's scenes of beauty and sublimity, the ever-living sources of inspiration, the imagination grew in intensity and compass, and furnished him the noblest representations of grace and beauty, of lofty sentiment and daring power. Thus, both by native endowment and early circumstances, brought into communion with nature in her grandest moods, his mind was attracted by genial sympathies to all that is inspiring in the Christian revelation. In these lofty regions of thought, his spirit spread an unfettered wing, rising higher than the "sphery chime," approaching

"The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze."

The scheme of Redemption, unfolding the unsearchable riches of Christ, the great Propitiation for sin; the resurrection of the Son of God, the Precursor to immortality of faithful souls; the spread and final triumphs of the gospel; the processes of the last judgment—these were the themes which filled his mind with moral grandeur, and exalted and transported his imagination. From these—the Cross especially and by eminence—his pulpit ministrations took their coloring. But if the drapery of the imagination was gorgeous, beneath the brilliance of the coloring lay a moral and intellectual grandeur—the piled masses of the mountain-range, so to speak, clothed in the golden and purple robes of

morning sunshine. A severe taste might quarrel with the style for the stately tread of its march, and the pomp of its music and banners—if there were not discoverable in company the sinewy strength and the armed and winged shafts that alone win the battle. It is, indeed, true that there are heights and depths of glory in the gospel which baffle the capabilities of the most felicitous language, even of poetry; and for the illustration of which the whole force of thought interpenetrated by imagination is all too poor. In the eloquent language of Donne: “In going about to express them, the lips of an angel would be uncircumcised lips, and the tongue of an archangel would stammer.”

The capability of quick and intense excitement was another very marked characteristic of Bascom's mind. In preaching, this intensity of feeling fused all his powers into a glowing vehemence. He once told me he had never preached, even in the coldest days of winter, without the accompaniment of profuse perspiration. On one occasion, his excitement before preaching was so great, that in attempting to read the first hymn, the hymn-book actually dropped out of his trembling hands. It was picked up and handed back to him; but the subdued smile of the assembly, occasioned by so unusual an incident, drove off the tremor, and made his nerves, as it were, strings of steel. Great calmness and self-mastery, especially in the earlier portions of a discourse, would seem to have been more befitting the possession of strength such as his. I have heard Dr. Few—and laudation from that quarter is indeed *laudari a laudato*—describe the great sermon preached by Bishop Soule, on the Perfect Law of Liberty, before the South Carolina Conference in the winter of 1827. That almost unrivalled effort of pulpit eloquence was characterized, according to Dr. Few, by a calm, deliberate begin-

ning—the preacher apparently quite self-possessed, and husbanding breath and strength. But presently he warmed with his subject, and the serene majesty of the commencement rose into a loftier interest with the progress of the argument, step by step. Then, fully inspired and anointed, thought, voice, manner, assumed a mood of grandeur befitting the highest order of mind; and ere the sermon ended, every thing was swept before it, as with the rush of a land-slide.

This would seem to be the highest model of effective pulpit oratory. Dr. Bascom possessed too much of the *vis vivida*, the intense excitability of genius, to keep his mind in quiet working order for a time. The steam, so to speak, was at its maximum pressure from the first movement of the machinery. He flung himself with full strength into the first sentence of his discourse. This mighty earnestness went far to neutralize the effect of redundant ornament. You felt at once that no man so thoroughly pervaded by vital passion could possibly use fine figures and rich imagery merely for show. Thus he was put beyond the suspicion of dealing in the mere declamations of the rhetorician.

In fine, one must not lose sight of the *personnel* in accounting for the celebrity and success of Dr. Bascom's preaching. When he rose in the pulpit, you had before you one of the model specimens of perfect, I might say majestic manhood. Upon him nature had impressed the visible signatures of eminence, the patent of true nobility. His appearance would have been distinguished among kings and princes. His stature was about six feet: he carried himself perfectly erect; and so symmetrical was his form that it set off his dress, no matter of what quality, cut, or style. The disappointment of his old Methodist friend, who, to get rid of Bascom's stylish appearance, rigged him out in an orthodox

round-breasted coat, and found that it served to make that appearance only the more *distingué*, is graphically told by his biographer. When the old gentleman wanted to get the "dandy" coat off, Bascom said to him, "You have given me the coat, and I shall wear it, and especially as you seemed to think that I was too proud to wear a coat cut in the fashion of the last century." His hair was black, and rather thin: his eye was also black, and beamed keen with sentiment. His forehead resembled that of Daniel Webster in lofty expansion: it seemed the very throne of intellect. The lips were thin, and in connection with the chin indicated great firmness and decision of character. The general cast of his countenance approached a calm sternness; but when unbent in familiar conversation, his features became touchingly fine. His voice of late years, after the affection of his throat, was somewhat husky, but it left sharp and distinct upon the ear the rapid words which clothed his ideas. At its best, it must have possessed an untold power of impression, and sounded with the ring of a "clear, uplifted trumpet." One of his hearers spoke of it as "articulate thunder." His gesticulation was natural, evidently unstudied, and prompted by the emotion of the moment. It was none the less telling on that account. Obviously, it was his wont to throw himself upon the rushing stream of passion, without thinking at all of gesture, voice, or manner.

Turning from what may be called the human side of his character—the intellectual endowments, the emotional depth of his nature—to the Divine side—the personal faith in Christ; the sanctifying communion with God by the grace of "the Spirit of promise;" the controlling sense of duty, and the firm trust in Providence—here we find at last his highest distinctions. "It is well said, in every sense," re-

marks Carlyle in his "Hero-Worship," "that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him." Far above the eminence of the intellectualist and the laurelled glory of the great orator, shines the beauty of holiness. Apart from genuine Christian excellence, all gifts, endowments, successes, are, after all, but the "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." Now, if we go to the essence of the matter—the main thing a man believes and practically lays to heart, concerning his duty to God and his destiny in eternity—there can be but one opinion in the case before us. Dr. Bascom was genuinely converted and made a public profession of his faith in Christ when young; maintained that faith and profession through life, under the application of the two severest tests—persecution in youth and immense popularity in mature life; and died with the full trust of his heart in "Almighty Goodness, as revealed in the Cross of Christ." In his youth, he differed from some of his clerical brethren in some of the stereotyped peculiarities of the dress and manners of the time. They were anxious to get rid of him. "Give me that boy," said Bishop Asbury, who was never deceived in his judgment of the moral worth of a man: "Give me that boy—I *will be responsible for him.*" The closing epoch of his life, his consecration to the Episcopal office, was the latest endorsement of Asbury's successors.

What Dr. Bascom's views were of the indispensable importance of personal religion, cannot better be shown than in his own words: "The tendency of modern times to *association*, to merge the individual in the mass, to render even piety an impersonal affair, and find in the Church what cannot be found in the persons composing it, to transform the Church into a huge organism, with mystic corporate rights, claims, and potency, in no way traceable to the personal re-

lations or virtues of its individual members, has to a great extent destroyed its true scriptural character in this respect. Formerly, *men* gave character to the Church; now, the Church gives character to men. Time was when the religion of the Church was tested by the personal worth of those constituting its fellowship; now, in the majority of instances, the Church is viewed as an impersonal something, an intangible abstraction, an ideal entity, with right, power, and claim, growing out of the fiction of mere conventional unity, without reference to the personal faith and obedience required by Christianity as essential to the very idea of a Church of Christ. This most unscriptural, anti-Christian dogma is, in our judgment, working infinite mischief to the real practical interests of Christianity. It is calling off attention from the only virtues and course of conduct on the part of individual man which can possibly authorize his connection with a Christian Church, and which, if not predicable of the individuals composing a Church, must leave such Church without any claim to Christian character whatever."

To the Church—to the highest interests of what he conceived to be the cause of Christ in the world—Dr. Bascom devoted his enthusiasm, his energies, and activities. He did this without reserve, without pause, and not without strong temptations from the highest worldly inducements, in an opposite direction. "Poor and embarrassed as I am," he wrote to a brother minister, who, under the stress of narrow circumstances, was looking to the profession of the law, "I am resolved to have no *client* but Him who at first employed me to plead the great cause of human salvation; and I know my *fee* will be certain and large." What things were gain to him, those he counted loss for Christ. Faithfully, bravely, and to the end, he stood by his early convictions as a Method-

ist minister. He made no compromises of character or consistency; and having been the instrument in God's hand of conferring upon society untold benefits, by a long and laborious life, he died leaving to his children *not a dollar!*

If the foregoing outline of the mental and moral characteristics of Dr. Bascom approaches to a faithful delineation of the man, it will be apparent that he possessed the main element which enters into a just conception of greatness—as one of the profoundest thinkers of the time, Isaac Taylor, has defined it—the ennobling inspiration springing from the sensibility of the soul toward beauty and sublimity in the natural and in the moral world. In some gifted minds, this inspiration tends to a meditative seclusion from the current of ordinary affairs. They seem to lack the *practical* element. Thus it has been said of Coleridge, that “he talked like an angel, and *did* nothing at all.” In the case of Dr. Bascom, however, it may be emphatically remarked that he was a man of affairs. It is true that he seldom made speeches, and never long ones, in Annual or General Conferences. But his interest was always awake, his judgment was always sound and to be relied on; and when an emergency required it, the force of his superior intellect was always put under contribution. He had the far-seeing views of a statesman, and a nerve, energy, and address, in keeping. He was at the farthest possible remove from the mere dreamy sentimentalist or the “fussy” man of talk. The versatility of his powers and the practical bent of his genius are illustrated by a reference to the prominent part he took in the most important transition known to American Methodism—the division of the Church. It is not saying too much to affirm that his adhesion to the Southern cause was the crisis of a great movement which, under the blessing of God, has given peace

and the promise of an uninterrupted progress in prosperity to the Southern Annual Conferences. He had attended the meetings of the Southern delegates at which the solemn question of separation from the North was anxiously debated. With keen eye but closed lip, he had watched the progress of the debate.

“Deep on his front engraved,
Deliberation sat, and public care.”

When the moment for *action* was come, he rose and walked to the Chairman's seat, and announced that he was prepared to peril all upon the righteousness of the movement, and to give his full adhesion and support to the Southern cause. The effect was electrical. The Western delegations immediately came forward, and to a man committed themselves fully to the same cause. The battle was won. By acclamation, Dr. Bascom was requested to draw up a Protest against the offensive action of the majority of the General Conference. The masterly paper which he produced in a short time exhibited his vast power of original and searching analysis, and his familiar acquaintance with the principles of constitutional law. Its chain of argumentation is so cogent and luminous, that Dr. Dixon, a representative of the British Wesleyan Church, pronounced it “one of the most powerful and eloquent State documents ever put into the hands of the reader.” The part taken by Dr. Bascom in this affair cost him the loss of many a Northern friend, and exposed him to many assaults on the part of the Northern Methodist press; but it establishes a claim to the gratitude and affection of Southern hearts which no lapse of time can weaken.

Death has quenched the glance of that flashing eye, and stilled the throb of that mighty heart, and turned to dust that majestic form. He has passed away to take on IMMORTALITY.

ROBERT L. KENNON.

BY BISHOP ANDREW.

To preserve a suitable memorial of the great and good is not only a pleasant task, but in reference to those who by their talents, self-denial, and consecration to the cause of God have mightily aided in the permanent establishment of the Redeemer's kingdom in any section of the work, it seems to partake somewhat of the character of duty. We instinctively turn to the past with feelings of fond veneration. The names and deeds of those who aided us in our religious course, or who with us labored to build up the Church of God, are consecrated in our heart-memories. We love to think of them, to talk of them, and hold up their examples to the present generation, as so many beacon-lights to guide them through life's stormy seas to the haven of peace. Under the influence of these feelings, I have undertaken the following brief sketch of one who was extensively known and beloved by the early Methodists of Alabama.

The Rev. Robert L. Kennon was intimately associated with the history of Methodism in Alabama in its earlier struggles, and his name is still cherished by his surviving contemporaries with affectionate respect.

He was born in Granville county, North Carolina, in the

year 1789. He was called in early life to mourn the loss of a godly mother; but this loss was in a great measure supplied by the kindness of a devoted sister, who watched over him with a pious and maternal solicitude, training him in the way in which he should go. His father is spoken of as an *Israelite indeed*; so that the half-orphaned boy had every advantage which early instruction and consistent example could afford him.

He was converted to God in 1801. At that early period in his life, he was found in the altar praying for mourners—a promising beginning, and one which was not disappointed by his future course.

When not more than twelve years old, some friends stopped at his father's to spend the night. The old gentleman was from home; and at the close of the evening, to the astonishment of the visitors, he got the books, read a chapter, and offered a most appropriate and fervent prayer to God for his blessing and protection.

During his academic course his mind was drawn off from his religious duties, and he lost to a great extent the enjoyment of religion. What a melancholy thing is this, that young men who have been hopefully pious up to the time of their entrance upon academic or collegiate life cannot cultivate their minds without corrupting their hearts, but leave the institution hopelessly bankrupt so far as religion is concerned! O, how many such wrecks have I seen floating on the tide of life! and how many such are met with every day! But, through God's abounding goodness, young Kennon was soon alarmed, and recovered from his wanderings.

In 1807, he was pursuing his academical course in the town of Sparta, Ga., where his father then resided. Here

he was associated in his studies with Moses Andrew, and a friendship sprung up between them which continued unabated while they lived. Of my excellent relative, Dr. Andrew, who spent many of the last years of his life in Alabama, and died, I believe, in Lowndes county, so far as I know, nothing has yet been published. Would that some one who knew him would give us a sketch of his life! My recollection of him is that he was a man of lovely spirit and an excellent preacher.

In 1809, Dr. Kennon was admitted on trial in the South Carolina Conference, and stationed on Cypress Circuit; 1810, returned to Cypress; 1811, Kewee; 1812, Warrenton.

In 1811, he was admitted into full connection, and ordained Deacon; in 1813, he was ordained Elder, and located, on account of ill-health.

He then read medicine with Dr. William Lee, of Jasper county, Georgia; and it was at the house of Dr. Lee that I had my first interview with him. This was in 1812, some months prior to his location, his failing health having compelled him to leave his circuit before the close of the year.

He remained with Dr. Lee that year and the next, and then went to Columbia, S. C., where he completed his medical course, and pursued his literary studies, in some connection with the South Carolina College. After leaving Columbia, he returned to Georgia.

I was admitted on trial at the Conference at which he located; and as my work for the year following lay in South and North Carolina, I did not meet the Doctor again till 1815, when I was on the Warren Circuit. I found him located, and in the practice of medicine at Wrightsborough, Columbia county, Ga.

He was successful and popular as a physician and as a

preacher; for though he did not judge his lungs sufficiently strong to justify him at that time in reëntering the itinerancy, yet he preached as a local preacher whenever his professional duties would allow. In the spring of 1815, he lost one of his best friends, his old preceptor, Dr. Lee. This was a painful stroke to Dr. Kennon, and opened up the channels of deep feeling in a heart full of tenderness and formed for friendship. From my recollections of Dr. Lee, and the impressions made on me by a very brief acquaintance, I should judge that he was a man whose loss would be painfully and extensively felt in the community, and especially by such a man as Robert L. Kennon, sustaining the relations which he sustained to Dr. Lee.

About this time, he was married to Miss Martha Bush, of Warren county, Ga.; and in 1819, he removed from Georgia to Alabama and settled at Tuskaloosa, where his superior qualities as a citizen, a Christian, a physician, and minister of Jesus, procured him the affection of a large circle of friends who loved him to the end. In Tuskaloosa, as elsewhere, he succeeded well, and acquired reputation as a physician; but the practice of medicine was not his legitimate field of effort. God had called and qualified him for a holier employment.

Alabama was then a new country. Its genial climate and fertile soil were constantly attracting to it thousands of enterprising citizens, who came for the sole purpose of acquiring wealth. This was the controlling motive which attracted them hither, and consequently they were in great danger of forgetting God entirely in their successful scramble for worldly gain. The state of society was what may be easily imagined under such circumstances. Churches were few and far between; and many Church-members who left their

former homes with their certificates of membership had no early opportunity of presenting them; and when such an opportunity was offered, they had grown careless, and preferred to remain unconnected with the Church of God. Dr. Kennon contemplated the state of society around him. There were many great and effectual doors opening in all directions, but where were the ministers to cultivate these widely-extending and interesting fields? They were too few to occupy successfully the fertile fields around them. The question might very appropriately have been asked, By whom shall Jacob arise? for he is small.

Dr. Kennon heard the call of the Church, and resolved to cut himself loose from all worldly employments, and throw himself with all his soul into the work of his earlier love. He was, indeed, abandoning a lucrative profession, and respectable position, and very pleasant social relations, and throwing himself into the toils and privations of a ministry which, whatever might be its advantages on the score of usefulness, certainly presented no inducements of a pecuniary character; for bad as our pecuniary prospects now are, they were then incomparably worse. Yet, in full view of the earthly comforts he was surrendering, and the struggles and difficulties before him, he resolved to lay all upon the altar of God, and follow implicitly the convictions of duty.

He accordingly reëntered the travelling Connection in the autumn of 1824, and labored the four succeeding years on the Black Warrior District. In 1829-30, he was stationed in Tuskaloosa; 1831-32, Tuskaloosa District; 1833, Greensborough; 1834, supernumerary on Choctaw Mission; 1835-36, in the city of Mobile; 1837, Tuskaloosa, which ended his laborious and useful life.

In presenting our views of Dr. Kennon, we shall consider

the distinguishing traits which marked his character as a man in the various relations to which he was called in the providence of God.

We have seen that he embraced religion in his boyhood, and that his religious course was decided; for we find him in that early period of his religious experience giving proof of the reality and earnestness of his love for his Redeemer and the souls for whom he died, by laboring zealously to bring others to a participation of those pleasures which religion alone can impart. Thus early in his Christian course did that spirit begin to develop itself which was destined to be the controlling element of his life. God even then, no doubt, had spoken to the young Samuel, and indicated his will concerning him in reference to the future employment of his life.

He did not enter upon his ministerial career till he had attained his majority. In this he acted discreetly, as no doubt many a young man of ardent temperament assumes the sacred office prematurely, while both his mental and physical powers are in a state of immaturity; and the effects of a too hasty entrance upon his important work are painfully manifest in the imperfections of his pulpit ministrations and his want of adaptation to his ministerial work in general.

We regret that we have been unable to procure any materials in reference to his early religious experience. It would have tended greatly to increase the interest of our sketch.

In the year 1809, we behold our friend wending his way to his first field of labor, Cypress Circuit, lying between Orangeburg and Charleston. Of his youthful itinerant experiences we are also ignorant. All that we know is, that for two or three years he travelled circuits in South Carolina, and in

1812 was on the Warrenton Circuit in Georgia. Here, as we have stated, long before the year closed, his health failed him, and he turned his attention to the study of medicine.

Of Dr. Kennon's character as a preacher, we might have much to say. He was a man who read much. His mind was diligently cultivated, and his sermons gave ample evidence of profound thought. He had a pleasant voice. His heart was full of gentleness and kindness. A deep earnestness of soul was manifest in all his pulpit efforts, so that all who heard him were compelled to feel that he was oppressed with a deep concern for the salvation of the souls to whom he was God's messenger.

By the way, is not this want of deep concern on the part of the preacher, for the souls of his dying fellow-men, one of the great deficiencies of the pulpit in this age? The ancient prophets of God were wont to appropriate the title of *the burden of the word of the Lord* to those fearful and glorious messages which God charged them to deliver to the rebels whom they were sent to warn in his name. The title was solemnly appropriate, but not more appropriate then than now. Behold the preacher ascend the pulpit on the Sabbath. Before him are hundreds of undying spirits, who are there to listen to God's message from the lips of his servant. Some of them are probably in the house of God for the last time. Their destiny for eternity depends on the decisions of that day, and the character of those decisions turns upon the character of the sermon which they are there to hear. Has the preacher entered the pulpit under a deep consciousness of the fearful responsibilities which surround him at that hour? Does he look on his congregation in view of the fearful future of many to whom he is then by Divine appointment delivering the message of God? Does he throw

his whole soul into the effort? Does he speak as he would do if he knew that it were his last sermon on earth? O, should he not feel with crushing weight that it is the *burden of the Lord!* But, instead of this, has he entered the pulpit without much prayerful thought? did he rush into it from a social evening's frivolous chat, with the words of worldly folly still ringing in his ears, and his mind and heart still crowded with the unholy images of earthly pleasure or aggrandizement? or does he stand there between the living God and a dying people, and, in the presence of both, aim only or mainly to acquire or maintain a poor, sickly, dying, worldly reputation?

If men enter the ministry under the influence of any inferior motive, if they regard it as an opening to the attainment of worldly good or earthly distinction, and look not mainly to the salvation of perishing souls around them, who without the embracement of gospel truth must perish, and that for ever—if their aim be any thing below this glorious mark, their ends will be worldly, their studies, their preparations for the pulpit, will look mainly to *self*, and their ministrations will of course be powerless. They may be popular, crowds may follow them, their congregations may increase, but the souls of their people will perish, and the church under their care will become dead. Is there not danger at this point?

In reference to our excellent friend Dr. Kennon, this deep and burning desire for the salvation of the souls of his hearers seems to have been a distinguishing trait in the character of his ministrations. On this point, I take great pleasure in introducing the following extract of a letter from the Hon. H. W. Hilliard, who was somewhat intimately associated with Dr. Kennon for several years. The letter is in

reply to one which I addressed to Mr. Hilliard requesting information respecting Dr. Kennon. He says:

"I first met Dr. Robert L. Kennon about the beginning of the year 1832. Having been elected to the chair of English Literature in the University of Alabama, I went to reside at Tuskaloosa. Dr. Kennon was at that time Presiding Elder, I believe, of the Tuskaloosa District.

"He was then, I suppose, between forty and fifty years of age. His person was slender, his height about five feet nine or ten inches, yet his appearance was not that of one in delicate health: he was erect, sinewy, active. His face was highly intellectual: the outline of his features was Grecian, his forehead and nose ranging in almost a right line: his light hair and blue eyes gave him a youthful appearance.

"His manners were singularly prepossessing—frank, cordial, earnest. In conversation he was very attractive, animated, sometimes playful, nearly always cheerful. Unaffectedly, he generally gave to the conversation in which he took part an intellectual turn, and his own remarks displayed an uncommon depth and vigor of thought.

"Dr. Kennon was a preacher of very high order. His great quality was *earnestness*. This with him was intense. He had but little action in the pulpit, but yet he was impassioned. The flame was not roaring, flashy, noisy, but steady, brilliant, consuming. His eyes sometimes swam in tears, and the tones of his voice revealed the deepest emotion; and yet the current of the argument or appeal rolled on. I very well remember to have heard him preach in the old framed church in Tuskaloosa, to a very large congregation, a sermon of great power. His text was from James v. 20: 'Let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multi-

tude of sins.' I have before me his plan of the sermon, in his own handwriting, and I transcribe it for you:—

“‘First. Responsibility augmented by the gospel: without it, man would possess mere physical wants for a short time; with it, man appears in a new light. Religion magnifies the social principle—the sympathies and influences of man over man. What is involved in the conversion of a sinner? 1st, Conviction of the error of his way; 2d, Penitence; 3d, Renunciation of sins; 4th, Regeneration and sanctification.

“‘Second. How we may be the instruments of converting, etc.: 1st, By example; 2d, Prudent advice; 3d, Earnest prayer; 4th, Ministry full of faith and the Holy Ghost—instructed in the gospel—diligent.

“‘Third. The importance of the work. 1st, What it prevents: it covereth the multitude of sins—it corrects past and prevents those which otherwise would be committed; 2d, It saveth a soul—the value of a soul. What it confers in salvation—the comforts—joy—triumphs.’

“The effect produced by the sermon was extraordinary, especially when towards its conclusion he represented the value of the soul, and described the final scene, when all transitory things should be swept away, and nothing be left to view but heaven above and hell beneath. Vehement shouting broke forth in a part of the congregation, and some of the ladies, terrified by the scene, rose and left the church.

“I attended one or two camp-meetings with Dr. Kennon, and was impressed with his earnestness—his concern for the salvation of souls really approximating the apostolic spirit. I regarded him as a genuine successor of the apostles. Walking with him when we sought the shelter of the woods for

our evening prayer, I was moved to see how the burden of souls rested upon him.

"I certainly am not in a position where I may censure any one, but I must say that I have rarely witnessed since my association with Dr. Kennon any thing approaching his marked and oppressive concern for the salvation of souls. If I may be pardoned for saying so, it seems to me that the want of our modern ministry is just this. Dr. Kennon's struggles for souls realize the meaning of the word *agonizing*.

"As a gentleman, Dr. Kennon was admirable. He kept up his relations with society, visited, corresponded, knew political men, literary men, men of business, and was universally popular. Yet he never, I believe, lowered his standard to accommodate others. He was accepted everywhere as an earnest, pure-minded, warm-hearted, intelligent, Christian gentleman.

"I have said that his conversation was intelligent; it was also religious. He made me a visit: the conversation turned on the future state, and he disclosed to me his view, that the redeemed in heaven would enjoy greater glory than the un-sinning angels who kept their first estate. The view presented by him possessed me—I could not escape from it; and for the first time I caught an idea of the surprising glory of that future state when men saved by our Lord Jesus Christ shall share his triumphs."

Thus far my respected friend, Brother Hilliard. I have given this long extract, for the simple reason that it embodies my own views of Dr. Kennon's character as a Christian gentleman and minister of our Lord Jesus Christ. It corresponds in every essential particular with my own recollections of him.

It is not strange that such a man should have been well

received and useful wherever his lot might be cast, and such we believe to have been the fact with the subject of this sketch.

But not only was Dr. Kennon such a preacher as has been described, but as a consequence he greatly loved the Church of God, and was warmly attached to his brethren of the Alabama Conference. For the Church in the bounds of this then young Conference, his soul was deeply concerned. He expressed his feelings on this subject freely to me. "O," said he, "how I feel for the Church in this country! Alabama is destined to be a great and important State, and the whole country is open before us. The people are willing to receive us, but where are we to get the preachers? We shall neglect it till others will occupy the ground on which we might now enter."

On this subject he felt intensely. It greatly rejoiced him to welcome transfers who came from other Conferences. His soul was incapable of those petty jealousies which sometimes give to the transfer from a distant Conference a cool reception. When he witnessed these things on the part of others, it gave him great pain.

I recollect once while I was attending a Conference held at Greensborough, Alabama, I was preaching, I think, in a grove, and the Doctor was sitting behind me. It was a peculiar cross for me to preach on that occasion, and I was rather embarrassed; but happening to turn round, I saw the Doctor in tears. It encouraged me considerably. But after service I ascertained that my sermon had nothing to do with his tears. Just before ascending the pulpit, he had heard that some brother who had been transferred to Alabama had resolved, in consequence of the treatment which he had received from some members of the Conference, to leave Ala-

bama forthwith. This unhappy circumstance preyed on his mind during the whole service, and he spoke to me on the subject afterwards with a good deal of feeling.

The views which have been presented of Dr. Kennon's general traits of character will have prepared the reader for the account of his family-government, a very important department of a Christian minister's life. It sometimes happens that ministers who in public are exceedingly amiable in their manners, present a very different aspect to the members of the family-circle. Abroad among strangers they are all sunshine: the thunder-cloud is reserved for the home-fireside. Such was not the case with our friend. The geniality and tenderness which were essential ingredients in his character were specially developed in his intercourse with the loved ones at home. Permit an extract of a letter from his daughter, written to me a few weeks since:—"Allow me to express the deep, affectionate, and reverential interest with which we his children look to this tribute to his memory. Could we have disposed of the work, we would have laid it at your door, feeling that none so appropriately could do credit to a nature so pure and a life so blameless, as you had both known so well and labored so long with him. Though but a child when he was taken from us, his highly practical nature left an indelible impression. No word of bitterness toward any sect ever escaped his lips: indeed, it was his maxim that the enlightened are always liberal. He taught us to love nature—to see beauty in the waving grass, the gurgling stream, and in every flower. A devout worshipper in the great temple, it was delightful to him to see his children moved by the same impulses. Many flowers of which he taught me the name at seven years old, and insects whose beauties he pointed out, are yet loved and prized on that ac-

count. It will ever be the first, great grief of my life, and will be a deep and lasting sorrow, that before we were prepared to understand the wealth of his mind and nature he was taken from us. We only cherish many beautiful fragments which that terrible shock left us. We never knew him to speak harshly in his parental dealings with us; but so great was our love, we did not think of disobedience."

The foregoing extract speaks for itself. It brings up the memory of the now sainted father, as he used to appear in the family-circle with his little ones around him, listening to the gentle words of parental instruction, or leading them out some pleasant day amidst the trembling foliage, opening flowers, the singing of birds, and the chirping of insects, all the workmanship of the almighty and infinitely wise and loving Being whose name and power are everywhere. O, I can well imagine how Robert L. Kennon would enjoy an occasion like this, and how wisely and happily he would improve such an occasion to lead his' little flock from earthly fields and beauties to the God who made them all!

Dr. Kennon was remarkably free from selfishness. He loved God and could trust him; therefore he gave freely of his substance to the relief of others, and exhibited in all his conduct an indifference to the acquisition of property. Perhaps he carried this too far; for while it is true that a Christian minister should not mingle in the reckless and eager scramble for wealth, it is nevertheless his duty to manage vigilantly and prudently the means which God has put into his hands, so that if God should call him away his family should not be left entirely destitute.

A striking instance of his confidence in God is related by his daughter. The Doctor's health was rather precarious, and the prospect of his being able to continue in the effect-

ive ministry was becoming very doubtful. Under these circumstances, some of his influential friends advised him to locate and accept an honorable and lucrative appointment, by which his family would be placed in easy circumstances. With expressions of becoming gratitude to his friends, he declined the offer, avowing his purpose to continue in the regular travelling ministry, and that he could safely and confidently trust God for the temporal comfort of himself and family.

The Doctor manifested great interest in the religious instruction of the blacks, and was of course greatly beloved by them. On one occasion this was shown by their raising among themselves and presenting to him a purse of one hundred dollars. This he gave back to them, requesting them to divide it among themselves, assuring them that he felt as grateful to them and loved them as well as though he had retained it all.

Having given a very imperfect sketch of Dr. Kennon, it is appropriate that we close it with a view of his final conflict and triumph.

At the close of 1837, the Conference met at Columbus, Miss. Dr. Kennon came to the city a few days before the Conference, in unusually good health, preached on the last day of the year with great power, and took a leading part in the watch-meeting, where his solemn remarks on the shortness and value of time seemed premonitory of his own speedy departure.

On Monday and Tuesday, he assisted in the examination of the young preachers, a work in which he always took a deep interest. The elevation of the standard of ministerial qualification was an object for which he labored incessantly.

On Tuesday evening, while engaged in the work of exami-

nation, he was attacked with fever and inflammation of the lungs, which confined him to his bed during the entire session of the Conference; and just before the other preachers received their appointments, he was called by the Head of the Church from the scene of his labors and sufferings with his brethren below, to join the ransomed of the Lord in heaven.

What a time and place for a Christian soldier to die! Surrounded by a host of brethren beloved, who honored and loved him with no ordinary affection, was it not an appropriate place for the Christian soldier to fight his last battle and gain his final triumph? Around him were the men who had stood with him, shoulder to shoulder, on many a hard-fought field, and about his chamber waited those invisible hosts who had long attended his footsteps; and best of all, his glorious Leader was there, speaking those words of encouragement on which his soul had so often leaned in the hour of despondency and conflict: "*Lo, I am with you alway,*" sounded sweetly in his ears.

Perhaps we cannot do better than to copy from the memoir published in the annual Minutes for 1839 the graphic account of his last moments:

"Throughout his last illness, his patience, fortitude, and humble gratitude for any attention shown him were remarkable. Though at a distance from his family, and detained from the business of the Conference, in which he was much interested, his mind was kept in peace, for it was stayed upon God. His active mind could not refrain even in sickness from the study of the Holy Scriptures. He would sometimes exclaim: 'I've got it! I've found a key to unlock this passage which I have long sought: I'll preach on it soon!'

"It was remarked by a friend who sat up with him two or three nights before his death that every expression he uttered,

whether asleep or awake, partook of the loftiest intelligence and the deepest piety. Two of the preachers visited him soon after his attack, to whom he said: 'I think it very probable that I shall be located here, as Brother Cotton was at the last Conference; but I have no fear of death.' When asked by Bishop Andrew whether he was prepared for any event of sickness, he firmly replied, '*I am.*' His faith calmly rested in the atonement of Christ; and while he derived no comfort from any thing he himself had done, he felt that Jesus was precious to his soul. About an hour before his death, he said: 'Brethren, my feelings are most delightful: here is true simplicity—here is true grandeur!' He was admiring with rapture the glorious plan of man's salvation, on which alone he rested his hope, and his soul was feasting on the love of God. Thus lived and died this eminent servant of Christ. He lived for God and his Church; and when his work was done, he went from the walls of Zion to the city above—

'His body with his charge laid down,
And ceased at once to work and live.'"

The body was taken to Tuskalooza for burial; and the writer of this sketch endeavored to deliver a funeral discourse to a deeply-affected audience, who had long known and appreciated the deceased.

[One of the most intimate friends of Dr. Kennon, the late Governor Collier, of Alabama, prepared the following tribute to his memory, which is inscribed on a tablet placed on the right side of the pulpit of the Methodist Church in Tuskalooza.—EDITOR.]

TO
THE MEMORY OF THE
REV. ROBERT L. KENNON,
LATE A PASTOR OF THIS CHURCH,
WHO DIED THE 9TH DAY OF JANUARY, A. D. 1838,
WHILE ATTENDING THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE
IN COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI,
AGED 48 YEARS.

As a Christian, Dr. Kennon was deeply pious, without austerity.

As a minister, he was absorbed in the great work of preaching Christ a crucified, risen, ascended, and interceding Saviour.

Having acquainted himself with the Sacred Scriptures, by the aid of much prayer and study, his discourses possessed, in an uncommon degree, the charm of variety.

His argumentation, while it was persuasive and winning, was often powerful and resistless.

His illustrations were apt and striking: in short, few have ever delivered the Divine message with more acceptability and edification.

For more than eighteen years, (saving an occasional absence of short continuance,) his pious labors were faithfully dispensed in this community.

As a feeble acknowledgment of his worth, and to incite his successors to increased zeal in the service of their Master, this effort of art is affectionately dedicated to his virtues by surviving friends.

“The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our GOD shall stand for ever.”

WILLIAM MEGEE KENNEDY.

BY THE REV. JAMES STACY.

INFINITE WISDOM seems to have judged it best, in the original arrangement of *animated nature*, to invest it with pro-gressional power to an almost unlimited degree; so that progress may be styled the invincible law of nature in this department. The fruitful branch, the perfected man, or the civic compact, is the legitimate result of its action upon the germ. The occupancy of a province or continent, and the organization of the body politic in either, is effectuated by this law. Its action upon the Old World led to the discovery of the Western Continent, and to the firm establishment of its institutions. And while England and France were actuated by it to furnish their quota of valuable citizens to the "New World," Scotland and Ireland were equally liberal. From the latter—near Belfast—came the paternal ancestors of William Megee Kennedy.

His father, Mr. Francis Kennedy, was a genuine patriot, and knew how to estimate civil liberty and to resist foreign oppression. He claimed Virginia as his native place; but, through the guidance of Divine Providence, he united in marriage with Miss Sarah Megee, of Marlborough District, S. C., a most excellent lady.

The happy couple were destined to pass through a severe ordeal. When, in 1776, the War of the Revolution was waged, Mr. Kennedy, as a brave man, roused with indignation at the aggressive movements of the English government, resolved to unite with the American army in resisting the haughty and insolent foe. In this conflict, through the perfidy of the tories and the rapacity of the English army, the ample estate of the family was greatly reduced. Still, Mr. Kennedy never received either reimbursement or pension from the United States government.

The close of the Revolution found him, therefore, unsettled in life, with a crippled fortune. He remained in this state several years, without adding much to his possessions or becoming permanently settled, on which account the birthplace of his son, William Megee, cannot be fixed with precision. An elder member of the family fixes it in Greenville District, S. C. But it is almost certain that he was born in the southeastern section of that portion of North Carolina which was, in 1790, ceded to Tennessee. From this place, the family returned to Marlborough District, S. C., and, after a few years, settled in Bullock county, Ga.

William Megee felt the force of these changes of place and fortune, as they thwarted somewhat the purposes of his father respecting his education. He was, however, entered as a pupil in the Savannah High School soon after his removal to Georgia; but he only continued a few months. He was then connected with a printing establishment in Savannah a short time. This was to him a means of improvement which he highly prized and used to great advantage.

His proficiency in his studies was so marked that his way was speedily opened to public life. He was not, however, incautious in his movements. Young as he was, he sought

the will of God, as that will might be indicated in his providence; and when satisfied that God approved of his course, he acted promptly. He was elected clerk of the court in Savannah at the age of seventeen, but it is not certain how long he held this office.

His parents were not unmindful of their personal obligations to God, or of the social duties which they owed to their children. They had been made partakers of God's pardoning grace, and felt the more intensely the necessity of training their household "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." This labor of love was not bestowed on their son in vain. His conscience was tender, his heart was impressible, and readily took the mould of love. He was led to seek salvation through the efficient ministry of the Rev. Hope Hull, a distinguished minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Church is apt to perceive true moral worth as it may be developed in her membership. Such a youth as this could not fail to attract her attention. Accordingly, he was appointed to the leadership in the Church where he held his membership while quite young. His usefulness in this relation led to the conclusion that a higher station awaited him. In his case, the natural qualifications for the ministry were so marked that the Church felt no hesitancy in authorizing him to preach. He has not left any data from which we can gather the peculiar exercises of his mind on this subject, except his subsequent life.

While he felt convinced that the Lord required him to preach the gospel, his modesty made his action tardy; but the Church was so fully persuaded of his obligations in the premises, that her action might be regarded hasty. Indeed, it is not certain whether he *applied* for authority to preach, or

whether the Church gave him that authority without being asked. She did certainly make him feel that she placed all confidence in him, and that his labors would be highly acceptable to her. Under these circumstances, his name was taken, with the requisite formalities, to the Annual Conference as a candidate for admission into the South Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Although the several Annual Conferences had no defined boundaries prior to 1804, still their separate existence was recognized as early as 1802; and the South Carolina Conference held its fifth session in the town of Camden, commencing on the 30th day of December, 1805, closing the 4th day of January, 1806.

There was a rare collection of ministerial excellence on this occasion. There were two bishops present, Mr. Asbury and Mr. Whatcoat. The Rev. William McKendree, who was elected to the Episcopacy in 1808, by a very flattering vote, was also present.

The Churches in the South Carolina Conference had sent up to this session of the body *twelve* noble-spirited candidates for the ministry. And while the number answered to that chosen by the Saviour when he organized his Church, their spirits were not dissimilar. Here, for the first time, the names of the sainted Samuel Dunwody and William M. Kennedy were associated. And, actuated by the Holy Ghost, influenced by the same motives—the glory of God and the salvation of souls—they continued “true yoke-fellows” for more than thirty years, when death dissolved the terrestrial union.

Had Bishop Asbury known the style of men by which the itinerant corps of Carolina was now to be reinforced, he would not have felt the “great heaviness” of spirit of which he complained on his way to Conference.

There may be some truth in the trite adage, "Circumstances make the man." Circumstances do call forth the mental force and moral excellence of every right-minded man. The "times" in which Augustus Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte lived brought into vigorous exercise their resources. So, also, did the circumstances under which Luther and Wesley were placed. And as William M. Kennedy stood connected, in time, with both the past and present generation of Methodist ministers, he would necessarily share in the hardships and sorrows of the former and the joyous successes and anticipations of the latter. The mind delights to dwell on those early days of Methodism. One almost hears the sweet anthems as they rolled from lips now silent in death, and the torrent of eloquence gushing from the full heart of the heaven-baptized minister, and the shout of victory, rising to heaven over the thousands of souls newly born from above. Temporal embarrassments and spiritual prosperity filled the cup of the Church in those days. As the moon passing through her phases first furnishes only a dim outline of her magnitude, afterwards unvailing a silver globe, so Methodism presented to our fathers little more than a life of suffering and unceasing labor in its earthly connections, but a glorious inheritance beyond the grave. The mind actuated by selfish principles could find no inducement to unite with the Methodist ministry in those days. However literary, intellectual, or wealthy a young man might be, in connecting himself with the ministry, even as late as 1806, he had spread before him a scene of unceasing labor, untold sufferings and peril, together with a mere pittance for support. He might receive eighty-four dollars per annum, if the Church offered it to him, to cover all expenses! With such a prospect before him, it required a young man of vast moral

courage, of unfaltering integrity, with a spirit baptized with the Holy Ghost, to enter and continue in the itinerant ministry.

A man of the world, though a profound thinker, stands amazed to see a young man of fine sensibilities, of amiable spirit and encouraging worldly prospects, tearing himself away from early associations, from the bosom of parental affection and flattering prospects of success in life, and urging his onward course to some distant field of labor, without the pledge of even a meagre support, to say nothing of a provision for the dark days of affliction and age; yet this was the case with young Kennedy. In the beginning of 1806, when he had just completed his twenty-third year, he might have been seen taking an affectionate leave of those he loved. And, lifting his eyes and heart to heaven in humble prayer for Divine protection and guidance, he turned his face toward his first field of labor in the State of Georgia. Here his itinerant career commenced.

It is a work worthy of the strongest and most devout mind to inquire after the impulsive agency which moved a young man of such a mould to commence and continue so long a course of suffering and toil with such indomitable zeal and unfaltering courage, without a promise of any earthly comfort. The problem can be solved by a spiritual process alone. A celestial visitant spoke to his heart, and his interior ear was opened. The cry of perishing souls was heard, saying, "Come over and help us!" How could he resist the call? How can any man, who loves God and lays a proper estimate on the souls of men, resist it? How *dare* he resist, seeing he thereby imperils his own soul!

It may be readily seen how a man whose mind is beset with doubt on this vital point may fear and falter through

the whole of his ministerial life. Even an archangel would tremble to assume the character and attempt the work of the minister of Christ, unbidden by Jehovah.

Jesus Christ has purchased the Church with his own blood. She must be served—the gospel must be preached. But “who is sufficient for these things?” and who shall venture to “touch the ark” of God? He who enters the ministry should be convinced in his own mind that he is Divinely called to this work. It is true that the evidence of this call may not be entirely satisfactory at first. But devout supplication, blended with resignation to the will of God, will soon quiet all fear. There must be an action of the Holy Ghost upon the heart, moving it in that line of life. “It is necessary,” says Vinet, “that God should speak to the heart. He alone who created the world can make a minister of the gospel. This is true not only because he alone gives the talents and the acquisition, but especially because there is something more profound which he alone can give. It is the right neither of the greatest talent, nor the greatest labor, nor the most extended science, to ‘steal’ this mission. A man makes himself guilty of simony when he would buy the ministry as a venal thing, at the price of talent or labor.”

The office of the ministry cannot be taken as a *profession* and the holder be guiltless. One may consult the aptitudes of his nature in choosing the practice of law, medicine, or the fine arts: such a course accords with the will and government of God. But in moral questions the tendencies of nature are adverse to the Divine will. Hence, to consult our natural inclinations respecting the work of the ministry will lead to disastrous results.

There are certain qualifications which must exist in the candidate, and which must be in course of development

when he is admitted into the ministry. So that the Church, in finally determining the genuineness of his call, must not be indifferent to his natural qualifications, while she demands the existence of the inward call, the moving of the Holy Ghost.

"In reference to some qualifications which are indispensable to ministerial success," says Dr. Olin, "some degree of deficiency, or even the entire want of them, is not an indication that the individual should not devote himself to the sacred calling. Many obstacles are, in their nature, vincible, and may be overcome by time and perseverance. Imperfection in education, in knowledge, and even religious experience, may exist to an extent which renders an entrance upon the ministry immediately exceedingly improper, without constituting any presumption against the existence of a Divine vocation to that work." The Church lays great stress on ministerial success as evidence of a Divine call to this work. If any one can point to the seals of his ministry and say, "These are my epistles, known and read of all men," who shall gainsay his claims to the ministerial functions?

When William M. Kennedy applied for admission into the South Carolina Conference, he came as an humble Christian man. The general lack of facilities for intellectual culture had been felt by him. He had not even a complete academic education. Still, he had a good constitution, a mind full of vigor, and susceptible of improvement; and he was anxious to improve. He had been genuinely converted; and the "love of Christ constrained" him to offer himself to the Church, feeling that whatever disposition she might make of his case, he would be resigned. He exhibited every characteristic of a Christian man called of God to the ministry. He felt the movings of the Holy Ghost; souls were converted

through his labors both as a class-leader and as a licentiate; and although very imperfect in his early mental training, still he gave ample proof of having a "sound mind." He had an excellent voice, and a commanding personal appearance. With this combination of encouraging characteristics, he placed himself at the disposal of the Church of his choice. She received him "as a son in the gospel."

It was the fortune of this estimable minister to serve the Church in almost all the relations which the Methodist economy recognizes as proper, primarily, for her ministers to hold. He was placed on a *Circuit* three years. His appointment for 1806 was the Broad River Circuit, in the State of Georgia. He served the Church on the Enoree Circuit the next year, and the year after he was sent to Santee Circuit.

In the beginning of the present century, an Annual Conference included three or four States, and a whole State served as a Presiding Elder's District, and the Circuits were in the same proportion. The Circuit preacher then would travel from two to four hundred miles in twenty-eight days, and preach, upon an average, six times each week. And it mattered not whether the weather were hot or cold, wet or dry—whether the house of worship were a private residence, a log-cabin, or a barn, the fearless herald of the cross proclaimed to all the "unsearchable riches of Christ." Sinners were awakened by hundreds, and in their distress they sought and found pardon through faith in the Saviour's name. In this work the young preacher rejoiced. His love to God was vehement, his desire to do good was all-prevailing. A ministering angel never rejoiced with richer joy than Kennedy felt over the returning sinner as he approached the sceptre of Jesus and found pardon. Notwithstanding he took so much delight in doing good to others, he was not unmindful of the

“vows of God” which were upon him. He was pledged to mental as well as moral improvement. It is true that books were then comparatively scarce, his daily rides were long and his labors fatiguing, yet, true to his purpose, he “gave himself to reading”—“redeeming the time.” When he had spent time enough with the family where he might chance to lodge for religious and social purposes, (and he was social in the full sense of the term,) he retired to his room, if he had one, or to the woods; or, if unavoidable, he sat down in the domestic circle, and, closing eyes and ears to what was passing, as much as he might, gave himself to his books and his studies. God blessed him in this work also; and his early limited stores acquired new supplies with surprising rapidity. Hence his speedy rise to a position of eminence in his Conference.

He served the Church as a *stationed preacher* thirteen years. He was stationed in the city of Charleston in 1809, 1810, 1820, 1821, 1834, and 1835; Camden, 1818; Wilmington, N. C., 1819; Augusta, Ga., 1826–27; Columbia, S. C., 1828, 1829, 1836, and 1837. During these years, his ministerial character was fully developed both as to his abilities as a preacher and a pastor. In the former he was not regarded as eloquent, nor did his pulpit efforts appear scholarly; still his mode of exegesis was simple and forcible. He rarely preached a set discourse on any of the mooted points of theology. He confined his public ministrations to what he regarded the pure gospel of Jesus Christ. In his pulpit preparations, he studied the sacred text upon his knees. He labored to ascertain the mind of the Spirit. And when he was satisfied that he had grasped the import of his text—in some degree at least—he went before the people, relying for success upon the blessing of God alone; and as his mind re-

ceived the holy afflatus, and his heart glowed with the love of Jesus, and his sweet spirit moved his tongue to pour forth the truth of God in gentle tones, there came an unction upon the preacher and the hearer which gave efficiency to the "word." It went to the heart as a keen blade, wounding the sinner's conscience, consoling the contrite spirit, encouraging the weak believer, and "building him up" in the faith of the gospel.

Although he was not regarded as a man of great learning, nor considered perfect in his style of speaking, yet, such was his unworldly mien, his unaffected piety, his affectionate intercourse with the people, and his faithful, earnest, successful preaching, that he was, in the best and strongest sense of the phrase, a popular preacher. All the people loved him—they revered him as "a man of God." He was emphatically an apostolical preacher. And thousands will call him "blessed" in the great assize, as the chief instrument in their salvation.

But he excelled most ministers in the pastoral relation. While stationed in the large towns and cities, his pulpit obligations demanded a great deal of reading and study. But he regarded the pastoral claims as equally important, and dared not to ignore them. He even preferred to act the part of an angel of mercy, unobserved, rather than to shine as a star of the first magnitude. He was ready to serve all classes of his charge. The habitation of the poor was often cheered by his presence and his prayers. He was ready to serve the humblest slave in the work of salvation, while he suitably regarded those in better circumstances. His intercourse with all classes was marked with dignified meekness, and faithfulness blended with urbanity. When reproof was necessary, he gave it; and it is questionable whether any uninspired

man was ever better qualified than William M. Kennedy for that most difficult part of a pastor's duty. He did it plainly, yet with so much affection and gentleness as to completely disarm the delinquent, and lead him to see his folly and mourn over it with purposes of amendment. He arrested more cases of incipient backsliding perhaps than any other man of his age; and if the members of his charge needed encouragement, he was prepared to give it. The promises of the gospel sat gracefully on his lips; and the spirit of kindness with which he quoted them permitted them to carry their native richness to the disconsolate soul; and his experience enabled him to unfold the way of salvation to the humble penitent so clearly that the needed relief was soon obtained. His visits to the sick and dying were peculiarly blessed, both to the sufferer and himself; for, while his sympathizing spirit seemed to share the pains of the afflicted and the agonies of the death-struggle—his humble pleadings meanwhile procuring from the throne of grace the needed aid—his own soul participated also in the grace given, and his confidence in the efficiency of the gospel of Christ grew stronger. Death is an honest hour, in which any defect, either in the creed or experience of mortals, will be detected. Here, many a finely-wrought theory, hitherto untested, has vanished like a gorgeous cloud before the boreal blast. Here, too, many who have passed through life noiselessly, have exemplified the power of grace so wonderfully as to strike terror to the heart of the unbeliever and inspire the timid with unwonted courage. It is not surprising, then, that

“The chamber where the good man meets his fate”

should be sought by the “man of God,” that he might, as an angel of mercy, smooth the passage to the tomb, and deliver

up to the Lord Jesus the soul which, as an under-shepherd, he had guided in the way of life. To him, it is a place

“—— privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life,”

seeing each triumphant death is an additional proof both of the truth and power of Christianity.

Is the scheme of redemption, unfolded in the New Testament, able to save a sinner? What finite mind could answer the inquiry prior to the *first* attestation of its power? “The angels desire to look into” the efficiency of this wonderful system; and, as the ingeniously wrought piece of mechanism in the experimental process is watched with eager interest by the artisan, so do they behold the workings of gospel grace in the renewal of a sinner’s heart.

And, as the dying-hour furnishes the final test of the genuineness of Christian experience known to mortals, the minister of Christ repairs with solemn interest to the chamber of the dying Christian, who, lifting his eyes and prayers to heaven, secures the presence of an indwelling Saviour, and with enrapturing visions of glory passes away from earth, furnishing to each beholder a practical illustration of the ability of Christ to “save to the uttermost” all who come to God through him. From such scenes our brother would return with his spirit subdued, his faith increased, and his zeal wonderfully intensified. A man of such mould and habits could not fail to secure the affections of his people.

The junior portion of his charge shared largely in his affectionate regards and pious labors. He was a strong believer in juvenile conversions. While his intercourse with children was free from moroseness, it was, nevertheless, so grave as to impress the youthful mind deeply with a sense of

the sanctity of the ministerial office. Still his gravity was attractive. The children with whom he had intercourse felt it, yet they loved him; and they felt, also, that he loved them. The child reads the heart, as it is developed in the countenance, with surprising accuracy. That little child whom Jesus called unto him was not afraid of the reverend stranger. It could read in his countenance the affection of his heart. The heavenly radiance which beamed from his eyes instantly captivated that young heart. The same results, in some measure, follow the intercourse which the devout minister holds with the children of his charge. The Discipline of the Church enjoins on every minister in charge of a circuit or station "to obtain the names of the children belonging to his congregations, and to leave a list of such names for his successors; and in his pastoral visits he shall pay special attention to the children, speak to them personally and kindly on experimental and practical godliness, according to their capacity; pray earnestly for them, etc." Perhaps the Church has never had a minister who complied with this regulation more faithfully than William M. Kennedy. He kept a little book in which he recorded the names of all the children of his charge; and he remembered them in his daily prayers, especially in his private pleadings before the mercy-seat. Could that little book be found, it might furnish an explanation of the active agencies which have produced so many instances of notable piety amongst those who in childhood enjoyed his counsels. Many of those children have grown up to years of maturity, are fathers and mothers themselves, yet they will never forget—they *never can* forget the benignant glance, the gentle voice, the loving smile of "Uncle Kennedy."

The Divine character of Christianity is strikingly exhibited

in its evolutionary power. The latency of that power does not prove its abridgment. It is latent or active, as unerring Wisdom may demand, in effectuating the purposes of God on earth. The partial concealment of the evolutionary capabilities of Christianity may perplex human reason; but God, who knows how and when to furnish the interpretation of his own providential movements, will, in due time, unravel the mysterious problem. We may not be able to apprehend the reasons which induced the Almighty to withhold from men the full measure of religious knowledge and privilege for four thousand years, which induced him to permit the infant Church to suffer persecution, almost to extinction, and which caused him to suffer the "dark ages" to mantle his "spouse" in mourning drapery; still, every succeeding ecclesiastical epoch casts additional light on the past, and every triumph of the Church over her adversaries, varying, as they always have done, each succeeding manœuvre, serves to call forth, in unwonted measures, her evolutionary power. In this way, the "dark ages"—a night of nine hundred years' duration—afforded an occasion to the Church for the exhibition of her strength in the "Reformation;" while the apathy and corruption of the Anglican Church, in the beginning of the last century, called forth Christianity in her Methodistic form. Methodism is Christianity. It is Christianity freed from all superstitious forms—from all legendary rites. It is the manhood of Christianity, in which new measures of the latent energy of the gospel are evolved, and in which the adaptability of the governmental forms of the Church of Christ to the wants and capabilities of all classes of society, and all nations, however benighted, is wonderfully exhibited. One peculiarity in the organism of this form of Christianity is the office of Presiding Elder. It is peculiar to Episcopal

Methodism in America. As Methodism is regarded the offspring of Divine Providence, and as the necessities of the Church demanded the office of Presiding Elder, the provision to meet the emergency is justly considered a providential work. The Presiding Eldership is certainly an indispensable adjunct to an itinerating Episcopacy. Diocesan Episcopacy may dispense with it; but by how much the feeble effort made for its abolishment in the economy of American Methodism may succeed, by so much will the effort tend to Diocesan Episcopacy. An itinerant Episcopacy demands a comparatively local representative, invested with the functions of the Episcopal office, under ample and specified restrictions. Such a representative is found in a Presiding Elder.

This relation to the Church is one of vast responsibility; and in the early years of American Methodism the incumbent was subjected to unmeasured toils and sufferings. William M. Kennedy served the Church in this relation fifteen years. He was appointed to the Charleston (first called Saluda, then Edisto) District, in 1811, 1812, and 1813; to the Pedee District, in 1814, 1815, 1816, 1817, 1822, 1823, 1824, and 1825; and to the Columbia District, in 1830, 1831, 1832, and 1833.

His first District extended west of Charleston nearly two hundred miles. His residence being in the city, and having to reach his other appointments in a private conveyance, he was necessarily exposed both to fatigue and the most malignant disease. There is a belt of low land, many leagues in width, surrounding the city of Charleston. Leaving the city in a private conveyance, the traveller is obliged to spend a night in this miasmatic district. The medical fraternity of Charleston had decided that to sleep in this region of disease a single night exposed the sleeper to an attack of "country

fever;" and there was more truth than fiction in the decision. The "country fever" was considered scarcely less fatal than the yellow fever, and was perhaps equally unyielding to medical skill. But what shall our Presiding Elder do? Shall he quail before danger, and skulk away? He never did. He seems to have adopted the motto of Dr. Adam Clarke: "A minister is immortal until his work is done." He put his trust in God, and learned to say from the heart, "Thy will be done."

He did not, however, consider that his work as a Presiding Elder was accomplished when he had preached, and had finished the business of the Quarterly Conference. He knew that "in the absence of the bishop" it was his duty to "take charge of all the elders and deacons, travelling and local preachers, and exhorters, in his district," to see "that every part of the Discipline be enforced," and "to oversee the spiritual and temporal business of the Church." This work employed his hands, his head, and his heart. With what solicitude did he look upon the poor brother minister who, like himself, had "left all"—whether little or much—to do the Master's work, and who, with his family, through the poverty or parsimony of his charge, was left to subsist on a mere pittance! His generous heart would not allow him to witness such a spectacle with indifference. He was always ready to sympathize with such a co-laborer, and to divide with him the last morsel of bread.

He conducted himself toward the aged ministers of the Church with respectful deference and unreserved affection. And, while he did all in his power for the men who were actively engaged in the work of the ministry with him, he manifested special solicitude for the superannuated ministers of the Conference. He was one of the most efficient and

liberal managers of the Trust which had been created by the Conference for their special benefit.

The junior preachers on his District found in him a faithful friend and a safe counsellor—one whose guidance might always be trusted.

The mode of ministerial training adopted by the Church invests the office of the Presiding Elder with special importance. He holds to the junior preachers of his charge the relation of exemplar and preceptor; and his fidelity or unfaithfulness does a great deal toward fixing the destiny of these young men. Scores have commenced a ministerial career with the most flattering prospects, but through the inattention or incautiousness of their Presiding Elders have made limited progress, or have retired to hopeless obscurity. Our brother acquitted himself in this department of duty with rare ability. He took the young ministers under his care by the hand, with a cordiality peculiar to himself, admitted them into confidential relations, and spoke to them with fatherly affection, thus gaining their respect and confidence: he would point out their defects, and show them the remedy: he would unfold the privileges of the gospel, urge them to a more enlarged experience of grace, and assist them in choosing the best mode of preaching the gospel. From such interviews, the tyro in theology went forth with new acquisitions of knowledge, with an improved experience, and an increase of zeal in the work of the Lord.

His influence in the Quarterly Conference was largely beneficial to the Church. Laymen and local preachers are united with the travelling ministry in this primary judicatory for the transaction of the business of the Church. The manner in which the presiding officer discharges his duty does much to unite or alienate these elements of our ecclesiastical

organization. William M. Kennedy's conduct on such occasions is worthy of all commendation. Courteous and meek as he was, he could not fail to secure the esteem of all, and to succeed admirably in harmonizing any discordancy which might arise amongst his brethren in transacting the business of the Church. As a proof of the esteem in which he was held by his brethren, he was elected president of the Conference, at the session in Fayetteville, N. C., January, 1831—no Bishop being present on that occasion.

Having now served the Church, either as circuit preacher, stationed preacher, or presiding elder, for more than thirty years, with so much fidelity and success as to secure her affection and unqualified confidence, and as the services of such a man were needed in another department of labor, he consented to act as agent for Cokesbury School in 1838 and 1839.

The circumstances under which he commenced this work were somewhat peculiar and embarrassing. The South Carolina Conference had determined, in 1834, to endow a Professorship in Randolph Macon College. An efficient agent had been appointed to collect twenty thousand dollars for that purpose. There had been an agent appointed in 1835 to make collections in behalf of Cokesbury School. These agents had travelled through the Conference limits for the two or three preceding years; and the appeals which they had made in behalf of the educational interests of the Church had been so eloquently and successfully pressed upon the people, that it required a man of eminent ability to enter upon this work at such a juncture with any hope of success. The new incumbent had passed through an ordeal which qualified him for the task. He had taken many a lesson in domestic economy under the pressure of the circumstances

attendant upon the married life of an early itinerant minister. While he was a single man, he found it comparatively an easy matter to provide for his personal wants; but when he became a married man, a new class of difficulties appeared; and his embarrassments multiplied as his family increased. As a man of sagacity and refinement, he felt bound not only to furnish a competent support for his family, but to educate them also. And while from principle he avoided an extravagant outlay in this direction, still his generous spirit would not suffer his household to be subjected to discomfort while he had a farthing at command. The provisions made by the Church were often insufficient to meet these reasonable wants. The most rigid economy compatible with domestic comfort failed to make receipts from this source equal to the necessary expenditures. Still he did not murmur. He did not pursue his financial board with harsh epithets and bitter complaints. Never! Whenever it became necessary to make any communication to his stewards, it was done with frankness and magnanimity; and if the supplies were still insufficient, he would trench upon his private resources, both principal and interest.

A bosom friend of his, in a letter just received, says: "I have often heard him say that he was willing to suffer privations himself, but he would not subject his family to them. He constantly practiced self-denial, but looked with unabated care to the wants of his household; and any convenience or comfort his purse could reach was theirs. Such things as are usually provided in parsonages, if lacking, he supplied, whether reimbursed by the Church or not. I have heard him state repeatedly that for a number of years his private resources had been annually diminished to meet the wants of his family. Still he never complained, nor swerved from the

path of duty, 'for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward.' "

Such a man could go forth as an agent for the Church, and *his* gleanings would be equal to the harvest of others less skilful in economical matters and the equation of charitable claims.

He conceived a plan which, if effectuated, would relieve the institution of all pecuniary embarrassment. The sum needed was to be raised by procuring a sufficient number of persons who would give a note for one hundred dollars respectively, bearing interest from date; and while the interest alone should be collectable, the subscriber had the privilege of paying the principal before his death; but should he pay the interest alone during his life, then, after his death, the terms of the subscription made the principal collectable also. The plan succeeded, and secured to the school a handsome income.

This was the last work he performed as an effective minister, closing a career of usefulness in the advocacy of enlightened piety—Christianity and literature blended—a suitable work for "a man of God."

If the civic panegyrist is sustained in seeking an archetype for his friend amongst the poets, philosophers, or statesmen of antiquity, claiming for his mind a Roman or Grecian mould, may not the biographer of the Christian minister seek an apostolic model? It might be asked with propriety, who can trace the character of William M. Kennedy without thinking of the Apostle John?

Some men are distinguished for their fertility of imagination, others for their retentiveness of memory, and others for their volubility. While it is not claimed for this venerable man that he excelled in mental force, learning, or eloquence,

it is confidently claimed that the elements of ministerial greatness were combined in him in an eminent degree.

He had a peculiarly well-balanced mind. His perception was not quick, it is true, yet it was nice: his judgment was somewhat tardy in prosecuting its task; still, when the work was done, it rarely required emendation: he formed his opinions deliberately, and scarcely ever found it necessary to change them; and such was his discretion, that, in the various responsible relations he sustained to the Church, it is questionable whether a single instance of rashness could be justly charged upon him.

Prudent, sagacious, and wise in counsel, he was well prepared to serve the Church in her highest judicatory. And the South Carolina Conference manifested her appreciation of his merit by selecting him as one of her representatives in the first delegated General Conference held for the Methodist Episcopal Church.

He had graduated to elder's orders two years prior to this election, yet he was deemed worthy to take his place in the highest council of the Church with her ablest divines. And in each similar quadrennial election, he was thus honored by his brethren during the remainder of his effective ministerial life. Hence, it is fairly inferred that his popularity was based on real merit, possessed in an extraordinary measure.

Doubtless, his sociability contributed alike to his happiness, usefulness, and popularity. He was fond of society, yet he was prudent in his social intercourse. He was courteous to all, while he selected confidential friends with caution. While he was remarkable for his frankness, his affability and childlike artlessness combined made him a general favorite.

He was sufficiently retired in his habits for eminent piety, still his social disposition forbade his being a recluse. His

proclivity in this direction led him to seek a bosom friend. As in every thing else, so in this, his movements were marked with pious caution. Relying upon Divine guidance, his way was opened for a matrimonial alliance with Miss Abigail Young, of Sumter District, S. C. She was a lady of exemplary piety, prudence, and intelligence, and was well qualified to act the part of an itinerant minister's wife. But in this instance his conjugal felicity was destined to a speedy termination. Two years had not passed before the hand of death snatched her from his side, and introduced her into the presence of the glorified Saviour. Such, however, was his confidence in God, that he endured the visitation with humble submission, and continued in his appropriate work with unabated zeal.

It is worthy of remark, as demonstrative of his unworldliness, that, after the death of his wife, he returned to her father a handsome estate which he had inherited by her, alleging as his reason for returning it his inability, as a travelling minister, to supervise the spiritual interests of the servants. After a sufficient time had elapsed for the poignancy of his grief to abate, he sought and obtained the hand and affections of Miss Ann M. Jones, daughter of Mr. William Jones, of Wilmington, N. C. Her parents having died while she was quite young, she was educated under the oversight of an uncle, whose house was her home. This estimable man did for her all that a pious father could do; and she profited greatly by the privileges she enjoyed. She grew up in the paths of piety, and consecrated herself to God with an unreservedness which is worthy of all commendation.

It is too often the case that those who are brought up in affluence are swayed by the spirit of the world. She was an

exception. The blandishments of worldly pleasures had no power over her heart. Jesus, to whom she had surrendered it, reigned over it; and it was her chief delight to do his will. It is not surprising, therefore, that she consented to share the varying fortunes of an itinerant minister, under a conviction that duty demanded the sacrifice. In this choice William M. Kennedy was peculiarly fortunate. Her spirit was congenial to his own. Pious, intelligent, amiable, and prudent, she was for him "a help meet" indeed. Although the patrimony left to her by her father, added to her husband's, would have been ample both for happiness and comfort in any ordinary occupation, it annually diminished by the necessary drain upon it, made to meet the deficiencies of the provisions made by the Church. She witnessed all this without a murmur, and rejoiced that her husband and herself had been "counted worthy to suffer" for Christ's sake.

They lived in happy union several years. These were years both of pleasure and responsibility; for while the claims of the Church pressed heavily upon them, a new class of obligations sprang up. God gave them lovely children, who were to be trained to his glory. They were dedicated to him in baptism; and in the daily prayers of these pious parents their children were consecrated to God.

They felt, however, that their work was not yet finished. Their children must be *governed*. This is a difficult task even under the most favorable circumstances, especially so with an itinerant minister. He is often absent from home, at which time that work which properly belongs to both parents devolves on the mother alone; and when he returns home, the pleasure he feels in meeting his family is apt to induce forbearance, when, perhaps, correction is needed. And it sometimes happens that incautious friends encourage those things

in children which a Christian parent should condemn, thus making the government of his children still more difficult. The Christian minister feels the force of these and kindred circumstances; and the warm heart of William M. Kennedy may not have been full proof against them at all times; still he governed his household with Christian meekness and manly vigor.

No pious parent is satisfied, however, with blameless morality and religious punctuality alone in his children. He desires to see them *converted*. Hence, this man of God sought devoutly this blessing for his children; and although his prayers might seem unavailing for the time, yet God put his "tears into his bottle," and recorded his prayers in the "book of his remembrance."

Incorrigible indifference may render the most powerful prayers nugatory; but the prayer of faith secures every needed blessing for the contrite soul. How must the glorified spirit of this "man of God" rejoice as he looks down upon his fatherless children and sees them walking in wisdom's way!

He was not assisted in the godly work of training these children for heaven to the time of his death by their own mother. This estimable lady, who had been to him an angel of mercy so long, was taken to her reward in heaven a few years prior to his own death.

Along with her sickness and death there came a dark cloud, which hung portentously over his social prospects. She left him under circumstances unlike any through which he had passed. He was now somewhat advanced in life. He had a family of seven children, some of whom were quite young, others of an age in which the character is formed. His presence is needed constantly to govern and guide; and

the task is doubly difficult. There is now no mother's gentle rebuke to restrain, nor smile to soothe his children. How could he leave them? How could he meet their wants alone? He felt that he could not perform this work unaided. But to provide for the emergency required the exercise of a pure heart, a mature judgment, guided by the Spirit of God. If it were practicable for his lacerated affections to be healed, and if it were possible for him to find another whom he could tenderly love, and who would reciprocate his affection, yet to find such a one who would at the same time perform the part of a mother to his children, was not an easy matter. He felt that he could only hold his will subordinate to the will of God, and await the indications of his providence.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Huguenots (or French Protestants) suffered sad reverses by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Thousands of pious families suffered exile. A descendant of one of these families now lives in Wilmington, N. C. Dr. A. J. DeRosset is an old man—nearly eighty-nine years of age. His daughter, Catharine, inherited the noble spirit which her ancestors possessed. Her religious independence and conscientious scruples were nicely adjusted and placed under the control of a well-cultivated mind and a mature judgment. Her religious preferences led her away from the ecclesiastical association of her forefathers, and she became a consistent, persevering member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She commenced her religious life with a purpose, deliberately formed, to do the will of God at any cost. And her manner of life has furnished, and still furnishes, an apt illustration of Huguenot firmness. Her qualifications to hold maternal relationship to the motherless children of William M. Kennedy would not be questioned by any who knew her well; but whether she

would consent to hold that relation remained untested. He knew that should she consider it consonant with the will of God, every thing else would yield to that paramount consideration. The subject was carried before God in the spirit of meekness; and a conviction of duty led to an effectuation of his purposes. This devout couple were united in holy wedlock on the 25th of October, 1835. The godly work of training these children for heaven had been carried on for years by their sainted mother. At her death, the maternal department ceased for a season: it was now to be resumed. And while this pious lady commenced the work with trepidation, arising from an apprehended disqualification for it, yet, having as delicate an appreciation of her responsibilities as any stepmother ever had, and relying for aid upon God alone, she commenced and continued in this work with a rare measure of success. Her husband and herself were a unit in the work of governing, instructing, and praying for these children. It is not surprising, therefore, that they should grow up in the fear of the Lord.

The eldest daughter, who had become the wife of a member of the South Carolina Conference, and who was a model of filial affection, of conjugal love and Christian piety, passed away from earth to her heavenly home before her father.

Some of the other children are pious and useful members of the Church so loved and admired by their sainted father. How could they act otherwise with such an example before them?—the example of one who while on earth had perhaps as few faults as any other man, and who, “being dead, yet speaketh” to them, and to all who have known him, the words of truth, and, by an impersonation of the elements of a virtuous life, now for ever closed in its terrestrial form, sets forth both the excellency and power of gospel grace.

It is no uncommon thing for doting parents and friends to see, or think they see, in those they love, augural traits which mark them out for a noble destiny. In some cases, the augury owes its existence wholly to the imagination; in others, native talent may furnish precocious developments. The relatives of young Kennedy were right in their calculations respecting his destiny. Their hopes of him were high; and there seemed to have been just grounds for such hopes. A gentleman says, that while yet a boy, "he manifested remarkable amiability, discreetness, magnanimity, and a true nobility of nature. He was possessed of many traits of character which marked him out as a youth of uncommon promise." However much the judgment may be swayed by the imagination in forming an opinion of the "inner man" by the *physique*, it is certain that there is such an intimacy between them that the latter does furnish *indications* of the character of the former. Hence, when Samuel went to the house of Jesse to anoint a successor to Saul, all the elder sons passed before him without impressing him by their *outward* appearance. But when David came, he had "a beautiful countenance," and the prophet was so impressed by his *appearance* that he instantly anointed him king in the room of Saul.

Young Kennedy was not "beautiful;" still he was comely. He was of medium stature, and well formed. In advanced life, he became somewhat corpulent.

In the original oil-painting, from which the accompanying likeness is taken, the artist has failed to do him justice. The contour of his face is drawn with sufficient distinctness to call up his image in the mind of a familiar friend; but the *expression* is sadly defective. The eye, in the picture, wants the benignity and intelligence of the original; and the physi-

ognomic blending of mouth and eyes lacks the smile which his face usually wore. With these exceptions, the facial delineations are sufficiently correct.

The physiologist will readily perceive that such a form as the likeness represents would be peculiarly liable to apoplectic attacks. Perhaps no man possessed a more robust frame than William M. Kennedy. He was, withal, prudent and abstemious in his habits. Hence, with God's blessing, he labored hard, holding no other than an effective relation to the Conference for thirty-three years. But there are forms of disease against which neither human sagacity nor prudence can protect us. It was reserved, in the providence of God, for our brother to fall by the agency of such an attack. The first marked approach of the disease was manifested in 1839; and at the close of this year he was placed in a superannuated relation to the Conference. He did not, even then, ask this relation. He would have preferred to hold an effective relation to the Church; but his brethren chose the former for him, and he meekly yielded his judgment to theirs.

It has been said that it requires more strength and piety to leave the stage of active life gracefully than it does to ascend it. While yet the proud eminence is before us, the energies of life are full of vigor, and its horizon spreads out broadly, inviting us to long-continued labor and renown, an inspiration comes upon us which knows no abatement while the faculties God has given us remain unimpaired. But when the rapid flight of years, blended with long-continued labor, has impaired life's machinery, and the eye grows dim, the locks turn gray, the cheeks are furrowed, the limbs tremulous, and the whole man is bending toward the grave, who, under such circumstances, feels the inspiration peculiar to

manhood's prime? Yet, man is even then unwilling to acknowledge nature's decline! Even grace fails, in some instances, to remove our reluctancy to make the admission. While the aged minister may feel the aversion common to our nature to retire into childlike inaction, there are other potent considerations which contribute to its strength. His soul has felt, it still feels, the love of Christ constraining him to labor in his Master's vineyard: he sees a world in ruin, the Church laboring for the world's salvation: he hears his "Captain's" voice calling the sons of the Church to valorous deeds, and the shouts of victory as they rise from the lips of the sacramental host, in swelling tones, to heaven! His soul is moved within him, and he frowns from his presence the laggard spirit! How can such a man consent to be "laid aside" as a useless thing? How can such a soldier consent to put his armor by, and cease to fight the battles of the Lord, while a vestige of strength remains? Even the meek spirit of William M. Kennedy found the ordeal difficult to pass, yet he passed it gracefully. He calmly bowed to Heaven's behest. He labored, however, after his superannuation as much as he could—perhaps more than prudence would have dictated. And when urged to moderate his exertions, he would mildly reply, "It is better to wear out than to rust out. I wish the messenger of death to find me at my Master's work." Here is fidelity! Here is zeal worthy of imitation! And here is Christian manliness, which the final Judge will delight to honor!

It would be unreasonable to expect such a man to leave the stage of active ministerial life with indifference. After his superannuation, he seemed more depressed in spirit than ever before, yet there was no scowl upon his brow, no angry emotion quivered upon his lips; but, feeling implicit confidence

in the judgment of his brethren, and resignation to the will of God, he retired gracefully from the platform of public exertion, where he had performed his part so well.

The action of the Church in his case seemed to harmonize completely with the providence of God—only a few months ensuing between his superannuation and death; as though God intended the way-worn pilgrim to have a little repose prior to his departure to his eternal home, in which he might set his house in order, and take leave of his friends below.

After the close of Conference, he improved in health a little, but constantly affirmed that it would not last long. He felt that his work was nearly at an end.

To witness the death of such a Christian minister would be a privilege indeed. We feel a desire rising in the heart to be in the chamber where he meets his fate, to see the manifestations of his patience in suffering, his meek submission to the Divine will, his holy courage, as

“Against the cross death’s iron sceptre breaks;”

while his holy soul exclaims: “I am now ready to be offered”—“The time of my departure is at hand”—“O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?”—“Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.” But in his case the privilege was denied to all. His desire “to be found doing his Master’s work when the messenger of death should come” was granted. He was journeying in the service of the Church, in company with a friend or two. They had stopped for the night at the house of his friend, Dr. Moon, of Newberry District, S. C. Next morning, he walked out early to make some arrangement for the journey of the day, when he was overcome by an apoplectic stroke, from which he never recovered even

strength enough to speak, but, in a moment, passed from the sorrows of earth to the joys of heaven.

As in his life, so in his death, he preached to others, both encouraging and warning them. Although he was not permitted to leave a dying testimony in words, yet the Church has strong hope of his salvation; for, as in the case of St. Paul, so in his, an appeal to "his manner of life" confirms his claim to a ripe experience of grace. Having obtained pardon in early life, he grew in grace as he advanced in years; and doubtless he possessed the blessing of "perfect love." His bereaved widow writes: "That he enjoyed this blessing I am quite sure. His daily, hourly walk and conversation gave evidence of this, during my acquaintance with him. I do not know that I ever saw him ruffled in temper in the slightest degree. I have seen him under strong provocation, kind and persuasive, gentle in word and benignant in look, exert an indescribable influence over the unruly passions of all who were brought within its reach." Again, she says: "Although he loved to dwell on the riches of God's goodness, he seldom spoke of his spiritual attainments. Yet, when first attacked (a few months before his death) with the disease which ultimately proved fatal, his spirit was calm, serene, submissive, full of joy, and unwavering in its trust in God. Aware that death lurked in the disease, he shrank not at its approach, but was ready to 'depart and be with Christ.'"

He had enjoyed uninterrupted health through his whole life, not being confined to his bed a week at a time for thirty years. His preservation in the midst of exposure was a marked instance of God's providence in the preservation of his ministers. He was not, therefore, prepared by his former experience to pass the ordeal which God was preparing for

him; still, when the trial came, grace sustained him. During his first attack of the disease which terminated his life, he was visited by one of the preachers, who says: "While he was suffering greatly, I inquired of him in reference to the state of his mind. He replied by alluding to his remarkable exemption from affliction through life, and then said: 'I have no doubt that I am now learning a lesson I would not have learned in any other way.'"

Zealous in good works, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, he could not fail to pass safely the Jordan of death; while, by the suddenness of his departure, he proclaims to all, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

His body was brought to the city of Columbia for interment; and a neat slab, with an appropriate epitaph, has been placed over his sleeping dust.

There is also in the Washington Street Church a cenotaph bearing the inscription copied on the following page.

By the side of this cenotaph is another, erected by the same Conference, in honor of the Rev. Samuel Dunwody, one of its most gifted and useful members. These worthy ministers entered the Itinerant Connection at the same time, and labored in the same Conference more than the third of a century. As bold soldiers of the cross, they had won many a hard-fought battle; and now, though they died at different times, and were buried at points distant from each other, still their voices speak from those monuments in the Church where they had alternately declared all the counsel of God.

SACRED TO THE
MEMORY OF THE
REV. WILLIAM MEGEE KENNEDY,
WHO WAS BORN IN N. C.,
JANUARY 10TH, 1783,
AND DIED
FEBRUARY 22, 1840.

HE WAS FOR 34 YEARS A MEMBER OF
THE S. C. CONFERENCE,
A FAITHFUL, SUCCESSFUL, AND
DISTINGUISHED MINISTER
OF THE LORD JESUS.

HE WAS THE INSTRUMENT OF TURNING
MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS;
WHILE THE EMINENT CHRISTIAN VIRTUES
OF HIS CHARACTER
ENDEARED HIM TO A WIDE CIRCLE
OF ADMIRING FRIENDS.

HIS REMAINS REPOSE NEAR THIS
CHURCH, IN CONNECTION WITH WHICH
MANY YEARS OF HIS
ACTIVE LIFE WERE SPENT.

THIS MARBLE IS A MONUMENT OF AFFECTION
ON THE PART OF HIS BRETHREN
OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE.





Portrait of J. W. W. W.

Engraved by J. M. M.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Chicago, Illinois

HEZEKIAH G. LEIGH.

BY THE REV. R. O. BURTON.

THE Rev. Hezekiah Gilbert Leigh, D. D., of the North Carolina Conference, was born in Perquimans county, N. C. His parents were Gilbert and Charlotte Leigh. His mother's name was Spruill. His parents were highly respectable, and many of his mother's relatives still live in his native State, occupying a high position in the confidence and esteem of its citizens.

Dr. Leigh married Miss Mary J. Crump, of Northampton, N. C., and left four sons and three daughters at the close of his life.

But little is known of his early life previously to his connection with the Conference. He unfortunately kept no journal, and has left nothing to enrich a sketch; and the Church is deprived of much valuable information which would have contributed to her guidance and edification. Few men have gone to the grave and to their reward possessing more modest merit and mental power, or who wielded a more benign and wider influence for good than he.

We learn that his parents were not members of any Church, and consequently he was deprived of that early re-

ligious culture which true piety gives, and which a holy example leaves to enrich and bless the child.

He was educated mainly by the Rev. Dr. Freeman, a worthy and intelligent minister of the Presbyterian Church. He received what is termed an academical education. From the son of Dr. Freeman we learn that he diligently applied himself to his studies while at school in Murfreesboro', N. C., under the instruction of his estimable teacher.

At the age of twenty-two, under the ministry of the Rev. John Todd Brame, Senr., he was led to Christ, and was justified "through faith in his blood." He soon joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his mind was turned to the Christian ministry. The next year after his conversion, he joined the Virginia Conference, then embracing chiefly the present Virginia and North Carolina Conferences. Perhaps Dr. Leigh's bias in favor of the Church in which he lived, labored, and died, was given by the early and extensive influence exerted by it throughout that part of North Carolina, as well as throughout the whole State. In no State in the Union has the influence of Methodism been more benign and beneficial than in North Carolina. Especially has its influence been great in the lower part of the State. Neither heat nor malaria, sickness nor death, has deterred its ministers from seeking the lost sheep of the fold. Under the ministry of those men who labored there, and where now the Church of his choice spreads her green glories, the blessing and praise of the land, was he blessed.

He rose rapidly in the esteem and confidence of the Conference of which he became a distinguished and leading member. When young, he was slender, with fair skin, a blue eye, dark hair, large nose, and a mouth expressive of great amiability and good-nature. Perhaps few men pos-

sessed a voice of more compass and melody than his; and those who have heard him will recur to the opportunities they have enjoyed of conversing with him, and of listening to him in the church and in the tented grove, when its notes swept the keys of their souls with unearthly sweetness and power.

God had endowed him with great capabilities for usefulness. He possessed a good constitution, and enjoyed as much health as most men, and was able to perform a great amount of labor in the study and in the pulpit. He possessed a mind of very high order, which he labored to cultivate; keeping ever in view his high and holy calling, having early consecrated his life to God and the good of the world.

Few men possessed a nobler soul than his. Early did he show that public spirit which is indispensable to moral greatness. He enlisted in the service of the United States as a soldier during the war of 1812; and but for the declaration of peace, his great mind and soul might have spent their energies in fields of carnage red with gore, rather than in bearing the conditions of peace and pardon to the enemies of Jesus, where he won his fadeless honors.

He was a sincere man—"an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile." Who that knew him well, does not remember his hatred of any thing that was low and intriguing? He loved truth, and during his whole life maintained this character. His high regard for this virtue gave sometimes to his manner the appearance of bluntness, which may have offended those who were but partially acquainted with him. It was in this trait of his character chiefly rested his power for good, which he wielded over the minds and hearts of thousands in the States of North Carolina and Virginia, and erected a monument as imperishable as im-

mortality. In God's regard for truth began that system of redeeming mercy which is instinct with life, and sheds the only light of hope on a fallen world. Here lies the power of the Christian minister to save souls. His soul loved the pure truth of God. On it he rested without fear, and his eye beamed, and his bosom dilated, while he spoke and thought of truth—God's truth, without "mixture of error." In entering on a work of so much difficulty and responsibility as the ministry of the cross, knowing the errors and prejudices of the fallen world, his soul exulted in the love and power of truth. He darted his eye along the track of an ever-evolving providence to the sure successes which God's promises hold forth to a good minister. Were you the intimate friend of Dr. Leigh? Then you will remember, reader, he never betrayed your confidence or forsook you, either to promote his own ends, or because others disliked you.

He possessed a soul full of love for his race, and in all the relations of life he was kind, affectionate, and generous. I have never known a man more devoted to his family, and who manifested more tenderness and interest in his children as they grew up into life. He has no claims to the character of a noble and generous Christian man who fails to do his part to make his home joyous and his household happy. Here Dr. Leigh showed his kindness, and home was to him his Eden when his work abroad was done. It was his practice to take his sons on the District to develop their minds and hearts; and when one grew large enough to go to school, he would carry the next; and this system he pursued to the end of his days. The happy influence he exerted is seen in the sound moral principles of his children, and the promise of good they give to the world.

He was possessed of warm and strong sympathies, and rejoiced in the promotion of his fellows and their success in doing good. Of an enemy he would take no advantage: to an enemy he would do justice. The helpless and depressed he was too noble to strike. Between himself and another distinguished minister there had been some alienation of feeling for a short time. In his presence, the conversation turned to the qualities of this minister's heart. Something was said in depreciation of him, when Dr. Leigh remarked: "You are mistaken. He will like you the better if you defend your position like a man while debating with him. He is an honorable man." A lover of peace related this conversation to the absent one, and Dr. Leigh and he lived devoted friends to the close of his life.

He was as free from a censorious spirit and from the spirit of detraction and evil-speaking as any man I have ever known. That amiable minister, the Rev. John W. Childs, remarked, when representing Dr. Leigh in Conference as a Presiding Elder, under whom he had travelled that year: "I have never known a man more free from evil-speaking"—a high eulogy from that sainted man!

He possessed no spirit of self-promotion—the fruitful source of evil, strife, and discontent in the Church and the world. The writer of this sketch, who became acquainted with Dr. Leigh on entering the Conference, and lived in intimate friendship with him till he died, knows how he feared lest he might be brought under the influence of ambition. The avaricious and ambitious are incapable of true friendship. The one will forsake us for gain; the other for position. Dr. Leigh never labored to thrust himself in places to be conspicuous, or in posts the most responsible. He merged all considerations into the desire and purpose to be useful.

With what emphasis has he often said to me: "How pleasant it is to live to do good!"

He possessed a strong will, and was inflexible in purpose to do his duty. He was a man of true courage and independence of character. He did not pause to inquire the shades of opinion, the prejudices, and the amount of outside pressure, before he formed his opinion, and acted. He looked at moral obligation as a pure-minded man; and with a vivid sense of his responsibility as a man and minister, he met his difficulties with firmness, bore trouble with fortitude, and spoke his sentiments with independence. He never vacillated in his course, nor shrank sensitively when human displeasure and danger conspired to darken with storm-clouds the voyage of life.

Dr. Leigh was deeply pious, and carried with him an unblemished character as a man and a Christian minister. Deeply impressed with the depravity and infirmity of human nature, he was a man who prayerfully rested in Jesus; and the theme of his thoughts, and the delight of his soul, was "Jesus and him crucified." His faith in the atonement was strong and influential, securing to him abiding peace and power to do the will of God.

It has been remarked before that the influence of Dr. Leigh was wide and potent for good. It was as a minister and public man that he shone so conspicuously amongst men. Gifted by nature with a great mind, he labored to store it with divine truth, at the same time keeping his soul full of the love of Christ.

He was a sound reasoner, eloquent, and in description often unequalled. He possessed the power to make great truths simple and plain to the masses. He was mainly a topical preacher, and elucidated a subject, and carried it

home to the hearts and consciences of his hearers, with a power that often made men wail before him.

His faith in Christ was great, and his confidence in God's word as an instrument to save men was as strong as that of any man I ever have known. He "was full of faith and the Holy Ghost." Although Dr. Leigh was eloquent, yet he felt his success was dependent on Divine influence, and he claimed success because God has promised it. Doubtless, in the earlier part of his ministry, he had used the pen in preparation and in improving his style; but in the latter years his preparation was without the pen. Dr. Leigh did not confine his public teaching to a few choice subjects, yet he delighted to preach chiefly on the atonement of Jesus, and pressed home on the hearts of his audience the great doctrine of the witness of the Spirit. He was no *one-idea* man, and never had a hobby, or wore out the patience of his congregation by dwelling on one theme. He took a wide survey of Bible truth, saw the harmony of its parts, and admired and trusted in it as a system of salvation. In preparing for the pulpit, he closely studied with the Bible in his hand, collating the various parallel passages, and impressed them on his memory and hid them in his heart. With his confidence in God's word and providence, his heart burned with zeal for the salvation of men. No unholy love of human praise actuated him, but a pure desire to save souls. Occupying an enviable position in social life, respected and beloved by the good, numbering a vast multitude of friends, and enjoying worldly affluence and domestic peace, he went forth with the holy anointing resting on him, to open his spiritual vision and stir him up to feel and speak as one having authority from God.

There was as much unction in his preaching as in that of any

man who has labored within our knowledge. Perhaps many attach too little importance to this qualification for success in winning souls. Human learning is important to aid the minister of the gospel to understand and teach men the way of life; but the influence of the Holy Spirit, to assure the minister of his justification and acceptance, and to make truth clear to him, and to open the "blind eyes," is indispensable. Our ministers and people are rising in the scale of intelligence, and the day is gone when calumny labors to poison the world against the Methodists on this ground. Colleges rise under the fostering care of the Church. Let us be careful lest the confidence in human learning and the polish of style lead us away from the source of our power for good. How fervently did this man of God implore the Divine aid, and how like a child did his great mind and heart rest in the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world!" He knew "in whom he believed," and the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit found a most prominent place in his preaching. He preached what he knew to be true; and knew that a system to make men happy must possess the power to satisfy the mind that the soul is in union with God. With this great truth the great Wesley commenced his career to improve the piety of the Church of England; and our fathers, who sleep in hope, made this largely the burden of a ministry which, for efficiency in converting sinners, is without a parallel in the Church since the days of the apostles.

Dr. Leigh was remarkable in that he was always ready to preach with fervor and in the spirit of a revivalist; and he has been called up from his couch when weary, and with great success has pressed home the gospel to his fellow-men.

The atonement was his favorite theme. On the priesthood

of Christ, and indeed on all his offices, he had no superior as a preacher. He preached "Christ crucified." With graphic power and pathos did he describe that hour when the Saviour of men hung in sweat and agony on the cross. It was while he preached on these great subjects he showed himself the great pulpit orator and ambassador for Jesus. Often has the writer of this sketch listened to him when vast crowds at camp-meetings now trembled, now wailed, now shouted, while his great mind grasped and explained the way of life, and his heart swelled with joy along the track of truth. There he stood, glowing with love, his eye beaming with emotion, deeply moved, and yet so *self-poised* as to sway the vast multitudes who wept and rejoiced under his powerful preaching. He felt and preached that "*now* is the day of salvation;" and while his sermons would live in the memory of his hearers, he expected *present* effects.

The first time we ever heard Dr. Leigh was when a youth, near the mountains of Virginia. He was then in the full tide of his popularity, and stood forth one of the most effective preachers in the Church. Never shall I forget the impressions of that occasion. Then commenced a friendship with him, and veneration for him, that was cherished till death removed this holy man to his reward and rest.

Dr. Leigh was eminently successful in awakening sinners, and in leading them to the cross. I am persuaded that I saw sixty persons converted as the fruit of one discourse. On the District, or Station, or Circuit, he labored to convert men. He would labor in the pulpit and among the penitents, praying for them, singing and rejoicing with them. Like a good minister that loved souls and the Church with a consuming zeal, he led the sacramental host, and showed himself worthy of the confidence the Church reposed in him. The writer

has known no man who has been more successful in winning souls than he.

In the borough of Norfolk, where he was stationed, and in Petersburg, he left the impress of his mind, and an influence that will last through time. Perhaps in no place was Dr. Leigh more useful than in the city of Petersburg; and much of the strong and happy influence which Methodism now exerts over the popular mind in that city may be traced to the successful labors of Dr. Leigh.

He enjoyed the confidence of the Church in his purity and wisdom during his ministerial life. He was elected to every General Conference after he was eligible, and was a member of the Louisville Convention at the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In the question which divided the Church, he stood firmly with the South, believing his views were scriptural and sound. In this conviction he lived and died.

The most of his ministerial life was spent in the service of the Church as a Presiding Elder in the States of Virginia and North Carolina—an office to which he was, by the purity of his character, soundness of his judgment, his love for Methodism, and his great talents as a preacher, eminently qualified. The Districts were large and laborious, and consequently he had but little opportunity to use his pen to transmit to posterity the matured thoughts with which he had benefited so many of his race.

Dr. Leigh was a wise administrator of discipline, and always discountenanced those hasty, severe, and ill-advised measures by which men were expelled from the Church, and generally lost for ever! With him, expulsion was the last resort. He tried, and taught his preachers to try, every other means first. How often has religion been prejudiced in the

minds of men by want of wisdom here! Frequently have we heard him give instances in which kind pastoral entreaty, and admonition, and prayer, have, under the blessing of God, rescued the inebriate from sin, and brought back the backslider to the communion of the Saviour and confidence of the Church. "Go," said he, "and see them, talk to them, and pray for them, and try to rescue them from sin!"

He was a devoted lover of that form of religion called Methodism; and yet he was no bigot, and avoided as far as possible all religious controversies. As often as I have heard him preach, I never heard him preach what was properly a controversial sermon. He was a lover of peace and a lover of good men. While he was clear in his convictions that the Church of his choice was constituted for good, and was adapted to meet the wants of the masses, yet he was not blind or indifferent to the piety and usefulness of others, and "rejoiced that Christ was preached."

In this sphere, whither Providence had led him, and where he was so well known, and known to be honored, loved, and trusted, he employed his time, and engaged his thoughts, in endeavoring to elevate Methodism in the respect and confidence of the world, and prepare her the more efficiently to move in her great aggressive and conservative plan—aggressive against sin and error, conservative of piety and truth—to spread the truth and subdue the world to the peaceful reign of Jesus. He entered the Conference, and was a leader among his brethren, just when the Church needed such a man—a man not *behind* the age nor *ahead* of it, but with it, of it.

With a soul full of public spirit, deeply devoted to the Church, impressed with the power of human learning, and the want of it even for present and more extended useful-

ness, knowing that sanctified learning is the great break-water against infidelity and error, and that the ministry and Church must improve in order that the masses might have pious and intelligent teachers to save the Church from imbecility, and to prevent the people from rushing into fanaticism or infidelity, as into a maelstrom, he conceived the plan of elevating the standard of ministerial qualification, and projected a scheme for the establishment of a college of highest grade, that Methodism and her friends might enjoy an advantage so desirable in a free country. Not a few apprehended evil in this, knowing that in the past many had thrust themselves into the pulpit destitute of moral qualification for the ministry. "But," said Dr. Leigh, "it is time, high time, our Church had moved in this great cause." He was stationed in Petersburg, Va., at the time when the establishment of a college was first suggested. Mr. G. P. Disosway, now of New York, was then an official member in the station, and an ardent friend of the object, and presented to the Quarterly Conference a resolution expressing a conviction that the Church needed a college to prepare her the better to promote the great interests God in his providence has intrusted to her. This was passed unanimously, and Dr. Leigh was instructed to prepare a letter calling attention to the importance of collegiate education in our Connection. This letter was published, and was widely circulated; and soon the Virginia Conference, then embracing most of the present North Carolina Conference, sanctioned the enterprise, which has contributed so much to advance the best interests of the Church in the establishment of Randolph Macon College. While the Church had been sleeping over this great subject, and was allowing her influence to be daily jeopardized, or to glide away as the moving waters, Dr. Leigh

was awake and actively alive to this interest of the Church and country. His sagacious and far-reaching mind saw that a vast influence for good would be secured, and a cumulative power would come up through future years to arm the better the Church of his choice, youth, and manhood, to contend in the coming conflict with popery, infidelity, and sin. He was truly one of the pioneers, and perhaps the principal one, in the cause of a sanctified learning in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He devoted several years of his life as one of the first agents of Randolph Macon College, and contributed in no small measure to the raising of the funds necessary to the establishment of this institution, which has doubtless done more than any other belonging to the Church to interest the masses and develop the intellectual wealth of the Church. He lived and died the devoted friend of this institution, the establishment of which his mind conceived, and which his labors, and prayers, and influence, promoted and preserved. He who lived in those days when the plan was projected, and a little subsequently, and is still a looker-on as the Church moves forward to fulfil her destiny, feels grateful to God and this friend of the Church while he contrasts the prosperous present with the past. Abounding in numbers, great in influence, the Church shows her intellectual wealth, both in the South and in the North. This movement in the Virginia Conference by one of Carolina's noblest sons was soon followed by the establishment of colleges in other States; and the influence set in motion has gone on as a wave encircling and covering the whole Church.

In the cause of female education Dr. Leigh was also foremost, and was one of the committee appointed in the Virginia Conference to establish the Greensboro' Female Col-

lege at Greensboro', N. C., which was the first institution of that grade in the Church, North or South.

God has blessed and owned the labors of this servant of his and his coadjutors; and now, by fidelity to the plans and contracts of the past, looking steadily to the advancement in learning and piety of the vast numbers committed to us, the heart of the good and patriotic swells with gratitude to the "Author of all good," and hope looks to the coming future as still brightening at morn, radiant at noon, and gorgeous in the glory of a sunset that terminates the days of the world and the destiny of Methodism. These are monuments to the memory of our friend as imperishable as immortality.

For several years previous to his death, Dr. Leigh's health had been gradually declining, and his labors were confined to narrower bounds than those of a Presiding Elder's District. It improved somewhat, and he was the second time appointed as Presiding Elder to the Raleigh District, which was the last appointment he received from the Church. Here he showed his wonted zeal and fervent love for the souls of men. He preached with unusual pathos and tenderness; and the Holy Spirit, by his subduing influences, was evidently fitting him for the change that was soon to pass over this good minister. In great feebleness and emaciation, he was enabled to attend the last annual Conference at Louisburg, N. C., in 1852, over which the lamented Bishop Capers presided. He sat with the Bishop and Presiding Elders a short time, and returned home too feeble to labor, and never met his brethren again at Conference. Gradually his strength succumbed, until the 18th of September, 1853, when his "tent a ruin lay."

Dr. William A. Smith, President of Randolph Macon Col-

lege, in his sermon on the death of Dr. Leigh, gives the following account of his last hours :

“Our interviews at different periods of his affliction were frequent, and the conversation usually turned upon distinctive views of Christian experience. The topics which interested him most were the faith of assurance inspired by the Holy Spirit; the rich comfort it afforded him as he drew near the Jordan of death; the bright and glowing light it threw over its otherwise dark valley; the glory that awaited the children of God; the curious and interesting inquiries which would be answered in the spiritual state; the difficulties in both mental and moral nature which would be solved; and the glorious advance of mind along the illimitable fields of infinite knowledge, developing at every step of the vast progression the amazing wonders of Deity, filling the ever-increasing capacities of the immortal spirit with that large measure of heavenly joy which the eternal Fountain of light and love could alone supply. At the period when it was supposed that he was within a few hours of his dissolution, I spent some time with him. The conversation turning upon his state and prospects, he dwelt with peculiar interest on the rich comfort afforded him by the great Bible truth we have just discussed; and though he felt confident of a safe trust in Christ, a sweet assurance of acceptance, there seemed to open to his view so bright and glowing a prospect of the truths yet to be realized, that he grew eloquent in describing them, and was so lost in a vision of the attainments yet to be made in fields of knowledge and comfort provided by the love of Christ, that he narrowed down by comparison the attainments already made to a point so contemptible in his own eyes as to cause him to loathe himself, and exclaim: ‘O, if there were not a

Daysman betwixt God and me, how could I stand his searching eye! Thank God—bless God for such a Saviour!’ The day before his death I visited him, and found him fast sinking. Just before leaving, as it was not deemed proper to fatigue him by conversation, I sought only to inquire, ‘Watchman, what of the night?’ He turned his fading eye upon me, and with a smile of triumph playing on his countenance, he softly said, in reply to my inquiry if he still felt that his trust was in his Saviour, ‘O yes: what should I do without that? Jesus is with me. My trust is in him alone!’ ”

So passed away “a prince among pulpit men,” after having devoted his great influence for thirty-five years to promote the happiness of his race and elevate them to the dignity and glory contemplated in the gospel of Jesus. His influence still lives in the Church, and will last, preserved of God, when his contemporaries sleep by his side.

If the formation of a noble Christian character is the great end of life, then Dr. Leigh has gained it: if benevolence is the business of life, he performed his duty: if humility is the ornament of the servant of that Master who “washed his disciples’ feet,” then he wore it: if success in saving souls is the richest reward the minister receives on earth, then he reaped it to an extent equalled by few: if to enter safely the harbor is the crowning desire of the mariner who has long contended with wind and wave on a stormy sea, then did he finish his voyage with joy, and “an abundant entrance was ministered unto him into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”

The pleasant and devoted friend, the fond husband and tender parent, the humble Christian, and the faithful ambas-

sador of Christ, has finished the work which God gave him to do. The memory of friends retains the recollections of his life, and their hearts embalm them for ever.

“The pains of life are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.”

By vote of the North Carolina Conference, a tablet of marble has been placed within the walls of the chapel at Randolph Macon College, bearing the inscription given on the next page.

Sacred

TO THE MEMORY OF THE

REV. HEZEKIAH G. LEIGH, D. D.

HE WAS BORN IN PERQUIMANS COUNTY, N. C., Nov. 23, 1795.

PROFESSED CONVERSION IN 1817.

JOINED THE VIRGINIA CONFERENCE IN 1818.

In the division of the Conference of 1836, he became a member of the North Carolina Conference.

He died in Mecklenburg county, Virginia, September 18, 1853, aged fifty-eight years.

He was elected to every General Conference from 1824 to the time of his death: was a member of the Louisville Convention, and Trustee of Randolph Macon College.

He devoted the powers of his great mind to the service of the Church for thirty-five years, and was abundant in labors and success. He was the advocate of every measure to improve the literary and religious character of the Church. A lover of learning, he founded Randolph Macon College.

Pure in character, profound in the knowledge of Divine truths, eloquent as a minister, fervent in zeal, eminent in usefulness, he lived beloved by the good, and died lamented by his brethren.

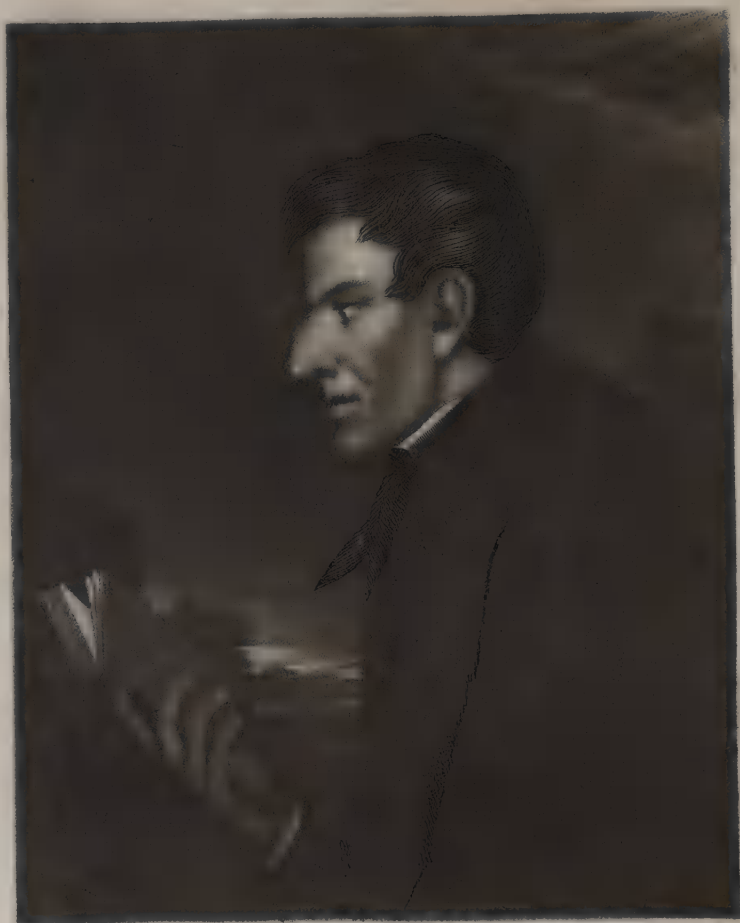
THIS TABLET

HAS BEEN ERECTED TO HIS MEMORY

BY HIS

BRETHREN OF THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE.





THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

VALENTINE COOK.

BY EDWARD STEVENSON, D. D

VALENTINE COOK, Jr., was born in the State of Pennsylvania, and brought up in Western Virginia.

His father, Valentine Cook, Sr., was the son of John Hamilton Cook, of London, England, and was first-cousin to the renowned mariner of that name. When but six years of age, he had the misfortune to lose his father, and was taken by his mother, after her second marriage, to Amsterdam, Holland, where he received a pretty thorough English and German education.

He came to this country before the American Revolution, and is said to have taken a very decided and active part in that memorable struggle for independence. He married in Pennsylvania, where he resided till after the close of the war. He then removed to Western Virginia, and permanently settled in the Greenbrier country, now Monroe county. Here he spent the residue of his days, esteemed and beloved by all as an intelligent, upright, and useful citizen.

Valentine, Jr., was his fifth son, and at an early period in life gave indications of a strong and vigorous intellect. His opportunities for acquiring an education were of the most

unpromising character. The schools in that new and thinly-populated country were few and very imperfectly supplied with teachers. Young Cook, however, succeeded in obtaining the rudiments of a common English education, and was so far instructed in German as to be able to read, write, and speak the language with ease and fluency. His moral principles and habits were such as to attract the attention and command the admiration of all who knew him.

During his early years, he was greatly devoted to hunting; and at that day no country in the world, perhaps, presented superior advantages of the sort to Western Virginia. That vast mountain range abounded with wild game, from the buffalo down to the pheasant. Such was his fondness for this kind of sport, that every hour he could redeem from the labors of the farm and the recitations of the school-room was appropriated in this way. Being a first-rate marksman, and having at command a well-trained pack of hounds, he seldom returned from those hunting excursions without having his pack-horse well loaded with wild meats, skins, furs, etc. His delight in the chase was such that he sometimes wandered far away from the settlements, and was compelled to take up his lodging for the night beneath the moss-grown cliffs or lofty forests that overhung those mountain heights, and that, too, while yet these frontier settlements were occasionally invaded by ferocious savage men.

But in the midst of all his juvenile sports and adventures, he never lost sight of the improvement of his mind. Hence, a portion of his time was devoted to reading and study. His library, though small, contained one very valuable book; and fortunately for him, in that book he was greatly delighted: it was the Bible. He read it with much interest and prayerful attention. Such was his fondness for the inspired records

that his mind became thoroughly imbued with their sacred teachings, though he was but a stripling. When far advanced in life, he could repeat chapter after chapter with the utmost facility, and always appeared to take great delight in letting his brethren and friends know that he had memorized these portions of Scripture long before he embraced religion; and in some instances, as he was in the habit of saying, he could not recollect the time when he was not able to repeat them. Of him, it may in truth be said, that from a child he knew the Holy Scriptures. It was from the careful and constant perusal of the Bible that his heart became so deeply impressed, even in his boyhood, with the importance of an early and unreserved consecration of himself to God and his cause.

His parents had been careful to teach him all they knew of religion, which at that time was very little. He, however, clearly saw and deeply deplored his lost condition as a depraved and guilty sinner. His parents, ignorant of the new birth, and strangers to the pardoning mercy of God, were disposed to mock at his tears and laugh at the frequency and fervency of his prayers. But nothing moved by these parental jeerings, he held on to the plainly-revealed promises of God, earnestly looking and anxiously groaning for deliverance. He felt himself to be a guilty, polluted sinner, and as such exposed to the righteous wrath of a sin-avenging God, with no way of escape but through the intervention and sacrificial death of Christ. To him he looked in earnest prayer by day and night.

About this time a Methodist preacher was sent out to that newly-settled region of country. He proclaimed the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ to the people in the demonstration of the Spirit and in power. A state of

general excitement was soon waked up in the community. Some openly opposed, others were indifferent, while a few were found willing to approve and advocate his new doctrine. Young Cook, with others, was soon rallied beneath his standard, and in a little time found it necessary to become the defender of this new religion and its votaries. The opposition with which he had hitherto been called to contend was merely nominal, but now his parents, in good earnest, began to protest and even threaten, while his former companions and associates did every thing in their power to annoy and irritate his feelings. To all this, however, he submitted with becoming forbearance, while at the same time he defended himself and the cause of Methodism with so much ability and kindness of spirit as soon to confound and silence opponents and persecutors. His father now so far yielded the point as to assure him that while he did not believe in religion according to his notions, he would interpose no further obstacles to his believing and acting in the matter as he might think proper and right.

During this period of his religious experience he became greatly discouraged. He had earnestly sought a direct assurance of his acceptance with God; but not having realized the object of his desire, he was sorely tempted to give up the struggle, and rest his hope of heaven on "doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God." Still the great and precious promises of the gospel, with the many clear and striking delineations of Christian experience and character, found upon record in the Epistles, induced him at length to abandon his doubts and fears, and to renew his efforts for the direct witness of his adoption into the family of God.

This painful conflict was continued for months. Per-

plexed and bewildered, like one lost in a trackless desert, he knew not which way to direct his steps.

About this time, he was impressed with a solemn sense of the lost condition of his father's family, and the obligation he was under to make some efforts in order to effect their salvation. In connection with an elder brother, he was ultimately induced to propose the establishment of family-worship in his father's house. The subject was submitted to the old gentleman, who, to their great gratification, readily assented, and promised to assist them in the attempt. From that time to the day of his death, the residence of Valentine Cook, Sr., was known and recognized by all as a "house of prayer." The old gentleman and lady, with most of the family and some of the neighbors, were soon brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

The gifts and graces of Valentine, Jr., were thus brought into requisition, and were so developed in the course of a few months as to satisfy the people that God had a great work for him to do. His father especially, convinced of his extraordinary endowments, and of his singularly pious and studious habits, determined, if possible, to give him a collegiate education. Cokesbury College had recently been established, and as it was a Methodist institution, application was made to Bishops Coke and Asbury for his admission, which was readily granted. At what time he entered, and how long he remained at this institution, we have no means of ascertaining. That he made good progress while connected with the school was fully evinced in the subsequent history of his life and labors. The habits which he formed during his connection with Cokesbury College were never abandoned. He continued to prosecute his literary, scientific, and theological studies amid all the changes

and vicissitudes to which he was subjected throughout the whole period of his subsequent life.

After leaving Cokesbury, which must have been in 1787, he returned to his father's in Western Virginia, where his labors as an exhorter were greatly blessed.

In 1788, he was received into the travelling ministry, and labored on different Circuits in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, until 1793. In 1794 and 1795, he travelled on the Philadelphia District: in 1796 and 1797, he was appointed to the Pittsburgh District: in 1798, he was sent as a missionary to Kentucky. During this year he was united by marriage to Miss Tabitha Slaughter, a niece of ex-Governor Slaughter of that State.

His health having so far failed as to render it impracticable for him to do effective work on any of the large Circuits, or still larger Districts of that newly-settled country, he located, in 1799, and was soon after induced to take charge of the Bethel Seminary, situated in Jessamine county, Ky. This was the second, as Cokesbury had been the first, institution of learning established by the Methodist Church in America. Mr. Cook continued at this school but a few years, owing principally to a feeling of opposition that had been very improperly awakened in the Church against the institution, and which he found it impossible to overcome.

He subsequently removed to Harrodsburg, in the same State, where he continued for some time as principal of a respectable academy.

He finally removed to Logan county, Ky., where he permanently settled his rapidly increasing family on a small farm some three miles north of Russellville. Here he remained to the day of his death, teaching sometimes in town and at other times in his own immediate neighborhood. In

all these different positions and relations, he shared to the fullest possible extent the respect and confidence of the people, as an able, devoted, and self-sacrificing minister of the gospel; while as a teacher he was regarded by all as among the most competent and successful in the country. He had the honor of numbering among his pupils some who have subsequently been distinguished as eminent physicians, lawyers, and statesmen.

But the preaching of the gospel, as the instrument ordained of God for the accomplishment of human salvation, was his one great work. However he may have been employed, whether at the handles of his plough, in the school-room, at his workshop, or presiding over the interests of a college, the winning of souls to Christ by the proclamation of his truth was the all-absorbing theme of his meditations, the great cardinal object to which his thoughts and efforts were constantly directed. At all times, and in every place, he was ready to preach Jesus and him crucified. By day and by night, during the week as well as on the holy Sabbath, he was ever ready to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to a perishing world. To him the place was nothing. Wherever the people were assembled and willing to hear—whether in the church, the court-house, the school-room, or the market-place, in the palaces of the rich or the hovels of the poor, to the slaves in their quarters or the vast multitudes on the camp-ground, he was never found unprepared to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. No ordinary circumstances could prevent the full and faithful discharge of his duty in this respect. His movements were never affected by the inclemency of the season. Through summer's heat and winter's cold, amid falling rains and driving snows, he was always at his appointments, holding forth in strains

of melting sweetness the gospel of the grace of God. The conversion of sinners, whether rich or poor, learned or illiterate, bond or free, was the all-engrossing subject of his thoughts and the all-controlling intent of his life. His word, whether in the pulpit, the class-room, the prayer-meeting, or the social circle, at all times and in every place, was quick and powerful, "sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow." Wherever his lot was cast, he was the instrument of bringing many to the knowledge of the truth. Through his influence the ignorant were enlightened, the unbelieving convinced, the careless awakened, and weeping penitents pointed to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Like his blessed Master, he was constantly going about doing good. The ministry and membership of the Church everywhere felt the potency of his example, and in many instances were led to put on the armor anew for the battle. Prayer-meetings were established, classes revived, societies raised up, and new churches organized, wherever his labors were employed or his influence felt. There are hundreds, and perhaps thousands, still living throughout the great West, who, under God, are indebted to the instrumentality of Valentine Cook for all their hopes of immortality and eternal life.

We will not be surprised at this when it is recollected that few men ever read the Holy Scriptures with so much prayerful solicitude to understand and practice and proclaim the whole counsel of God to men. The Bible was his constant companion, at home and abroad, in public and in private. Other books he read, as opportunity served and as occasions required, but the Bible he read every day. Whether found in his private study, the school-room, the field, or the

forest, he always had the precious volume at command. He was often observed poring over its sacred pages when travelling on horseback, as well as on foot. So thoroughly was he posted in the teaching of the inspired penmen that no passage could be called for that he was not able to repeat, or to which he could not turn in a few moments. Of him it may in truth be said, he was mighty in the Scriptures. In the pulpit, he usually announced the book, chapter, and verse of his quotations; and when he deemed it necessary, as he sometimes did, for the establishment of an important position, it was truly astonishing with what facility he could call up his proofs from all the different parts of the inspired volume.

Among the causes of his great success in the work of the ministry, the plainness of his style and the simplicity of his manner should not be overlooked. No one ever complained of not being able to understand him. When discussing "the deep things of God," his positions were always so clearly stated, and so fully and appropriately sustained and illustrated, that the unlettered African found as little difficulty in comprehending his meaning as the most thoroughly educated. The principal ground of complaint among unbelieving, impenitent sinners, and cold-hearted, worldly-minded professors was, that they understood him *too well* for their comfort and quietude. A wicked man once remarked that he could listen to the Rev. Mr. — all day and sleep soundly all the following night; but added, "I never get a comfortable night's rest for at least a month after hearing Father Cook preach one sermon. He always says something that I can't forget."

At a camp-meeting held in Southern Kentucky, while Mr. Cook was preaching on these words, "Because there is wrath,

beware lest he take thee away with his stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee," a gentleman arose in the congregation and exclaimed, under great excitement, "Stop! stop! till I can get out of this place!" Mr. Cook immediately paused, and said, "Let us pray for that man." The gentleman started from his place, but just as he reached the outskirts of the assembly, he sunk to the earth, and began to cry aloud for mercy.

Valentine Cook literally preached the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and with so much sincerity, affection, and tenderness, as not only to arrest and fix the attention, but to carry the truth directly home to the hearts of his hearers. Though deeply read in the arts and sciences, and possessing as intimate a knowledge of the original languages as any man of his day, he made no unnecessary display of his learning; and, except in controversy, was seldom ever known to recite the original in the pulpit. In the elucidation and enforcement of his subjects, he sometimes alluded to science, philosophy, and history, and in fact to every thing within the range of his knowledge. This, however, he always did in a manner so perfectly plain and simple that the most ignorant and unlearned could not possibly fail to understand his meaning. He studiously avoided metaphysical discussions. His subjects were always strictly evangelical, and generally well adapted to the occasions. In their discussion, the important points were generally illustrated and enforced with such well-known facts and familiar circumstances as to make a deep and lasting impression on the minds of his hearers.

Mr. Cook was not what has been usually considered a methodical preacher. He seldom entered on a labored argument; but then he so seized on the great fundamental

features of the Christian system, and discussed them in a manner so very original, and with a spirit so truly evangelical, as to make a most salutary impression on the vast crowds that everywhere attended his ministry. Such was his extraordinary manner in communicating the truth to the minds of his hearers, that of the thousands still living who may have occasionally heard him preach, not one perhaps can be found that does not retain a lively recollection of much that fell from his lips. We have conversed with many who, though they never heard him but once, could call up the leading positions of his sermon, as well as the principal facts and incidents by which they were enforced. With a mind so fully stored with revealed truth, a heart so deeply imbued with the Holy Spirit, so filled with the love of souls, so free from all self-dependence, and withal so strengthened, sustained, and comforted by the power of a living faith—a faith that knew not to stagger at the promises of God—no one need be astonished at the almost miraculous results that everywhere crowned his labors.

But in addition to his intimate acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, the plainness and simplicity of his style and manner, it should be recollected that he was preëminently a man of prayer. The habit of praying in secret three times a day, which he formed at an early period of his Christian course, was never abandoned or even modified. On occasions of special interest, his whole heart, as well as his whole time, was almost exclusively given up to prayer. In his mighty wrestlings with God, he appears generally to have prevailed. The following, in substance, was received by the writer from the lips of his bereaved widow a few months subsequent to his death. "Soon after our settlement in that neighborhood," she said, "there being no Methodist

society near us, my husband said to me one evening, as we were sitting beneath some forest trees that stood in the yard, 'My dear, what do you think of our having a meeting-house in that grove?' I remarked that there was but little prospect of such an occurrence. 'Well,' said he, 'I have been praying for direction on the subject for some time, and I have become strongly impressed with the belief that if we were to appoint a camp-meeting out there in the grove, our neighbors and friends from a distance would help us to support it; and I am fully satisfied that the result would be the conversion of a sufficient number of the people to form a good society and build a comfortable house of worship;' and after a little pause, he added, 'I think we must make the attempt.' I knew him so well, and had so seldom known any of his plans for doing good to fail, that I readily assented. The meeting was accordingly appointed—the neighbors cheerfully assisted in sustaining it—many were awakened and converted—a fine society was organized; and that meeting-house," pointing to a respectable hewed-log church that stood on a little elevation some two or three hundred yards from the family residence, "was soon erected."

Another instance of his faith and power with God in prayer was received at the same time and from the same source. At one time, she said, their class-leader, T—G—, was taken very ill. Her husband was with him most of the time, and was greatly interested on his account. The case at length was pronounced hopeless by his physicians. Mr. Cook coming into the room when it was supposed the sick man was actually dying, approached his bed and said to him in a distinct tone of voice, "Brother G—, do you know me?" "O yes," was the reply. "Do you desire," said he, "that we continue to pray for your recovery?" "I

leave that," said the afflicted man, "to you and them." He then walked into the room where the physicians were in consultation. "What," said he, "is the conclusion? Must Brother G—— die at this time?" "He must, without the intervention of Almighty power," was the reply. "Well then," said Mr. Cook, "I'll go to Him in whose hands are the issues of life and death. I shall file two pleas for his restoration: the one on behalf of his family, and the other on account of the Church." He then retired to the woods. In less than an hour he returned, and was told that there was no change for the better. He again retired, and did not return till some time after dark. When he entered the sick man's room, he exclaimed, "Brother G——, the Lord has heard our prayers: your life will be prolonged, for the sake of the Church and your family." He immediately left for home, declining to exchange a word with any as he retired. In less than a week, Brother G—— was walking about his room, and is living to this day, though evidently on the margin of eternity.

That Valentine Cook had great power with God in prayer will not be denied by any who ever knew him. He very seldom entered the pulpit without having previously retired to some secret place for the renewal of his commission and the strengthening of his faith. On many occasions his brethren and friends had to hunt him up and bring him from his knees to the sacred desk. He was so thoroughly convinced that without the agency of the Holy Spirit no merely human preparation could suffice for the successful proclamation of the gospel, that he was never willing to enter the sacred place without a conscious sense of the Divine presence. The matter of his sermons was always good, strictly evangelical, sufficiently varied, and abundant. His word was

generally accompanied by the demonstrative power of the Holy Spirit. He had no confidence whatever in "the arm of flesh:" his sufficiency was all of God. There must have been something very remarkable in his manner of preaching. The truth as delivered by him was most generally so imprinted on the minds of his hearers as never to be forgotten. The writer now has in his possession a number of letters addressed to his youngest daughter, Mrs. Susan Beaumont, when she was making an effort to collect materials for a life of her father, many of which were written by individuals who never heard that great and good man but once or twice. Such was the impression made on their minds, that, with scarce an exception, they give as full and circumstantial an account of the discourses they heard as though they were giving a relation of something that had just taken place, whereas, in most cases, they were drawing upon their memories for near a quarter of a century.

We give the following as a sample of the whole. It is from the pen of a distinguished living minister: "When quite a youth," he says, "it was my privilege to attend an Annual Conference at Norvel's camp-ground. There I saw and heard, for the first and last time, the venerable Valentine Cook. The congregation was immense. His subject was the fall of Judas. He dwelt at some length on the mercenary motives by which he was actuated, his treachery, duplicity, etc. Never shall I forget the dark and horrible picture which he drew of a faithless minister of the cross of Christ. All covered with guilt and shame, he held him up before his God and a congregated world; and then, with a look that has never been effaced from my mind, he exclaimed, in tones that seemed to startle the entire assembly, 'It were better for that man that he had never been born!'

The shock upon the members of the Conference was like that of an earthquake. Such was the effect upon my own young heart that I found myself involuntarily saying, 'I'll never be a preacher.' Turning from the dreadful doom of a Judas, at which my heart had shrunk back with horror, he soon brought our minds to rest on the more attractive elements of ministerial character as developed in the lives and labors of the faithful. The portraiture of the great apostle of the Gentiles was evidently in his mind's eye. He pictured, as few could have done, the toils, privations, persecutions, and manifold afflictions of a truly Christian minister; and then, in striking contrast, his countenance glowing as with celestial light, he sketched his triumphs, glanced at his final exit from these mortal shores, and followed him in his lofty flight to his endless home. The language of my heart was suddenly changed, and I found myself involuntarily saying, 'O that God would call me to be a preacher of the gospel!'

"In the course of his remarks, he adverted to the great apostolic promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.' He maintained that Christ would be with his faithful ministers at all times and in every place, to direct, sustain, and comfort. Here he paused, and wiping away the tears that fell like dewdrops from his face, he related the following incident which occurred at an early period of his ministry. When wending his way through the Alleghany Mountains at a late hour on Saturday evening, a lonely stranger, knowing and known of none, he began to reflect on his chances for the night and the approaching Sabbath. He had already been several times repulsed in his applications. At length he saw a neat dwelling on the side of a neighboring mountain. He rode up, with but little hope of success. A well-dressed lady came to the door. In a sub-

dued tone of voice, he inquired, 'Can you accommodate a stranger for the night?' She looked at him for a moment, and said, 'Yes, and to-morrow too. You are the very man I saw in my dream last night.' 'Hallelujah!' exclaimed the old hero of the cross, 'I saw the hand of God in it all.' The Spirit of the Lord commenced the work that night. He preached to the people the next day: a glorious revival broke out in the neighborhood: upwards of seventy souls were converted to God: a Methodist society was organized, and the whole settlement brought under the influence of the gospel before I left the place. Well did he exclaim, as he brought that mighty effort to a close, 'Brethren, the Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge!' He took his seat amid the falling tears and ascending shouts of preachers and people. I shall never cease to be grateful for the privilege of having heard one sermon from such a mighty man of God."

Valentine Cook had his peculiarities, and, we might add, his eccentricities also. Being almost constantly absorbed in thought, and withal having a mind so constituted that when directed to any particular subject he seemed to lose sight in a great measure of every thing else, he was generally regarded as an absent-minded man. It was related of him that soon after his marriage his wife accompanied him to one of his appointments. After preaching an excellent sermon, he mounted his horse and rode back to the residence of his father-in-law, where they were then living. When he entered the hall-door, Mrs. Slaughter very naturally asked him what had become of his wife. He was deeply mortified, and immediately started back in pursuit of her. When they met, perceiving that her feelings were much wounded, he burst into tears, and made every explanation that the nature of the

case would admit—assuring her that for the future he would try to do better, which he no doubt did; but to little or no purpose: the like occurrences marked his whole history, notwithstanding his oft-repeated efforts to divest himself of this liability.

He was frequently known to leave his horse tied up in the woods, or safely housed in the stable of some friend where he had preached, and walk all the way home, never once thinking of his horse until interrogated on the subject by his wife or children. On one occasion, he started for an appointment some six or eight miles from his residence. When but a short distance from the chapel at which he was to preach, he turned aside into the barrens, as was his custom, for the purpose of spending a while in private devotion. On remounting his horse and returning to the road, he unwittingly took the wrong course, and was jogging along towards home, humming a favorite tune, when met by some of his friends who were going to hear him preach. "Well, brethren," said the old gentleman very pleasantly, "are you not going the wrong way?" They thought not. "We are going to Bibb's Chapel to hear you preach, and this is certainly the right road." He appeared much astonished; but, yielding the point in dispute, he turned about and accompanied them to the church, being much more inclined than any of the company to laugh at his blunder.

Mr. Cook was remarkably fond of music, instrumental as well as vocal. He was a good singer himself, and wherever he went, encouraged the young people especially to learn to sing, never forgetting the apostolic injunction, "with the spirit, and with the understanding also." He used to say that he never felt fully prepared for preaching until he heard a good, old-fashioned hymn, or evangelical song, well sung.

While he lived in the towns of Kentucky, he would sometimes sit for hours at his window by night, listening, with the most intense delight, to the soft and mellow strains of the flute and violin, or to the more shrill and piercing notes of the clarionet. When he resided in the vicinity of Russellville, the young men of the town, knowing his fondness for music, were in the habit of giving him serenades at late hours of the night. On such occasions, they always received a cordial welcome, and were more than remunerated for their trouble by his fatherly counsels, which were usually given in a manner so very impressive as never to be erased from their memory. Incidents and anecdotes related by this venerable apostle of Methodism are still recited with peculiar interest by some who participated in those nocturnal visitations. But of Mr. Cook's peculiarities we have said enough, perhaps too much, although a volume might be filled with such matter.

A short time previous to his death, he attended a camp-meeting, some eight or ten miles from home. As usual, he labored with great zeal and success. He preached on the Sabbath to a vast crowd, from these words: "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." 2 Cor. iv. 17. After a solemn and very impressive pause, he lifted his eyes to heaven, and said, "What! our afflictions work for us a weight of glory—a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!" and added, "I believe it with all my heart, because thou, O God, hast revealed it in this blessed volume!" The effect upon the congregation is said to have been very remarkable, and the discourse throughout has been represented as among the most able and effective that he ever delivered. This was the last sermon he preached, as I was informed by his weeping widow a few months after his death.

On his return home from this meeting, he was violently attacked with bilious fever. His case from the first was considered doubtful, and finally hopeless. Conscious of his approaching dissolution, he called his wife and children to his bedside, and after taking a last earthly leave, he committed them, with great apparent confidence, to the guidance and protection of Almighty Goodness. When asked by one of his neighbors, a few moments before his death, how he felt, he answered, "I scarcely know;" and then added, "When I think of Jesus, and of living with him for ever, I am so filled with the love of God that I scarcely know whether I am in the body or out of the body." These were the last words that fell from his lips. He died as he had lived, strong in faith, giving glory to God.

A few months after his death, in company with his disconsolate widow and a large group of fatherless children, I walked out from the family residence to the lovely place where the mortal remains of that great man had been so recently deposited. We stood and looked in silence at the honored spot. It was a solemn scene, too deeply affecting and too mournfully sacred for the utterance of a consoling word. I heard the heavy breathings of the mother's saddened heart, and saw the falling tears of her fatherless children as they stood around her. We retired, full of the faith that looks not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. I thought of the judgment-day, of the resurrection-morn, of the glory that awaits the faithful beyond the shores of time. My recollections of that melancholy visitation will never be obliterated from my mind.

In conformity with his oft-repeated wishes, Father Cook was buried in the midst of a beautiful grove of young cedars near the centre of his little farm. To this day, no lofty

column of enduring marble, nor even a rude stone from the surrounding hills, marks the place of his interment. The mighty dead need nothing of the sort to perpetuate their memory. Their monuments will be found in their deeds. The name of Valentine Cook is embalmed in the hearts of thousands who still live upon earth; and will doubtless be revered through all the ages of eternity by vast multitudes who through his instrumentality were plucked as "brands from the burning."

THOMAS LOGAN DOUGLASS.

BY J. B. M'FERRIN, D. D.

To trace the rise and progress of Christianity is a most interesting and delightful task. It never fails to impress the heart of the serious inquirer with the divinity of its origin and the constant supervising care of Him who said to his apostles, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." Inseparably connected with the history of the Church is the history of the ministry: the one necessarily involves the other. The ministry is an essential part of the Church; indeed, in point of time, the institution of the ministry preceded the organization of the Church. Moreover, the ministry gives tone and character to the Church. The Church is known by her ministers; and the prosperity of the Church, under God, depends in a measure upon the piety, zeal, and fidelity of her chief ministers.

No Church organization in modern times, we judge, can boast of a more faithful, devoted, and self-sacrificing ministry than the Methodist Episcopal Church. The founders of Methodism were celebrated for their deep piety and entire consecration to God, as well as for their learning and talents; and the first American preachers were never excelled in self-denial and apostolic zeal. And while we give due credit to

all who toil in the Master's vineyard, and appreciate the labors of those pioneers of Methodism who introduced the gospel in the North or East, yet every one familiar with the history of the rise and progress of the Church in America will concede that those who bore the tidings of salvation to the wilds of the Mississippi Valley were more abundant in labors and sacrifices than their brethren in other quarters. It is the glory of the Methodist Church that her ministers are always found on the frontiers. They build on no other man's foundation; but, in the name of Christ, they go among the poor and the destitute, and raise the banner of the cross where the people would but for them sit in the region and shadow of death.

In no portion of the South-west has Methodism been more successful than in Tennessee. Its membership is very large, and the number of its ministers great. It is the leading denomination in the State, to say nothing of the vast multitudes of Tennessee Methodists who have gone farther West. Perhaps no State in the Southern Connection has sent abroad as many ministers of the gospel as Tennessee. They are found in Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, Missouri, Texas, California, and among the Indian tribes; in addition to scores who are laboring in other States and Territories. Why Methodism should have taken so deep root in the State, and have spread its influence so extensively, is worthy of inquiry. Were we called upon to solve the question, we should perhaps attribute the fact to two causes—keeping always in view its doctrines, which we regard as scriptural: the first is, the early introduction of Methodism in the new settlements; and, secondly, the zeal and ability of the pioneer preachers.

No permanent settlements were made in Middle Tennessee

till about the year 1780. A few adventurous men encamped on the Cumberland in the year 1779, and raised a crop of corn where Nashville now stands; but not until 1780 did the colonists arrive. The first permanent colony was then planted in Tennessee, west of the Cumberland Mountains. And even then the few inhabitants had to protect themselves from ferocious savages by block-houses and other fortifications. In this condition the colonists lived for several years; consequently, the settlements were very few and difficult of access. Nevertheless, the love of Christ constrained the heart of the Methodist itinerant, and he was soon found in these fortifications preaching Christ and him crucified.

By referring to the Annual Minutes, we find that in 1787 Benjamin Ogden was appointed to Cumberland. His work embraced Nashville and the few settlements then on the Cumberland river, extending perhaps into Kentucky. From the date of the Minutes, and the usual time of holding the Conference, we presume Mr. Ogden reached his new field of labor in the autumn of 1786. Of this, however, there is no positive proof. The result of this year's missionary work may be known in part by the statistics: the Minutes show the numbers in society on the Cumberland Circuit to be fifty-nine white and four colored members. This was the beginning of Methodism in Tennessee west of the mountains.

Previous to this date, one or two Circuits had been formed in Upper East Tennessee, where societies had been organized, and a few hundred gathered into the Church.

Mr. Ogden was a plain, strong, effective preacher, and did much in planting Methodism in the Western wilds. He was much beloved by the people, a few of whom still remain, cherishing the memory of the venerable man.

The Minutes of 1788 show that David Combs and Barnabas

McHenry were appointed to Cumberland. These were good and faithful men, the latter of whom grew to be a giant in moral and intellectual strength. They had a prosperous year, the returns showing the number to have increased to two hundred and twenty-five.

From this small beginning, Methodism grew and increased in favor with the people, till "Cumberland" became a portion of a Presiding Elder's District in the West. The first District seems to have been formed in 1789, and consisted of the following charges, viz. :

Lexington—James Haw, Wilson Lee, and Stephen Brooks.

Danville—Barnabas McHenry and Peter Massie.

Cumberland—Thomas Williamson and Joshua Hartley.

Francis Poythress was the Presiding Elder.

In 1796, the General Conference divided the whole Connection into "six yearly Conferences," one of which was denominated "the Western Conference." It was "for the States of Kentucky and Tennessee: *provided*, that the Bishops shall have authority to appoint other yearly Conferences in the interval of the General Conference, if a sufficiency of new Circuits be anywhere formed for that purpose."

The first Western Conference met at Bethel School, Ky., May, 1797. It embraced two Districts, and seems to have taken one or two Circuits in South-western Virginia. The following we copy from the Minutes of that year :

John Kobler, Presiding Elder.

Francis Poythress, Supernumerary.

Limestone—Aquila Jones.

Hinkstone—John Page.

Lexington—Benjamin Lakin.

Danville—Jeremiah Lawson, Thomas Allen.

Salt River—Henry Smith, Williams Kavanaugh.

Cumberland—Thomas Wilkerson, Obadiah Strange.

Jonathan Bird, Presiding Elder.

Green—John Buxton, Robert Wilkerson.

Holston—William Burke, William Duzan.

Russell—John Watson.

New River—Joseph Dunn.

The whole membership reported that year amounted in the Tennessee portion of the Western Conference to five hundred and thirty-four whites and forty-two colored.

Within a few years after this date, the work revived greatly, and hundreds and thousands were added to the Church. The year 1800 was signally owned of God, and wonderful displays of his power were seen among the people. In the meantime, the tide of emigration from the older States to the rich valleys of the West was greatly increased, and the cause of Christ kept pace with the population; so that by the year 1812 the Western Conference extended its borders so as to embrace Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Only a few points, indeed, of this vast country were occupied, because the settlements were sparse; yet wherever the preachers could find an open door, they entered in, and began the good work of saving the souls of the people.

The statistics show that the Western Conference at this period was composed of the following Districts, viz.: Holston, Cumberland, Nashville, Wabash, Kentucky, Salt River, Mississippi, Illinois, Miami, and Muskingum. The membership numbered 29,093 whites and 1648 colored.

Well may we exclaim, What had God wrought! In about twenty-five years, a people that were no people had become a multitude. The wilderness and solitary place had been made to blossom as the rose, and springs of water had broken

forth in the dry and thirsty land. In this great valley that was inhabited by prowling beasts and savage men, where murder and cruelty had prevailed, the gospel of peace had been proclaimed, and more than thirty thousand lost sheep had been brought into the fold.

The limits allowed for this brief sketch will not permit the writer even to name the many noble instruments employed in the glorious work, nor to recount the sufferings they endured, the sacrifices they made, the labors they performed. Their record is on high, and most of them have gone to inherit their rich reward. A few still linger on this side the stream, but they stand on the mountain-top, looking over into the promised land. Peaceful and triumphant be their exit!

We have said that the pioneers of Methodism in the West and South-west were of untiring zeal and great ability. Indeed, there were giants in those days. Many of their names are familiar: they are household words. The memory of Ogden, McHenry, Poythress, Lee, Birchett, Massie, Crane, McKendree, Blackman, Walker, Wilkerson, Thompson, Burke, Gwin, and hundreds more, is a sweet savor to the Church. These all died in the faith, and are now sharing with Paul the crown of righteousness.

The first *delegated* General Conference convened in Baltimore, May 1, 1812. Here the Western Conference was divided into two, the Tennessee and the Ohio Conferences. The Tennessee Conference held its first session at Fountain-head meeting-house, in Sumner county, November 1, 1812. The work, as appears on the Minutes for the next year ensuing, consisted of the following Presiding Elders' Districts, viz.: Holston, Nashville, Cumberland, Wabash, and Mississippi—the remainder of the Western Conference having

been placed in connection with the Ohio Conference. Embraced in these five Districts there were fifty-one Circuits; and, including the Presiding Elders, sixty-two laborers were employed. The statistics show that the membership numbered 20,633 whites, and 2066 colored.

The reader will not fail to observe that this newly-organized Conference extended from the south-western border of Virginia to the Tombigbee, and from St. Louis to New Orleans, embracing most of the settled portions of Illinois and Southern Indiana.

The second session of the Tennessee Conference was held at Rees's Chapel, near Franklin, Tenn, October 1, 1813. In the appointments for the ensuing year, a new name appears among the Western preachers: it is that which stands at the head of this sketch, Thomas L. Douglass.

Of Mr. Douglass's early history, there is but little recorded which can be made available in this sketch. He has doubtless left valuable documents, if they could only be brought to light; and the writer hopes that a more extended biography may yet be prepared which will spread before the Church in greater detail the important events of the life of one who labored so effectively in his Lord's vineyard.

Mr. Douglass was a native of Person county, North Carolina, born in the year 1781. Of his parentage and early training we have but little information, yet, as he inherited a handsome patrimony, we infer that he was brought up in easy circumstances. His education was evidently designed to prepare him for a mercantile life, and he spent a portion of his early years as a merchant's clerk. Of the languages and sciences he gained but a limited knowledge in his school-boy days.

He early embraced the Christian religion, and was con-

verted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1798. He was licensed to preach in the latter part of the year 1800. Thus, at the early age of nineteen, he commenced the work of preaching the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In the year 1801, he was admitted on trial in the Virginia Conference, and appointed to the Hanover and Williamsburg Circuit. His colleagues were William Davis and Daniel Ross.

His second year he travelled Swanino Circuit alone, in Salisbury District, North Carolina, then included in the Virginia Conference.

At the end of his second year, he was received into full connection, ordained Deacon, and appointed in charge of the Guilford Circuit, John Ballew being his colleague.

His fourth year was Greensville Circuit, Norfolk District: Daniel Kelley his associate.

At the close of this year, he was elected and ordained Elder, and stationed at Portsmouth, Virginia.

His next year was spent on the Bertie Circuit, with John Pinner as his colleague.

In 1807, he was appointed Presiding Elder of Salisbury District.

In 1808, he was placed on the Yadkin District. This was nearly the same ground he occupied the previous year, but a new name was given to the District.

In 1809, he was appointed to the James River District, which embraced Richmond and the adjacent country.

He was continued on this work till 1813, when his name appears in the Minutes as being stationed in Richmond, with Thomas Burge.

During this year, he was transferred to the Tennessee Conference, and stationed in Nashville. At the session of the

Virginia Conference in February, 1813, Mr. Douglass received his last appointment in that division of the work. He was transferred the October following, at which time the Tennessee Conference convened.

By glancing at his appointments during his connection with the Virginia Conference, it will be seen that though young he occupied many of the most important fields of labor in Virginia and North Carolina. He was associated, too, with men who took high rank in those days; such as Jesse Lee, Philip Bruce, Richard Lattimore, John Early, and others. Mr. Douglass was not only a popular preacher in Virginia, but he was remarkable for his success. He was the instrument, in the hands of God, of the conversion of hundreds and thousands of precious souls for whom Jesus died. He had, moreover, the confidence of his elder brethren, and especially the Bishops. Hence we find him, when he had been only six years in the ministry, in charge of a large and important District, and continued in this responsible position for several years in succession. He was also chosen as a representative to the first delegated General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. This was held in Baltimore, May, 1812. By reference to the Journal of that Conference, we find Mr. Douglass on important committees, and taking an active part in the proceedings of the body. During the session of the Conference, he attracted great attention as a preacher: crowds assembled to hear the eloquent young Virginian, who won upon the hearts of the multitudes, and produced impressions which were not erased for many years. In 1840, the writer met many in Baltimore who remembered the eloquent and powerful sermons Thomas L. Douglass preached in 1812.

The first appointment of Mr. Douglass in Tennessee was

the town of Nashville, then comparatively a small village. The number of Methodists was small, the Minutes showing at the close of the year only thirty-eight whites and thirty-five colored. The appointment as a separate charge, we presume, was only temporary, as we find the town incorporated in the Circuit the ensuing year, and for several years afterward. Indeed, Nashville was not constituted a regular station till the autumn of 1818, when John Johnson was appointed in charge, and continued for two years.

Mr. Douglass was appointed his second year in the Tennessee Conference in charge of the Nashville District, as the successor of that great and good man, Learner Blackman. The District comprehended all that portion of Middle Tennessee south of the Cumberland river, and extended into North Alabama, embracing all the territory then inhabited in the region between the Tennessee State line and the Tennessee river.

On this District he was continued for four years; and after an interim of one year, during which he was a supernumerary, he was returned to the Nashville District, where he was continued for four years more in regular succession. The work, however, in this time had been greatly enlarged, new Districts formed, and the plan of the work much modified.

During these eight years' labor, Mr. Douglass was actively engaged in the work of the ministry, and witnessed a great ingathering into the fold of Christ. Few men were ever more popular and useful, or exercised a greater influence on the multitudes, than this excellent servant of the Church.

By twenty years' hard labor in those days, when the rides were long, camp-meetings numerous, and much of the preaching of necessity performed in the open air, Mr. Doug-

lass's health became somewhat impaired. Yet he subsequently labored in various places: sometimes as a supernumerary, and again as efficient; now in the Station, and then on the District or Circuit—ever exemplifying in his conversation that he was a devoted Christian and a faithful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

He was for many years Secretary of the Tennessee Conference, and Treasurer of the Conference Missionary Society. He was several times a delegate to the General Conference, and in 1832, and again in 1836, was the Secretary of that body.

Soon after his removal to the West, he was united in marriage to Miss Frances McGee, daughter of the Rev. John McGee, a distinguished Methodist preacher, and one of the honored instruments of the wonderful revival that excited the Western country about the year 1800. Mr. Douglass located his family in Williamson county, Tennessee, where on a farm he employed himself in agricultural pursuits when not able to do effective work in the ministry. Several years of the latter part of his life he suffered much bodily affliction, but whenever able to work, he was employed in doing good. As a farmer, he might, in many respects, have been considered a model. Order, neatness, and comfort were displayed in every thing that pertained to his house and farm.

To give the reader an idea of the spirit, zeal, and success of Mr. Douglass as a minister, we insert a report of the work in his District which he furnished to the editors of the Methodist Magazine.

NASHVILLE DISTRICT, Oct. 15th, 1820.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I would communicate the intelligence contained in the following letter to one of our Bishops, if I knew where a letter could reach him in safety; but as afflic-

tions have prevented their contemplated route through this country, I take the privilege of making the communication to you, that you may, if you think proper, give it a place in our Magazine, and by that means let the lovers of Jesus know what God is doing for us in Tennessee.

In the opening of last spring, we witnessed something more than an ordinary attention to the ministry of the word, especially in those parts of Nashville and Lebanon Circuits which lie adjoining. There were frequent awakenings and conversions in other parts of the District, but this seemed to be the point where the prospect of the work was the most promising. On Saturday, the 24th of June, a Quarterly Meeting commenced at Ross's Meeting-house, Nashville Circuit, Wilson county. The preachers from Lebanon Circuit attended with us, together with many of the members from both Circuits. They brought the fire with them. The meeting continued until Tuesday, and the Lord crowned it with seventeen converts. Thus far the work progressed, rather silently indeed, but very sweetly; and during one quarter in Lebanon Circuit, upwards of two hundred were added to the Church, and about one hundred souls converted at the regular Circuit appointments. The expectations of the people were up. Zion travailed. The professors were sending their prayers to Heaven, and the general attention of the people seemed to be turned toward our approaching camp-meeting, which commenced on Friday, July 14th, at Centre Meeting-house, in Wilson county. Thursday was a day of incessant rain, and the prospect seemed very unpromising; but on Friday morning the material sun arose without a cloud to obstruct his cheering rays. All nature seemed to smile, and every thing was calculated to inspire the human mind, and call forth its energies in praise to God. The people began to

collect very early, and came in crowds from every direction. The camp-ground had been considerably enlarged, but still we had to double the lines of the tents. Thirty-three preachers, and I think not less than five thousand people, attended this meeting.

Divine service commenced on Friday at two o'clock. After a sermon was delivered, the order of the meeting was published, and an invitation given to the mourners to come into the altar. About thirty came forward, and before sunset, four of them professed conversion. At candle-light, we had another sermon: the mourners were again invited into the altar. About fifty were supposed to be on their knees when we engaged in prayer for them, and before next morning, nine of them found the blessing. On Saturday morning at sunrise a sermon was delivered, and the altar was nearly filled with mourners. We had preaching at eight, eleven, and three o'clock, but the work was too great to admit of preaching at candle-light. We had the trumpet blown according to the order of the meeting, for the purpose of having a sermon delivered; but just at that moment two or three struggled into liberty and rose praising God, while several others sunk under the power of conviction. We saw it was impossible for the people to hear preaching, so we declined it, and consented that God should work his own way, and thirty-one souls professed to find peace with God during the day and night. On Sabbath we had preaching at sunrise, at eight, ten, and eleven o'clock. The work was great. Jehovah was in the camp. We did not attempt to preach in the afternoon, or at night. The convictions and conversions were almost perpetual; and on Monday morning it was estimated there were eighty-six souls who professed to get converted through the preceding day and night. At seven

o'clock on Monday morning, the ordinance of baptism was administered to seven adults and twenty-five children. A Divine power rested upon us, and the Lord was present to sanction the ordinance in which we are called by his name. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was then administered to several hundred communicants. It was a time of sweet communion with each other and with our Lord. We closed the administration of the ordinance with a sermon about twelve o'clock, after which there was no more preaching through the afternoon or night. On Tuesday morning, at eight o'clock, a sermon was delivered, and about twelve o'clock the meeting ended. Through Monday, Monday night, and Tuesday, until the close of the meeting, fifty-eight professed to find the Lord. About forty mourners were on their knees when the congregation was dismissed, fourteen of whom obtained the blessing, some on the ground, and others on their way home; making in all two hundred and two who professed faith in the Lord Jesus. On Tuesday morning, we opened a door for the admission of members, and one hundred and eleven joined the Church, sixty of whom were young men.

I do not remember that I ever saw more agreeable weather for a meeting in my life; and such was the continual and glorious display of Divine power, that the altar was never empty of mourners from the time they were first invited into it until the meeting ended, except when they were carried out, that we might administer the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper; neither did the people all leave the stage day or night from the beginning to the end of the meeting. The cries and groans for mercy among the distressed were perpetual; the shouts of the young converts and old professors were almost without intermission; and such a sense of

the Divine presence prevailed, that it seemed to impose a solemn awe upon the people as they entered the encampment, so that we had no interruption, nor a single instance of misbehavior worth noticing, during the meeting. An aged sinner was heard to say, "He had never seen the like before: God had sanctified the ground, and none could walk upon it without feeling awful." No opposition, nor a single remark was heard against the reality of the work. Some who had once been opposers of religion acknowledged they believed this work to be genuine. When the congregation was addressed on Tuesday, a request was made that all—not only those who had obtained religion, but those also who intended to seek it in good earnest, should get on their knees and join in prayer; and it was remarked that there was not an individual present who did not instantly drop on his knees. This was followed by a general cry for mercy throughout the congregation. We could no longer get the mourners into the altar: it was *altar* all over the camp-ground. When the meeting was drawing to a close, a young man who had obtained religion stood up on one of the seats, and, looking over the congregation, exclaimed, "O Lord, must I go home and leave these people, and leave this place!" This was repeated three times, with an emphasis that seemed to penetrate every heart, as though it was the language of each individual present.

I have been a little more particular in giving an exact account of this meeting, because it is considered as being the commencement of the greatest work that ever was seen in the Western country. The holy afflatus was felt like an electrical shock in the surrounding counties, and its influence experienced more than one hundred miles in less than a week. The Rev. Edward Morris, John McGee, John Page,

and Charles Ledbetter, who have been instruments in planting the gospel in different parts of the United States, and are known by many of the old Methodists, were at this meeting, and pronounced it to be the greatest time they had ever seen.

Our camp-meeting for Caney Fork Circuit commenced on Friday, July 21st, at Goodhope, in Warren county. This, upon the whole, was a great and good time. The country is but thinly inhabited, and our congregation was comparatively small, though larger than usual at that place. We had sixty-eight converts, and thirty-one joined society. Another camp-meeting was held at the same time, near Shelbyville, by the Presbyterians and Methodists jointly. This was the time of the anniversary of their "Bible Society." The Lord favored them with his presence, and about seventy professed faith in Christ, amongst whom were some of the students belonging to the academy.

We have had a gracious work in Duck River Circuit. The Quarterly Meeting, June 10th, at the Big-spring Meeting-house, in Maury county, was turned into a little camp-meeting. It was a new place, and but few people attended: however, the Lord was with us, and gave us twenty-six converts. Our regular camp-meeting for this Circuit commenced on Friday, July 28th, at Zion, in Maury county, and ended on Tuesday following. Here we had to contend with all the prejudices which Calvinism and Anti-pedobaptism are calculated to generate against the work of God; but our exertions were in proportion, and the Lord gave us eighty-two converts, and sixty-four joined the Church. I baptized twenty-seven children and sixteen adults, and administered the Lord's Supper to upwards of four hundred communicants.

Our camp-meeting for Bedford Circuit began on Thursday, August 3d, at Salem, in Bedford county, and ended the Tues-

day following. This was among the greatest meetings I ever saw. The work commenced with the commencement of the meeting, and continued without intermission day and night. On Saturday afternoon, we had to fix a second stand in another part of the camp-ground, it being impossible to preach at the stage already built when the mourners were collected in the altar. On Sabbath morning, at eight o'clock, we had a sermon delivered at the lower stage, after which it was absolutely impossible to preach within the limits of the encampment any more that day: such were the cries of the distressed, and shouts of the young converts, nothing else could be heard. It was, therefore, reported to the people we would preach in a grove about three hundred yards distant. One of the pulpits being movable was taken up and carried to the place, and the people not engaged in the encampment attended. Here we preached at eleven and three o'clock, and here the arrows of conviction fastened in the hearts of many sinners; and when wounded, they would immediately fly to the camp-ground as to a grand hospital, for there God was healing the sin-sick souls, and bringing the dead to life. On Monday morning, I baptized thirty-one children and twenty adults, and administered the Lord's Supper to four hundred and eighty communicants. Two hundred and fifty-one professed to be converted at this meeting, and one hundred and forty-eight joined society. One of the sons of Belial came to this meeting, and fixed his tent at a convenient distance from the encampment, where he intended to enjoy himself with his wicked companions; but as he did not come until Friday, some of them came before him and got religion, and as others came, they were struck under conviction, and left him, until, he said, he had lost even his class-leader. On Saturday evening, about half an hour after the

candles were lighted up, he came walking down through the camp-ground, and stopped near where I happened to be standing. At that moment the work was going on most gloriously at both stages, and in at least twenty tents; and after turning and looking all round for some moments, "Well," said he, "if this is not enough to fret hell, I'll be d——d!" He was by himself: we pitied him, but did nothing with him, as we saw he could do us no harm.

An extra camp-meeting was held in Lebanon Circuit, at Ebenezer, in Wilson county, commencing August 18th, and ended the Tuesday following. This is a place where camp-meetings have been held for many years; but this meeting exceeded all the rest: the people came praying and believing, and God was with them. One hundred and eighty-two professed to be converted, and one hundred and twenty-five joined society. The Rev. Valentine Cook attended this meeting, and preached on the subject of baptism with uncommon power and great usefulness. The sermon was much blessed to the people.

The camp-meeting for Richland Circuit commenced August 25th, at Pisgah, in Giles county, and ended the Tuesday following. This is a place which God highly honored with signal displays of his power on former occasions. The people came out expecting to see gracious times, and they were not disappointed. The Lord gave us seventy-two converts, and sixty-five joined society.

The camp-meeting for Nashville Circuit commenced September 8th, at Mount Nebo, in Williamson county, and ended the Tuesday following. Here we had to contend with strong prejudices against Methodism; nevertheless, God was with us. The work of conviction was general and deep in the hearts of the people, and we had some of the most dis-

tinguished and bright conversions I ever saw. According to the returns made, ninety-two professed to be converted, and ninety-six joined society.

Our camp-meeting for Stone's River Circuit commenced on Thursday, September 21st, at Windrow's Meeting-house, in Rutherford county, and ended the Tuesday following. Here, I may say, the faith of the Christians rose to its proper point, and became the full persuasion of the truth of God's promise and the confident expectation that he would be with us. Many of the young converts from the other camp-meeting attended, and numbers under conviction came for the express purpose of getting their souls converted. The camp-ground was enlarged to twice its former size, and yet fully one-third of the tents were outside of the lines. Two stages were erected, and seats made for the accommodation of two congregations within the lines of the encampment, and another some distance on the outside. Although Thursday and Friday were days of almost incessant rain, the people appeared to be entirely regardless of it: they came in their carriages, fixed their tents, and collected round the stage to hear preaching, with as much attention as if there was no rain falling. The time was glorious beyond description! It is impossible for me to give an account of particulars. Three hundred and fifty professed conversion, and two hundred and two joined society. On Monday morning, I baptized twenty-five children and fifty-six adults, and administered the Lord's Supper to nearly six hundred communicants. Murfreesboro', the county town, and at present the seat of Government in this State, shared largely in the benefits of this meeting. We have raised a society there of more than forty members, and the prospect of an increase is very promising.

On comparing the numbers returned at Conference with

the former numbers, I find we have a net increase of eighteen hundred and twenty members in the District; and in order to have a correct idea of the work, it must be recollected that besides the deaths and expulsions, at least five hundred members have emigrated from this district to Missouri, Alabama, and Jackson's purchase over Tennessee river, in the course of the past year.

The character of this revival is the least mixed with what is called irregularities or extravagances of any that I ever saw. We have had nothing of what is called the *jerks* or dance among us. The work of conviction in the hearts of sinners has been regular, powerful, and deep, their conversion or deliverance from sin and guilt clear and bright, and their rejoicings scriptural and rational. I think fully half of those who have been the subjects of the work are young men and heads of families—many of them among the most respectable in the country, men of education, men of talents. We anticipate help and usefulness from some of them in the Lord's vineyard. Upon the whole, it is the greatest work, the most blessed revival, I ever saw. The whole country in some places seems like bowing to our Emmanuel; religion meets with very little that can be called opposition; and many who neither profess nor appear to have any desire to get religion themselves manifest an uncommon degree of solicitude that others should obtain it, and express a high satisfaction at seeing the work prosper. May the Lord continue to pour out his Spirit, and may the hallowed fire spread until all the inhabitants of the earth shall rejoice in his salvation! To God be all the glory.

Pray for us, dear brethren, that this year may be as the past, and much more abundantly. We look for it, and expect it. The District is well supplied with preachers, men

of talents, men of zeal, and in the spirit of the work. May the Lord bless their labors!

I remain, as ever,
Your very sincere brother in Christ,
T. L. DOUGLASS.

This was one of the most extraordinary revivals of religion ever witnessed in the West. Multiplied thousands were converted and added to the Church; and many who were its subjects became flaming heralds of the cross. At one of the meetings here reported by Mr. Douglass, Colonel James McFerrin, the father of the writer of this sketch, was awakened, and soon afterwards converted. He carried the revival influence into his own family and neighborhood: his children were brought to God; and subsequently three of his sons, and several of his neighbors, became Methodist preachers—some of whom have gone to their reward; others still remain, preaching Christ and him crucified. In this revival, the Rev. F. A. Owen, one of the Book Agents of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was converted and licensed by Mr. Douglass. Mr. Douglass also introduced Robert, now Bishop, Paine into the ministry, likewise Sterling Brown, that great star of the West, who brought hundreds and thousands to God in the space of a few years, and went home in a chariot of fire, and many others who were giants in the cause of Christ. In all this great work, Mr. Douglass was one of the principal agents, exercising perhaps more influence than any other man in advancing the cause of Christ.

Mr. Douglass was of low stature, and in his latter years inclined to corpulency. His form was erect, and his carriage grave and dignified. His features were symmetrical, and his countenance benevolent. Indeed, he was very prepossessing

in his personal appearance, and could not fail to attract the attention and command the respect of his audience as soon as he ascended the pulpit. His voice was clear, full, and melodious, and modulated to the highest perfection. His articulation was distinct, and his tone and emphasis natural, rising above all art. He was, in a word, a fine specimen as a pulpit orator. His mind was clear, his judgment sound, and his views on all questions respected by his brethren. His theological attainments were far above mediocrity. He was familiar with the standard writers of the Church, and was thoroughly Wesleyan in his views. As an administrator of discipline, he was mild and gentle, but strict, rigidly adhering to law. His knowledge of Methodist polity and usage was very accurate, and his statements and opinions had much weight, not only in his own Conference, but in the General Conference, of which he was considered, in his late years especially, a prominent member.

As a man, he was remarkable for his probity and punctuality, and his word was a sufficient guaranty to any one who knew him. He required no endorsement, but, like the unadulterated coin, he always passed currently upon his own intrinsic value. No one questioned the honor or fidelity of this excellent man of God.

As a Christian, he was consistent, uniform, devout. Cheerful in spirit, social in disposition, simple in manners, and pleasant in intercourse, he was a delightful companion; and hence his society was always sought by his brethren, especially by those of his own age in the ministry.

But this good man has passed away. He has fallen asleep, and now reposes in the dust with his fathers and brethren. His last sickness was protracted, but borne with Christian patience and calm resignation to the will of God. His death-

bed scene was one of triumph—of complete victory. He died on Sunday morning, the 9th of April, 1843, at his own residence. He had been confined to his house and chamber most of the winter previous, and as the spring opened, he gradually sank under the power of disease. On the Friday evening previous to his death, the Rev. A. L. P. Green and the Rev. M. H. Quinn called to see him, and spent the night with him. They found him near the gates of death, yet in full possession of all his mental faculties. They entered into a full and free conversation with him. He referred to the past, gave a brief history of his conversion and call to the ministry, and of his connection with the Virginia Conference. He expressed full confidence in the doctrines of Christianity as taught by the Methodists. Said he, "I have been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church between forty-five and fifty years, and a preacher about forty-two years, and I believe the doctrines of the Church to be the true doctrines of the Bible, and I have not a shadow of doubt in regard to their correctness." Here he enlarged on the excellency of the doctrine of justification by faith; and while dwelling upon this fundamental principle of our holy Christianity, his soul was overwhelmed by a sense of Divine goodness, and in rapturous joy he praised God for the plan of salvation. He also bore testimony to the excellency of Methodist polity, saying, "I have ever looked upon our government as the best Church-government in the world, and that God was with its framers."

Mr. Green suggested to him that his labor and exposure as an itinerant preacher had possibly made him prematurely old, and had hastened his dissolution. He replied, "That is quite possible; yet if I had my life to pass over again, I would take the same track. Any suffering I have endured,

any sacrifice I have made for Christ's sake, is now my glory. I glory in the cross of Christ!"

During family-prayer he was greatly moved, and responded with much fervency; and when a hymn was sung with the chorus,

"This world is not my home,
This world's a howling wilderness,
But heaven is my home,"

he paraphrased the words, and while tears of joy flowed from his eyes, he said, "Home, sweet HOME! After a life of toil and labor, to get HOME, where I shall rest! where I shall see my blessed Saviour!"

He spoke affectionately of his fathers and brethren in the ministry, and said that when he reached heaven he would be no stranger, but would see and recognize Asbury and McKendree, and others with whom he toiled to cultivate Emmanuel's land, and would meet many of his spiritual children.

Thus, in strains of triumph, he rejoiced in the prospect of his change, and continued strong in faith, giving glory to God, till he fell asleep in Jesus, without the slightest apparent struggle or agony.

On Monday, the 10th of April, 1843, he was buried, after a funeral discourse by the Rev. Dr. Green, founded on the appropriate passage, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." His brethren in the ministry, and the members of the Church from the surrounding country, came by scores and hundreds to weep at the grave of him who had so often gladdened their hearts by the proclamation of salvation through Jesus Christ.

His dust has been removed to the cemetery at Franklin,

Tenn., where, with the remains of his wife, who has since followed him to the grave, he reposes, in hope of a glorious resurrection.

“Though dead, he yet speaketh.” He lives in the memory of thousands, and lives to die no more. “And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.”

The epitaph given on the following page, written by the Rev. Dr. Green, is inscribed on a neat stone which marks the place of his slumbers.

Sacred
TO
THE MEMORY OF THE
REV. THOMAS LOGAN DOUGLASS,
BORN JULY 8, 1781,
AND
DEPARTED THIS LIFE 1843.

He was from his youth a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for more than forty years a minister of the gospel of Christ.

He heired by nature a sound mind, and by grace the friendship of Heaven and fellowship with God.

Death came ; but death could not surprise
Him, who had watched each day with prayer,
Waiting with longing eyes
To show his Lord a faithful servant's care.
When called the bridegroom and his friends to meet,
No oil to buy, no labor to begin,
With burning lamp, girt loins, and peace-shod feet,
Thus, hand in hand, through death he entered in,
And found a bridal-garment and a seat.
He sowed in tears, in joy he reaps,
And when the shafts of death fell thick and fast,
Like Stephen, blessing to the last,
In Christ he sleeps.





John Lane

JOHN LANE.

BY B. M. DRAKE, D. D.

A COMPANY of friends, all lovers of the beauties of nature, resolve to gratify their prevailing taste in an evening stroll. The scenery which invites them is varied. In the background, the lofty mountain lifts its beetling cliff and crag to a dizzy height. Torrent and cataract, sheltered dell and yawning chasm, make the scene most romantic. Just below, nature assumes another of her "changeful forms:" swelling hill and sloping valley, tangled forest and cultivated field, tiny rill, gushing fountain, and nestling cottage, give to the chastened scenery more of the picturesque than the romantic. Still onward, the broad "pastures clothed with flocks," and the fertile "valleys covered with corn," send up to Heaven a shout of joy and hymn of gratitude,

"Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow."

Now the crystal waters kiss the adventurous flowers, or wave the pendant grass, gentle as the morning breeze.

No sooner do our lovers of nature glance at the varied scene than by an instinct of taste they separate into groups. Here the more adventurous clamber up the giddy heights,

swing over the projecting crag, swoon at the yawning gulf below, are deafened by the roar of the thundering cataract, but only breathe the quicker, to send the life-current with greater exhilaration to every extremity.

Another group wander over hill and dale, loiter in sylvan bower, pluck the modest flower from its sequestered home, or quaff the crystal flood from its rocky chalice.

Still another group, with taste more chastened, but certainly not less refined, wend their way along the banks of the peaceful stream, admire the enamelled beauties of the meadow, adore the Hand which "clothes the smiling fields with corn," or gaze upon the placid waters until the reflected heavens seem to unite all that is beautiful on earth with all that is glorious above.

It is thus that the broad and varied fields of biographical literature are spread out to meet the taste of all.

The subject of the present sketch, the Rev. John Lane, of Vicksburg, is fitly represented by the last landscape: quiet, gentle, unobtrusive, full of good fruits, he made every vale of earth to smile through which he passed.

William Lane, Esq., the father of John, was a native of Virginia, of English parentage. He was a Revolutionary soldier, and, so far as appears, a highly respectable gentleman. He was not a professor of religion. When his son John was only two years old, he removed to Georgia, and settled in Elbert county. He was doubtless animated by the spirit so common in our country, the desire of bettering the condition of his family by settling in a new country. It is doubtful whether he accomplished this object, as we find him less able to educate his younger than his older children.

John was the youngest of ten children. Mrs. Nancy Lane, his mother, was a devoted member of the Methodist Church,

and early taught her son the precepts and doctrines of our holy religion. She had the pleasure of seeing them affect the moral deportment of her son so far that he never recollects to have sworn a profane oath, told a wilful falsehood, played a game of cards or billiards, or drunk a drop of ardent spirits, except medicinally. This was good fruit: the culture must have been good.

With all this he was not a Christian: he had not experienced a change of heart. When young Lane was about fifteen years old, it pleased God to remove this inestimable mother to her home in heaven. The father broke up house-keeping, and resided with one of his married children, and John with another. This melancholy disbanding of the family, so fraught with apparent disaster, was made the occasion of good to John. The hour came when the old homestead, with all its hallowed associations, had to be abandoned. With all the fervor of young love, he went alone to take a final leave of his mother's grave. It was now that the faithful instructions of that mother came over his heart with the power of the Holy Ghost. Kneeling beside that grave, he vowed to meet her in heaven. That vow, though deferred, was never forgotten. What an encouragement do we find in this incident to parents to sow early, and with an unsparing hand, the seeds of the kingdom. That hand may soon be still in death that now sows, but not the seed shall die:

"Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strewn."

It was not long after he went to reside with his brother before it was thought he was capable of self-government and self-support; so he launched his frail bark on the perilous ocean of this uncertain world. His first felt want was more

education. He could read and write, and cipher a little. With this slender stock, he commenced school-teaching, with the sole object of putting himself to school. We know not how long he continued to teach, but at the end of his twenty-second year, he had given himself the advantage of a year and a half at Franklin College, then one of the best institutions in the country.

While attending this institution, he boarded with the venerable Hope Hull, of blessed memory. This highly-favored servant of God was made the instrument of reviving the convictions received at his mother's grave. Of his travail of spirit, we have no authentic account, but this much is known, it resulted in a clear, powerful, satisfactory conversion, which was soon followed by an unequivocal, unmistakable call of the Holy Spirit to the work of the gospel ministry. He conferred not with flesh and blood. He was anxious to obtain a classical education, but did not feel himself at liberty to abstract so much of his time from his heavenly mission as would be necessary to accomplish that object. He felt that He who called him to that holy vocation had some work to be done that he could *then* do: hence he said, "Here am I: send me!"

His first essay was not alone, but in company with the preacher of the Circuit. For a young man to spend some months with a judicious senior, both engaged in the same earnest work of saving sinners, may be of lasting importance. It was the general practice in the early days of Methodism and of Christianity, so far as we can learn, and ought never to be abandoned.

Young Lane was soon after recommended to the South Carolina Conference, then including the State of Georgia. He was received on trial at the Conference of 1814, and ap-

pointed junior preacher to Bush River Circuit. The late Bishop Capers was his Presiding Elder. In 1815, he travelled the Louisville Circuit in the State of Georgia. Of his success in these Circuits we have no account. It was his good fortune at this period of his life to be associated with those venerable men who laid deep and wide the foundation of Methodism in the South: such as James Jenkins, Samuel Dunwody, Hope Hull, Joseph Tarpley, Lewis Myers, William Capers, William M. Kennedy, and a host of others of like spirit. These men were the models on which he formed his own character. It would be difficult in any age or country to find better models.

At the Conference held in Charleston, at the close of 1815, Mr. Lane was elected to Deacon's orders, and set apart by the imposition of the hands of Bishop McKendree. Mississippi and Louisiana then constituted the missionary field of the Church. To volunteer for that field was almost like self-immolation. Its distance from the other portions of the United States, its mixed population, the fatal malaria supposed to prevail all over the country, rendered it the moral Thermopylæ of the Connection.

Besides these general difficulties, at the time of which we write, the Cherokee and Creek nations of Indians intervened between South Carolina and Mississippi, the latter of which tribes was in a state of great dissatisfaction and incipient hostility. In these circumstances, Bishop McKendree asked for volunteers for that forlorn hope. John Lane and Ashley Hewitt stood forth. They were accepted and appointed. I cannot describe their journey through the great and terrible wilderness better than in the words of Brother Lane. He writes as follows:

“At the South Carolina Conference, held at Charleston,

December, 1815, I was sent by Bishop McKendree to what was then called the Natchez Circuit. Brother Ashley Hewitt was sent to the Tombigbee Circuit. In the early part of January, 1816, we met at Milledgeville, Georgia: purchased a pack-mule, and other articles necessary for our journey.

“About this time, the surveyors had gone out to run the dividing-line between the Creek nation and the United States. A difficulty had occurred between the surveyors and the Indians as to where the line should run. The Indians had become very hostile, and had killed a number of travellers and families who had settled over what they considered the line.

“Notwithstanding the dangers, we set out on our long and perilous journey. We reached Fort Hawkins, on the border of the wilderness, where there was a large military force. Here we learned that all travelling, except in large companies, was stopped, and that there was far more danger than we had anticipated. We were advised not to proceed, and Brother Hewitt said we had better give over our journey. But I said no: we are single men, have no wives and children, and that if we had been sent in the providence of God, and he had work for us to do, he would take care of us and bring us safely through. When we arrived at Fort Mitchel, on the Chattahoochee river, we found some two hundred soldiers, who had become alarmed at the reports of the hostility of the savages, and were afraid to proceed, and had sent back to Fort Hawkins for reinforcements. We still trusted in God, and pursued our journey. On our way, we saw many Indian women and children, and some old men, who looked very savage at us. We met another company, who told us of several murders, and of the great danger of travelling alone. Hewitt again said we had better go back.

I said no: that I should go through, or fall in the attempt. That evening late we left the road, and went into a deep hollow, built up a fire, cooked our supper, pitched our little tent, for it was raining, said our prayers, which we always did morning and night as regularly as if we had been in a family, and then lay down to rest. About two o'clock in the morning, we were roused by the snorting of our horses: we knew that Indians were about. I had been presented with a pair of horse-pistols. I soon heard the Indians stepping about; and being an Arminian, and not trusting altogether in faith, but believing in works, raised one of my pistols and fired in the direction I heard them. The Indians ran off; and in the morning we examined but found no traces of blood, and trusted the poor Indians had escaped unhurt. After passing many places where the houses had been burned up and the families in them, we arrived safely at the white settlements on the Tombigbee.

"Here, Brother Hewitt having reached his field of labor, we had to separate. I still had to go two or three hundred miles to my Circuit, through almost a wilderness. I suffered a great deal, it being very cold, and I had to swim almost all the creeks."

It is to be deeply regretted that the extract is so short, but it is all that can now be recovered. The country through which he passed from Tombigbee to Natchez I passed alone eleven years after: even then, there was one stretch of forty-five miles where but one house was seen upon the road.

I shall be pardoned for a short digression at this point. Ashley Hewitt, the co-missionary of Brother Lane, was only a little more prudent, and slightly less heroic, than the latter. He lived for many years a faithful and acceptable member of the Mississippi Conference. Above all his brethren, he was

a man of affliction, all of which he bore with exemplary fortitude and resignation. But the hour of his release came. He was expiring in great Christian triumph in one room, and a lovely daughter was expiring in another room of the same building. His only remaining earthly anxiety was for the conversion of that daughter. She was a member of the Church, but had never professed a change of heart. In the triumph of all-conquering faith, he had embraced the conversion of that child. His oft-repeated inquiry, "Is she yet converted?" was as often answered in the negative; but she was an earnest seeker. At length her friends saw her draw her last breath as they supposed, and felt the pulse stand still. These sad tidings were carried to the father. "Did she give any evidence of conversion before she expired?" was the anxious question of the father. The answer, "No," did not appal his heart or shake his confidence. "Then she is not dead!" was the answer of unwavering faith. Soon a noise was heard in the chamber of the supposed dead girl. She was alive in more than one sense. She proclaimed to all the full assurance of faith, and soon expired, shouting the praises of God. Then there was light in that father's apartment. Such joy, such floods of glory, seemed a remuneration for twenty years of sorrow and affliction. He, too, took his flight to the glory-land so soon after the daughter that there was no need to close the gate after the triumphant entrance of the one till the other was there.

I will not dismiss this journey of Brother Lane without giving an incident not recorded in his account as given above, but which he has related to many of his friends. The expenses of his journey had probably exceeded his calculation, and his slender finances had come to a crisis—a thing not uncommon in those days and in much later days. His

last dime was gone, and he not at his journey's end, and among entire strangers. He stopped to spend the night with a widow lady, not knowing whether or not he should be required to pay his bill. He did not make the frank avowal of his poverty at first. This gave him almost a sleepless night. How should he meet his hostess in the morning was the anxious inquiry. Morning came. The kind woman had found out somehow who he was, and what his errand. She had not the slightest clue to his pressing necessities. Without giving him time to ask his bill and tell his sad story, she slipped into his hand, in the most delicate manner, twenty dollars, asking him to accept it. "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things" is a precious truth. It was not the last nor probably the first of the kind that happened to the subject of this sketch, but the only one we shall relate. Were all similar cases related that have happened to members of the Mississippi Conference, they would fill an octavo volume. That minister who cannot trust the Saviour is surely very unbelieving. I know not who the benevolent lady was who on that occasion was God's almoner, but doubtless her record is on high and her reward sure.

The Natchez Circuit, to which Mr. Lane was appointed, included the country from the Walnut Hills to the Hamochitto river. It embraced Washington, the original hive of Methodism in Mississippi, and where for many years the largest and most influential Church assembled. To the gathering of this early metropolitan Church he contributed his full share. The footprints he there made are not yet obliterated: they remain in the memories of those who were brought to God by his ministry, and in the memories of those who were then children, now old persons, to whom he taught the catechism and induced to commit hymns to

memory. Some of these hymns are now sung by his early disciples with gratitude to God and kindest remembrance of their early instructor. Such monuments are more lasting than marble or brass, more dear to the minister's heart than thrones or diadems.

At the close of this year, he assisted in the organization of the Mississippi Conference. This took place at the house of William Foster, Esq., of Pine Ridge, Adams county, seven miles above Natchez. Bishop Roberts was in attendance. It is supposed to be the first Conference he attended after his ordination in May. He had the freshness of young but full-grown manhood upon him. The impression then made is not effaced to this day. His very texts and hymns are yet remembered. The little company of pioneers then assembled were a feeble band—nine in number, all told. They had to provide for the spiritual wants of the people, so far as Methodism was concerned, from the Chattahoochee to the Tennessee river, and from the Cherokee nation east to the Sabine river west. The little company all slept under the same roof, and ate at the same hospitable table. The cottage—for now it seems quite diminutive—still stands, almost unchanged. It is worthy of remark that four of that little band, at the end of forty-one years, still survive. Five have finished their course with joy. Those who have gone to their reward are Thomas Griffin, John Menifee, John Lane, Ashley Hewitt, and Alexander Fleming. The survivors are Peter James, Elisha Lott, Thomas Nixon, and Elijah Gentry. Dr. Winans was local at the time, but present and assisting at the Conference. One was received on trial, Thomas Owens, the first recruit in the Territory. He still lives to bless the Church with his evangelical labors.

In looking over the territory to be supplied by this little

band, we are constrained to exclaim, What hath God wrought! They went out with their staff, but now they are more than three bands. From this nucleus have sprung the Alabama, Louisiana, two Texas Conferences, and a part of the Memphis Conference.

At the close of this Conference, Mr. Lane was sent to the Wilkinson Circuit. In this field, then extending from Man-shac and Lake Ponchartrain on the south to Hamochitto river on the north, he labored two years. Here he formed some of his most sacred and lasting friendships. Many of those friends live to mourn his loss, and cherish his memory as a pleasant dream of the past. During this period, Bishop McKendree visited this country in very feeble health. He had for his travelling companion the Rev. Benjamin Edge. To return to the Western country, it was necessary to make a long journey in the wilderness among the Cherokee and Chickasaw Indians. In his feeble condition, the Bishop did not think Brother Edge could carry him through. He desired Brother E. McGehee, of Wilkinson county, with whom he had spent most of the winter, to accompany him. This being impossible, Brother McGehee recommended Brother Lane to him. He assured him that Lane was most amiable, accommodating, courageous, and powerful. "Should it be necessary," said he, "he has the strength and courage to take you in his arms and swim the rivers with you." He was immediately selected, and the journey commenced. From the middle of the Choctaw nation, the Bishop writes his friend McGehee: "I write you this note as I lie on my couch, paper held in my hand. Brother Lane is all you recommended him to be, and more; for, in addition, he is a very good *cook*. He is now preparing my breakfast." This passage from the Bishop's letter is quoted from memory. It

is no small compliment to the amiability and good sense of Brother Lane that he filled the Bishop's bill for a travelling companion. In his age, infirmities, and exceeding nervousness, he was sometimes exacting. So well pleased was he in this instance that he desired his young friend to become his companion for life, which he probably would have undertaken in kindness but for a prior *engagement* which forbade it.

In 1819 and 1820, he again labored on the Natchez Circuit. As before, his labors were very acceptable and useful. He did not slack the hand of diligence or restrain the heart of love. Old and young, black and white, all ages and conditions, shared in his apostolic labors. During this period, an important change was made in his condition in life. He was married to Miss Sarah Vick, eldest daughter of the Rev. Newit Vick. Of this marriage, we will say but little, as one of the parties still survives. We will only say, God and good men approved, and every year has confirmed the verdict.

Brother Lane was a delegate to the General Conference held in Baltimore, May, 1820. There have been few more eventful General Conferences than this. It was then that the Presiding Elder question was sprung. After much heated debate, a committee of compromise was appointed. In this committee a leading Southern member, considered against the change, was so far overreached by his fellow-committee men as to agree to a compromise report, as it was called, including nearly every objectionable feature of the original proposition, which was to take the appointment of Presiding Elders out of the hands of the Bishop, and give it to the Conference, and make the Presiding Elders, with the Bishop, a committee to station the preachers. When the report came in, those who sought the change insisted that the vote should

be taken without debate as a compromise measure. This would probably have carried but for the timely obstinacy of Lewis Myers, of Georgia, who persisted in showing its fallacy. When the vote was taken, there were but fifteen who stood up for the old plan. In this forlorn hope our friend Lane was found. The Church owes a debt of gratitude to them. Their principles finally prevailed, after a long struggle. The question was set at rest in 1828 by an overwhelming majority.

Late in the autumn of 1820, Brother Lane was appointed Presiding Elder of the Mississippi District, then extending from the Lakes on the south to the Yazoo river on the north, and from the Mississippi on the west to Leaf River on the east—nearly half of the territory now occupied by the present Mississippi Conference.

At the close of this Conference year, he asked for and received a location. The necessity of this step arose from the fact that both his father-in-law and mother-in-law died the same day, leaving a family of ten children, the youngest an infant. There was no one of the children old enough to take charge of the estate or rear the younger children. The estate, though considerable, was much embarrassed, and without prompt and energetic management, must have been lost to the family, and most of the children left without education. In these circumstances, Brother Lane felt himself imperiously called to locate. As a travelling preacher in those days, he would not have had more than two or three days in a month to attend to any temporal business. On his last Circuit he had but one rest-day in four weeks, and on that day he had to ride thirty miles to reach home. I presume any one would decide that he did right to locate.

He continued in a local sphere for eleven years. During

that period, I think I am safe in saying that he performed more ministerial labor, and was far more useful, than many itinerant preachers. One year he was employed by the Presiding Elder to take charge of the Vicksburg Station, when it was first organized as a Station. Another year, by the request of the Presiding Elder and consent of the Bishop, he acted as Presiding Elder for three or four months. For six or eight months, while residing in New Orleans for business purposes, he acted as pastor of the little flock, then wholly without a shepherd. In this capacity he not only labored with zeal, but with acceptableness and marked usefulness. During the same period, I knew him to go, at the call of a stranger, (I was that stranger,) near two hundred miles, across the dismal swamp of the Mississippi, at the mouth of Red River, to assist in holding the first camp-meeting ever held in Western Louisiana, near Cheneyville, on the Bayou Boeuf. These are only specimens of his zeal and devotion to the work as a local preacher. These services were all gratuitous. It is probable his expenses were never paid in a single instance.

During this period, he laid off, and sold out, the town of Vicksburg; became a merchant on rather a large scale; acted as Judge of the Probate Court of Warren county for many years; had the burden of rearing and educating most of his wife's brothers and sisters, and so managed the estate as to give them all a competence at maturity. As he was considered one of the best financiers in that part of the country, he was long a director of the Railroad Bank of Vicksburg. There were few projects in that vicinity for the benefit of the country in which he did not take an active and leading part.

For some years the estate of Mr. Vick was exceedingly

embarrassed, and Brother Lane was at his wits' end to preserve it from sacrifice. Finally his schemes all seemed to succeed, and he considered his head quite above the wave. Having accomplished the object for which he located, he did not feel at liberty longer to continue in that relation. In 1832, he reëntered the travelling Connection; but his extensive credit and the great goodness of his heart again embarrassed him. Flush times were just coming on in Mississippi; many of his friends desired the use of his name for speculating purposes. This was granted too freely. When the reverses of 1837 and 1838 came on, he found himself again involved. While he was not always able to meet his engagements, he always showed an honest front, never repudiating one dime of his own or his friends' responsibilities, or putting himself out of the power of his creditors. Some might have thought the waiting long, but his struggles were immense to meet all his liabilities, and still preserve something for his family. Before his death, he had paid more than one hundred thousand dollars of security debts! It is pleasing to know that he left enough to meet all his liabilities, and something over for his family.

I have been more particular in relating his pecuniary circumstances, to exhibit what seems to me the noblest trait in his character. It was a firm determination to do his duty to God and the Church, in spite of all worldly interests. While in a local sphere, though he had followed what seemed the evident dictates of duty, he was never contented. He sighed to take his part with his brethren in the great itinerant field. That work was deeply graven on his heart. At one time he was near unto death for many weeks. Nothing so preyed on his mind as the idea that he was to die, as he said, "out of the harness." When he returned to the regular

work, nobly did he lay all worldly prospects on the altar of sacrifice. But he might have thought he could preserve his fortune and do the work. God permitted him to be further tried. For many long years the struggle seemed between absolute poverty and abandoning the work. Then he had a family who had been brought up with the prospect of affluence. Their habits were formed in view of this state of life. God and he who has passed through the same only know how sorely the enemy can thrust in these circumstances. Well might he say in his last hours, "I have loved the Church, and made many sacrifices to continue in the itinerant ministry." When thus sorely pressed, he writes to his beloved friend Dr. Winans: "Nothing but the most sacred obligation could have urged me to this work." And again: "I fear that this work will injure my temporal affairs; but when my duty to God and the Church comes in contact with my temporal business, the less, I hope, will always yield to the greater." Well did he sustain this principle. If business ever kept him from an appointment, I have it yet to learn. When the hour came, he tore himself away, however difficult or disastrous. There was not a man in Mississippi more famous for meeting all his appointments. For years we may consider him as "following in darkness, where there was no light," but still "staying himself" on the Divine arm. We have known many sacrifices laid on God's altar; but if we have ever known one more noble, full, and free than John Lane's, we are not aware of it. But as he now looks down from his high seat above, does he regret any of these sacrifices? I trow not.

On his return to the Conference, he was appointed to the Yazoo District: in 1834, 1835, and 1836, Vicksburg District: in 1837, he was agent for an academy: in 1838, missionary

to people of color in Warren Circuit: then four years on the Vicksburg District: in 1843, Jackson District: then two years on Warren Circuit: in 1846 and 1847, agent for Centenary College: in 1848, Yazoo District: then four years on Vicksburg District: in 1853 and 1854, on Lake Washington District: in 1855, Warren Circuit, where he finished his course with joy. For many years he was the President of the Board of Trustees of Centenary College, and for a still greater number of years the President of the Missionary Society of the Mississippi Conference.

I give this long list to show the extent and variety of his labors. In all he was equally faithful. A number of times he served the Church as delegate to the General Conference, and always with promptness, fidelity, and honor. No amount of heat or cold, wet or dry, sunshine or storm, could prevent him from attending his appointments. In his younger days he frequently swam creeks, five and six times a day, to reach his appointment; and to the very last no weather stopped him. In the bitter winter of 1855, he might be seen breasting the heaviest storm to reach some small, out-of-the-way church, with no prospect of meeting more than a half dozen, if so many, when he arrived. When remonstrated with for exposing himself for so small an object, his reply was, it would not do to make it uncertain whether he would be there. Often he would leave home when the rain was pouring, and when urged to remain by his family, he would reply, "The rain may be over by the time of service, and the people may be there, and it will not do to disappoint them."

Late in the autumn of 1854, he had a severe attack of sickness, something of the nature of flux. This greatly reduced him. He came to Conference in Jackson, Louisiana, quite emaciated. Both his flesh and strength were

gone. In these circumstances, the Bishop thought him no longer able to stand the fatigues of the extensive and laborious District over which he had been presiding. Unwilling to turn back in the day of battle, with a heart still for the work, while his hands faltered, he insisted that his disease was only temporary, and that he should soon be able to go in the front of the battle, as he had always gone. It would seem his judgment was correct, for in the course of the winter he measurably recovered his strength. The work assigned him was comparatively light, and near his residence. He was able to meet most or all of his appointments, and, as has been intimated, permitted no weather to prevent him. But it is believed that his constitution received a shock in the attack of the previous autumn from which he had not fully recovered, and which probably made it an easier prey to the fell destroyer which attacked him the ensuing autumn. His friends observed with pain that his step was not quite so elastic nor his countenance so bright as formerly. He resided in the environs of Vicksburg. In the autumn of 1855, the yellow fever again visited that city. Though while residing in the heart of the city he had passed through several severe epidemics of this dreaded scourge, and done his duty faithfully to the sick and dying, and escaped an attack, yet, as the disease had seemed to become more virulent, and his work was entirely in the country, and many were afraid to see one who had been in the infected district, he thought it best to avoid it. But the fever was introduced into his family by the passing of servants. Then, with the humanity always characteristic of his nature, he gave every attention to the sick. So well did he nurse them, that they all recovered; but he fell a victim.

From the time the disease seized him, he felt that his work

was done. Indeed, for weeks previous, he had seemed to be ripening for heaven. His family observed that his prayers at the family-altar were more fervent. Often he would rise from his knees with eyes suffused with tears; and now that he heard the rumbling of his Master's chariot-wheels, calmly and patiently did he await his coming. He gave his parting benediction to his family, and sent messages of love to his brethren in the ministry. "God knows that I have loved the Church, and have made many pecuniary sacrifices to labor in the itinerant ministry. I do not now regret those sacrifices; but I trust in none of them for salvation. I simply cling to the bleeding cross."

His last interview with the companion of his joys and sorrows, which was effected by carrying her in the arms of friends from her own sick-room to his bedside, was too tender, too full of pathos, for the public gaze. The fulness of a lifetime of love gushed up from these breaking hearts in a single moment. But their sorrow was not without hope. A bright vista opened up before the eyes of their faith, where a speedy reunion would take place,

"Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met."

It is hard to contemplate the scene that transpired at this cottage-home without saying, with Dr. Young,

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walks of virtuous life,
Quite in the verge of heaven."

Only a few short hours passed, and the heavenly convoy again descended. Now it was to convey the youngest of the family, John Massillon Lane, to the better land. He was a lovely, promising young man, who had just entered on the practice of medicine. Early had he dedicated his heart to

God: hence, when the messenger came, he had his "loins girded about, and his lamp burning." Those who saw his face "beheld it as the face of an angel." So rapturous were the words which came from his dying lips that they might have been mistaken as coming from the burning lips of the cherubim.

A few rising and setting suns, and the "chariot of fire" again visited that consecrated spot. Now it is to carry the only daughter, one of the fairest of earth's flowers, the lovely Eugenia, (Mrs. King,) to the glory land. She was in the prime of young womanhood, united to the husband of her heart, and blessed with a cherub babe. But all could not hold her here. In her chamber heaven and earth seemed to commingle. Her departed friends crowded round her bed: she spoke of them, told who they were, how glorious their forms: her countenance grew more and more bright, until it was quite transfigured, and death was swallowed up in victory. Who does not say, "Let me die the death of the righteous?"

The Rev. John Lane, in his early manhood, was what is generally called handsome. His form was most perfect—a model for the sculptor—his features perfectly regular. He was slightly under six feet high: intellectual organs finely developed: in middle age, slightly bald: finely pencilled brow, of darkest brown, and full prominence, shading a dark hazel eye of sparkling brilliancy and unusual benignity: nose, in due proportion: teeth regular, and perfect to the last: lips evincing great good-humor: entire countenance usually grave and thoughtful, but often lighted up with the blandest smile. His voice was soft and melodious, often had a touching sweetness. As he was full of emotion, the pathetic was his chief power.

When he passed the middle of life, he became slightly corpulent, not to deformity, but sufficient to give to his person the graceful rotundity that makes age agreeable. He was scrupulously cleanly in his person, and genteel in his attire, but perfectly plain—at an equal distance from the *dandy* and the *sloven*. In the “assembly of the Elders,” as he was often seen in our General Conferences, he never failed to make an impression on the lookers-on, who would always inquire who he was.

His preaching was mild and persuasive, abounding in pertinent anecdote. Sometimes it rose to great earnestness and thrilling appeal. Large congregations were often swayed and melted by his heavenly pathos. His gestures were few, but appropriate and perfectly natural. The modulation of his fine voice was perfect. His friends who heard him most complained that there was not much variety in his discourses. This unquestionably originated in the fact that while his theological studies were immature, he was plunged into a whirlpool of business and embarrassment well calculated to divert his mind from these studies. And this state of things continued to a greater or less extent through life. He undoubtedly had a mind capable of the highest combinations and clearest discrimination. But he was a modest man: had not the self-sufficiency that would make him intrude himself in every question. Hence he rarely spoke in deliberative bodies: when he did speak, it was to the point. His judgment, seldom at fault, was clear and well informed.

Brother Lane was a man of great firmness of character. Let him believe himself right, and no array of numbers or character of his opponents could move him. This was finely illustrated in his determination to persevere in his journey through the Indian nation, and in the stand he took in the

General Conference of 1820. It was that which would have made him a hero if called to the battle-field, or a martyr if called to the stake. Yet he had not what would be called a strong will where duty or principle was not involved. Such were his amiability and desire to please others, that he would yield readily where conscience would allow. He was, as has been seen, long in the Presiding Elder's office, which is one of great delicacy and responsibility, very liable to lead to distrust. Such was his uniform urbanity, kindness, and impartiality, that I never heard him complained of but once, and then an explanation satisfied the brother that he was mistaken.

Benevolence and cheerful hospitality were his distinguishing characteristics. When he had means in his possession, no poor preacher could go without a horse, or coat, or general outfit; no poor widow could be without bread, or the means of educating her children. Benevolent institutions of all sorts were his debtors. Had he been a millionaire, like Job he would have been eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, a father to the poor. With his limited means, and often embarrassed, he made many a "widow's heart sing for joy," and many an orphan rose to bless him. If his charities were great, his hospitality was unbounded. For twenty years after he was a housekeeper, he never sat at his own table with his family alone. For many years while he lived in the heart of Vicksburg, his house was a sort of hotel of hospitality. Brethren in the ministry of all denominations, and friends from all quarters and every condition in life, found cheerful admittance. No amount of inconvenience ever put a frown upon the cheerful brow of either host or hostess. At the Conference of 1832, he entertained from twenty-five to thirty of the preachers in attendance, besides other friends. At ten

o'clock at night, I knew of his having to purchase a bale of blankets to meet the unexpected demand.

A friend of Brother Lane writes to me, "He was preëminently a Church man." The Methodist branch of the Church was his hearty, his unequivocal choice. Without bigotry in his own opinions, or hostility to any other branch of Christ's Church, he claved to Methodism with an undying attachment. Never could one say with more truth than he :

"For her, my tears shall fall,
For her, my prayers ascend,
To her, my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end."

Nor was it any remodelled, modernized, reformed, and improved association at whose shrine he worshipped with such devotion. It was the pure, simple, God-approved form of Methodism which came down to us from our fathers. To work the old system well, with him was better than to try new experiments.

In his social relations he was peculiarly agreeable. With little children he was mirthful, playful as one of themselves. Hence he was a great favorite. With a company of Christian friends, and especially of Methodist preachers, he relaxed into the blandest good-humor: full of anecdote, which he told in good style, he was the life of the company. His friendships were strong and undying. No change of fortune, though he was greatly injured by that change, changed his attachments. He never forsook, rarely ever lost a friend.

His domestic relations were about as perfect as falls to the lot of mortals. He never seemed to lose the ardor of first love for the companion of his joys and sorrows. Her presence and that of his children was his earthly paradise. But his affection for his children was not the foolish fondness that

lets the young masters do as they choose: it was the rational love of a Christian father who felt that he was responsible to rule well his own house. He did govern them absolutely, peremptorily; but such was the affection and mildness of that government that even correction attached them the more to him. The family-altar was never thrown down or neglected, and all the children were *required* to be present at the offering of the morning and evening sacrifice. As a result of this kind of government, he had the unspeakable happiness to see all of his children members of the Church. Two have gone to join him in the better land; the other two, we trust, are on the way. An intimate friend of the family says he never had the mortification of an act of flagrant immorality from one of his children. Happy father! may God bless his descendants to the latest generation!

His domestics were governed, but with the same kind hand that governed his children. *Old Master* is now the greatest saint in all their calendar. If they dream of heaven, it is to see *Old Master* in his white robes.

His personal piety was like the rest of his character—consistent. It was deep, sincere, earnest: no fanaticism, no pharisaism—evangelical to the last degree. His whole character was a beautiful model.

His death has made a wide chasm in the social and religious circles in Vicksburg and in the Mississippi Conference. Few men have been called from among us whose death sent such a dagger to so many hearts. But he is not lost, but gone before. Heaven is more attractive to many by his removal. "There all the ship's company will soon meet." May I be there!

RICHMOND NOLLEY.

BY THE REV. H. N. M'TYEIRE.

THE Bible tells that once the grave of a prophet of God was opened, and his bones disturbed, with striking effect following: "And when the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived, and stood up on his feet." 2 Kings xiii. 21.

Louisiana has been the Macedonia of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her itinerant preachers crossed the Mississippi river in quest of souls into Attakapas and Opelousas. It is now half a century since. There Protestantism planted its first churches west of the Mississippi. Richmond Nolley bore a part in this pioneer movement, and was the first to die in it.

Providence seemed to open the way; yet the gospel ploughshare never struck into harder soil than south-western Louisiana. Within a short time the territory had been under three governments, two of which favored the Roman Catholic establishment. The mass of people spoke the French language, and were prejudiced against the doctrines of the Reformation. They were either professed Catholics, or infidels, after the school of French philosophy. Elsewhere the West was virgin soil: here it had been sown with tares.

Shortly after the cession of Louisiana to the United States, the old Western Conference took into consideration the religious condition of its inhabitants, which was lamentable indeed. A brave, godly man volunteered. Elisha W. Bowman was sent by Bishop Asbury to hunt out the American settlements, and make a beginning among them. There is a private letter of his that is of historic importance, and not irrelevant to a biographical sketch of one of his successors. It was written "to the Rev. William Burke, Lexington, Ky.," and postmarked "Natchez, Miss."

"DEAR BROTHER: These pages will inform you that I found a safe passage through a perilous wilderness to the city of Orleans. This city lies extremely low, the surface of the river being as high as the streets, and is kept out by a levee which is cast up immediately on the bank, and from its low situation it is as filthy as a hog-sty. As for the settlements of this country, there are none that are composed of Americans.

"From Baton Rouge, the Spanish garrison, which stands on the east bank of the Mississippi river, down two hundred miles, it is settled immediately on each bank of the river by French and Spaniards. The land is dry on each side about forty, and in some places fifty rods wide, and then a cypress swamp extends each way to the lakes, and will never admit of any settlements until you cross the lakes to the east and west.

"When I reached the city, I was much disappointed in finding but few American people there, and a majority of that few may truly be called the beasts of men. There are a few families that are called respectable, and these are Episcopalians, and they have a preacher of their own, a Mr.

Chase, from Baltimore, [afterward Bishop Chase, of Illinois.] He arrived in this city about the time I left the Conference.

“Mr. Watson, the gentleman to whom I was recommended by Mr. Asbury, had left the city early in the fall, and had gone home to Philadelphia. I went to the Governor, and told him my business to that place. He promised me protection, and told me I should have the Capitol of the city to preach in, which he said should be at my service. My appointment was published for the next Lord’s day; but in the interval I found that the parson and his people were not very well pleased. On Sunday, when I came to the Capitol, I found the doors all locked, and the house inaccessible. I found a few drunken sailors and Frenchmen about the walks of the house, and I preached to them in the open air. In the evening I heard that my Episcopalian brethren were at the bottom of all this.

“The next day I went to the Governor and Mayor of the city, and informed them how I had been treated: they then promised me to issue an order for the house to be opened and placed at my service. The next Sunday, when I came with my landlord and a few others, we found the doors again locked, and I again preached to ten or twelve persons in the open air. I went again to the officers, but got no satisfaction. In the evening, as I passed along the street, I heard them pouring out heavy curses on the Methodist, and saying, “He is a Methodist: lock him out;” and they told me plainly I was not to have the privilege of the house. One of the officers told me that the Methodists were a dangerous people, and ought to be discouraged. I asked him what harm the Methodists had done: he said they were seeking an establishment. I told him it was an unjust censure: he got into a

passion, and I left him. The next Sunday I preached to a few straggling people in the open street.

“The Lord’s day is the day of general rant in this city: public balls are held, merchandise of every kind is carried on, public sales, wagons running, and drums beating; and thus is the Sabbath spent.

“I sought in vain for a house to preach in. Several persons offered to rent me a house, but I have not money to rent a house. My expenses I found to be about two dollars a day for myself and horse, and my money pretty well spent. I tried to sell my horse, but could not get forty dollars for him. Thus I was in this difficult situation, without a friend to advise me. I was three hundred miles from Brother Blackman, and could get no advice from him; and what to do I did not know. I could have no access to the people, and to go back to Natchez is to do nothing, as there was a sufficient supply of preachers for that part; and to leave my station without Mr. Asbury’s direction was like death to me, and to stay here I could do nothing. But by inquiring, I heard of a settlement of American people about two hundred miles to the west and north-west. By getting a small boat, and crossing the lakes, I could reach the Opelousas country; and as I was left to think by myself, I thought this most advisable. I accordingly, on the 17th day of December, shook off the dirt from my feet against this ungodly city of Orleans, and resolved to try the watery waste and pathless desert.

“I travelled fifty miles up the Mississippi river, and crossed to a river that forces itself out of the Mississippi, and runs into the sea in a south-west direction; down which river I travelled fifty miles, and then turned a western course fifteen miles, through a cypress swamp, to the lake. Here the mosquitoes like to have eaten up me and my horse.

“Here are a few Spaniards living on this lake. I got two large canoes of them, and built a platform on them, on which I put my horse. I hired two of the Spaniards to go with me across the lakes, for which I paid them thirteen dollars and a half, and through the mercy of God I had a safe passage through four lakes and a large bay. Here I saw an old Spaniard boiling salt on a small island. I landed a little south of the mouth of the river O’Tash. Here a few Frenchmen are living at the mouth of this river, and a few American families are scattered along this bay and river, who came here in the time of the American war, but not for any good deeds they had done. I have now three dollars left, but God is as able to feed me two years on two dollars, as he was to feed Elijah at the brook, or five thousand with a few loaves and fishes.

“I travelled up the west side of the river O’Tash eighty miles. The land is dry immediately on the banks of this river, and about twenty rods wide, with cypress extending to the sea-marsh. On the east side of it are lakes and swamps. Eighty miles up there is a large French settlement. A few families of Americans are scattered among them, but I could not find two families together.

“I then passed through a small tribe of Indians, and then crossed the Vermilion river, which runs into the sea in a south-west direction. Here I had a fine sea-breeze. The next day I reached the Opelousas country, and the next I reached the Catholic church. I was surprised to see a pair of race paths at the church door.

“Here I found a few Americans, who were swearing with almost every breath; and when I reproved them for swearing, they told me that the priest swore as hard as they did. They said he would play cards and dance with them every Sunday

evening, after mass! And, strange to tell, he keeps a race-horse! in a word, practices every abomination. I told them plainly, if they did not quit swearing, they and their priest would go to hell together.

“About twenty miles from this place, I found a settlement of American people who came to this country about the time of the American war. They know very little more about the nature of salvation than the untaught Indians. Some of them, after I had preached to them, asked me what I meant by the fall of man, and when it was that he fell. Thus they are perishing for lack of knowledge, and are truly in a pitiable condition. I have to learn them to sing, and in fact do every thing that is like worshipping God. I find it also very difficult to get them to attend meetings; for, if they come once, they think they have done me a very great favor.

“About thirty miles from here, I found another small settlement of English people, who were in as great a state of ignorance as the above; but I get as many of them together as I can, and preach Jesus Christ to them. O, my God! have mercy on the souls of this people.

“I find the people very much dissatisfied with the American Government, and we have a constant talk of war. The Spaniards are fortifying themselves all round the coast; and three-fourths of the people hope they will get this country again. This I hope will never be the case.

“Three-fourths of the inhabitants of this country, I suppose, are French. And as to the country, it is entirely level, and, I suppose, three-fourths prairie. The people are rich in cattle. They have from one to two and three thousand head of cattle to a farmer; and, notwithstanding their large stocks, you might with ease carry on your back all that you could find in many of their houses.

“It is now the 29th day of January, and, from the great quantity of rain that has fallen, and the low situation of this country, it is almost everywhere in a flood of water. Every day that I travel, I have to swim through creeks or swamps, and I am wet from my head to my feet; and some days, from morning till night, I am dripping with water. I tie all my plunder fast on my horse, and take him by the bridle, and swim sometimes a hundred yards, and sometimes farther. My horse’s legs are now skinned and rough to his hock joints, and I have the rheumatism in all my joints. But this is nothing.

“About eighty miles from here, I am informed, there is a considerable settlement of American people; but I cannot get to them at this time, as the swamps are swimming for miles; but as soon as the waters fall, I intend to visit them. I have great difficulties in this country, as there are no laws to suppress vice of any kind; so that the Sabbath is spent in frolicking and gambling.

“I have now given you a faint idea of my travels, the country, and the people. Let me now tell you how it is with my soul. What I have suffered in body and mind my pen is not able to communicate to you. But this I can say: while my body is wet with water and chilled with cold, my soul is filled with heavenly fire, and longs to be with Christ. And while these periods drop from my pen, my soul is ready to leave this earthly house, and fly to endless rest. Glory to God and the Lamb! I can say that I never enjoyed such a power and heaven of love as I have done for a few days past. I have not a wish but that the will of God may be done in me, through me, and by me. And I can now say with St. Paul, that ‘I count not my life dear unto me, so that I may save some.’ I feel my soul all alive to God, and filled with

love to all the human family. I am now more than one thousand miles from you, and know not that I ever shall see you again; but I hope to meet you one day on the banks of Canaan, in the land of rest.

"I am your suffering brother in the bonds of a peaceful
gospel,

ELISHA BOWMAN.

"Opelousas, January 29, 1806.

"P. S. Pardon my scratch, as I have to write on my knee, and a man is waiting at my elbow for these lines. Pray for me. I wrote to you, but heard that letter was lost.—E. B."

Making allowance for dates, does not that "scratch," written on the knee, read like a chapter in the Acts of the Apostles? How could such a man fail? Whether the two dollars held out or not, so it was, he stayed two years, and reported to Conference two circuits formed. The second year, he was joined by a true yokefellow—Thomas Lasley.

While these pioneers are laying out circuits, the Lord is raising up laborers to fill them. The parents of Richmond Nolley had moved from Brunswick County, Virginia, where he was born, to Georgia, and soon after died.

The orphan was taken into the care of Captain Lucas, a merchant of Sparta, Georgia, and member of the Methodist Church. Here he found a kind home, and, at a proper age, was introduced into the store. In this position, he had the companionship of Urban Cooper, a fellow-clerk. At Smyrna, six or eight miles from Sparta, a camp-meeting was held in 1806. An immense crowd—estimated at ten thousand—attended. It was impossible for them all to be seated under the arbor; so a strong, young preacher was detailed to an opening near the camp-ground, there to preach to as many as might gather around him. Lovick Pierce stood upon a

table, and announced his text: Romans vi. 6—"Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." To get the attention of his promiscuous assembly, the preacher began with rather a facetious description of the "old man;" and, having attracted his hearers, proceeded to give a shocking account of his conduct, crimes, and excesses. He then sent Moses forth as the high sheriff of the realm, who arrested him. Having described his trial and condemnation, he sentenced the "old man" to be crucified. Reared upon the accursed tree, his crucifixion was begun, when suddenly a young lady, as if pierced by an arrow, ran weeping from the outskirts of the audience, and falling near the table, cried for mercy, and entreated the prayers of those around. The preacher immediately stopped his sermon, and called for mourners. A simultaneous movement toward him followed. The people fell upon their knees, and groans, and praise, and prayers were mingled. This work continued during the remainder of the day and the succeeding night. Over one hundred souls professed conversion around that table. The young lady was the daughter of Captain Lucas. Among the converts were the two young clerks.

An eye-witness* describes the subsequent appearance of the lady portion of the congregation as rather ludicrous. The soil was colored, and rain had very lately fallen. Kneeling and prostration upon the ground hopelessly damaged hundreds of yards of silk, and fine clothes generally.

Richmond Nolley remained with his friend and benefactor till the next year. After essaying those lighter exercises by which our Church discovers and cultivates the gifts of con-

* The venerable Reddick Pierce, brother of the preacher who officiated.

verts, he was received, December 28, 1807, into the travelling connection, and sent to Edisto Circuit, South Carolina Conference. All who remember him, speak of his patient and punctual toil, and particularly of his attention to the children, and the sick and aged. Here, doubtless, he learned to include the slaves, not only in his prayers, but his teachings—a practice he kept up everywhere, and that gave him many seals among these poor.

In 1809, he was stationed in Wilmington, North Carolina. Here, besides unremitting attention to his duties in town, he had appointments in the country. One was on the east side of Cape Fear river, on the Topsail Sound, among the pilots and fishermen. His labors at this out-of-the-way place, directed by the pure love of souls, were greatly blessed: a powerful revival developed itself, and a flourishing society. After building a church, it was connected with the Wilmington Station, but subsequently formed part of the Topsail Circuit.

The year following, he labored in Charleston. His co-laborers in the station, W. M. Kennedy and Thomas Mason, were popular men and preachers. There was a revival that year. But Nolley was under the weather. He had a hard time of it: he was the butt of the persecution then dealt to Methodists. Often fire-crackers were thrown back of him into the pulpit, and once while he was at prayer. It is said he had a way here of shutting his eyes after taking his text, and keeping them closed to the end of his sermon.

A field awaited him where things had to be looked in the face. While Nolley was taking his first lessons on the Edisto and among the sailors of Topsail Sound, James Axley was on the Opelousas Circuit. He was a character—one of the representative men. Able to make his mark anywhere, even

Axley found all his powers of physical endurance, his ready perception, strong common sense, and zeal, tasked in the work. Some of the scenes passed through were vividly narrated by himself near the close of his life.

One evening, after riding all day without any dinner, he called at a house where the family consisted of a widow lady, a grown-up daughter, a number of children, and some servants, none of whom were religious. The lady and her family regretted his coming, and would not grant his request to remain over night. No, he could not stay: they would have no such cattle about them. But he was loth to leave: the reason was, he knew, if defeated in obtaining lodging there, nothing remained for him but a berth in the dark wood, without food or shelter, in an inclement season of the year. As he lingered a little to warm himself, and consider how he should manage to pass that dreary night, the thought of his forlorn condition as a homeless stranger, without money or friends, came like a dark cloud over his mind. His deep, sad cogitations proceeded in silence. Then, as was natural in the extremity, he turned his thoughts toward his Heavenly Father's house above, where he hoped some day to find a home free from the ills of mortal life. Being a little cheered with the prospect, without leave, introduction, or ceremony, he began to sing one of the songs of Zion in a strange land:

"Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
Thy great Provider still is near."

As he proceeded, his depressed feelings became elevated: the vision of faith ranged above and beyond the desolate wilderness he had just been contemplating as the place of his night's sojourn. The family were soon all melted into tears: the lady called a servant, and ordered him to put the

gentleman's horse into the stable; and the daughter added, "Be sure you feed him well."

In 1812, four young men on horseback are on the road to the West. They travel cheerfully on. No land speculation nor greed of gain—no vision of worldly fame—is before their eyes. Behind, are homes, parents, brothers, sisters, friends: before, strangers, wanderings, wide circuits, appointments unknown till announced, and no salaries—only a subsistence. They are missionaries from the South Carolina Conference to Mississippi and Louisiana. The Episcopacy sees the want, and calls for volunteers: the itinerancy, in genuine vitality, pulsates, and life is thrown from the heart to the extremities. The missionaries are Thomas Griffin, Lewis Hobbs, Drury Powell, and Richmond Nolley.

Arriving at Milledgeville, Georgia, it is necessary to get passports from the Governor to go through the Indian Nations. The Indians having been tampered with and wronged by evil men, it is difficult to keep them at peace. The missionaries represent to his Excellency what sort of men they are. He is satisfied: their papers are made out, signed, and given them, and they, with a bow, are retiring. "Stop, brethren," says Nolley; "the Governor has given us passports through the Indian Nations. Let us now ask God to give him a passport from this world to a better." The Governor and his Secretary were called to their knees, and they prayed there.

Passing through a wilderness of three hundred and fifty miles, swimming deep creeks, and lying out eleven nights, Nolley arrived at his appointment—the Tombigbee Mission.

How beautiful that band of young men, going to cultivate Immanuel's lands! It would be interesting to follow out

their histories. Hobbs was a lovely spirit. He was called the "weeping prophet." He shed tears over sinners while he warned them. A year or two afterwards he was stationed in New Orleans, where his last strength was spent. He sank into consumption, and barely got back home to die.

Their appointments scattered them widely. Griffin's was on the Ouachita. He proved a chosen vessel of the Lord. Few have been so honored in planting Methodism in the South-west. He lived to a good old age, and his memory is blessed by thousands. While Nolley persuaded sinners, and Hobbs wept over them, Griffin made them quail and shrink, and hide their faces in fear and shame. There was a clear, metallic ring in his nature. Without the advantages of fortune or education, he made his way by stronger forces. By the camp-fire, on the forest-path, he studied. One of the saddlebags-men—to whom Western civilization is more indebted than to any other class of agents—he mastered the hardy elements of frontier life: sagacious in judgment, decisive in action, strong in speech, generous-hearted. He was a delegate from Mississippi to the General Conference of 1826. The agitation which has since rent the Church, was already begun. His practical eye detected the issue. The speeches of Northern delegates assumed the sinfulness of slavery as a foregone conclusion. Their epithets, applied to slaveholders, were by no means to his taste. Those of Southern delegates pleased him little better. Their tone was excusatory rather than defensive. To use his own expression, "They were too much like suppliants to suit my feelings." He made an off-hand speech, which, whatever else it lacked, was not lacking in point or energy of expression. "It appears," said he, "that some of our Northern brethren are willing to see us all damned and double-damned, rammed,

crammed, and jammed into a forty-six pounder, and touched off into eternity!"

Two years Nolley spent on the Tombigbee Mission, covering ground now divided into Circuits and Districts. They were years of peril as well as toil. He stopped not for wet or cold. If his horse was out of the way, he took his saddlebags on his shoulder, and walked, calling and praying at every house in his way where he could obtain permission. Sometimes, in this, he met rude repulses. He not only preached, but catechized the children. His diligent instruction of children, in every place, was not only commendable, but characteristic. He was in advance, on that subject, even of this generation, with its Sunday-school statistics, and papers, and organizations. To Peter James, the preacher who succeeded him on the Tombigbee, he gave a list of the children, by name, under instruction and pastoral care. His parting charge, as each turned away to his new Circuit, was, "Now, Brother James, be sure to look after those children." The blacks were not forgotten. He instructed them also in the things of God.

The Indians broke out into hostilities, and the people, deserting their homes and plantations, took to forts. Nolley never stopped, but rather made use of these fortified gatherings for preaching the word. From fort to fort the pale messenger of peace passed, comforting, encouraging, instructing the people. Whether fortunately preserved from collision with the savages, or whether they were restrained by the Divine interdiction, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm," so it was, no harm befell him; and when the forts were abandoned, the pastor had been endeared to all hearts; and, what was of more concern to him, the gospel had sounded abroad through all that country. On this Mis-

sion occurred the original of what is now told, with some variety of place and circumstance. The informant (Thomas Clinton) subsequently labored in that region, and, though a generation has passed, he is not forgotten there. In making the rounds of his work, Nolley came upon a fresh wagon-track. On the search for any thing that had a soul, he followed it, and came upon the emigrant family just as it had pitched on the ground of the future home. The man was unlimbering his team, and the wife was busy around the fire. "What!" exclaimed the settler, upon hearing the salutation of the visitor, and taking a glance at his unmistakable appearance, "have you found me already? Another Methodist preacher! I quit Virginia to get out of reach of them: went to a new settlement in Georgia, and thought to have a long whet, but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase—Choctaw Corner—I found a piece of good land, and was sure I would have some peace of the preachers; and here is one before my wagon is unloaded."

Nolley gave him small comfort. "My friend, if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if to hell, I am afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

He was appointed to Attakapas and Opelousas in 1814. There are now aged Christians who retain an affectionate remembrance of him. In 1810, one* went to reside on the Bayou Teche,† seven miles from the present town of Franklin. Her house was what is so often gratefully mentioned by them in obituaries—the preachers' home. Often Nolley

* Martha Skinner.

† The O'Tash mentioned in Mr. Bowman's letter.

rested there, saying, as he crossed the threshold, "Peace be on this house." The word of the Lord was precious in those days. Deprived of religious privileges, this lady often sat, of evenings, on the banks of the Teche, hoping to hear among the songs of boatmen a Methodist song, or something like one.

The house of a pious old Dutchman was used, in that neighborhood, for a preaching place. Hargreider was a Methodist. Blessed be the Dutch! In the history of our struggling Church, how often the ark has rested in the lowly habitation of some Dutchman with a hard name, and steady as a mud-sill. Somebody has remarked that, of all people in the world, when once converted, a Dutchman and a Guinea negro stand the fastest.

A memorable love-feast was held in the spring of 1815, at Hargreider's—memorable to Sister S. Her cup was full and ran over, and we see Nolley in one of his old ways, left off since leaving Charleston. She had come nine miles, in a peroque, and Sister Rice had come twenty, by land, to that meeting. They sat under a live-oak tree, talking about the goodness of God to their souls, the love of Jesus, and the consolations of the Spirit. One of the two was sorrowful—the other's state so outran hers! But the fields began to look greener, and all nature gladder, as they communed. The peace that passeth understanding flowed into and overflowed the soul, rising to the joy unspeakable and full of glory. "O, Sister R., I am so happy!" The meeting had begun, and the happy one, so late cast down, got happier as she entered the Dutch chapel, and went all round, shaking hands and praising the Lord. After the lapse of forty years, she recollects only one object distinctly seen in the congregation, and that was "dear Brother Nolley." There he sat,

in the place where the pulpit might be, leaning back with a "saint-like smile," those eyes shut, and the tears streaming down his face.

The boy who rowed her to meeting had a wonderful tale to tell the folks at home: how he saw Miss Peggy dancing in the meeting!

"And how should you know so much, when the doors were closed?"

"Why," said he, naïvely, "*Brother* Nolley, he come out, and talked a heap of good talk to me, and told me to go in."

Poor Hannibal, six years after, was swept away by an inundation, and quickly lost; but he had had, at least, "one good talk" from him who thought it always in order to save a soul.

Sister Rice had been brought up with a prejudice against Methodists and a "feeling religion;" but had given in to both, a few years before, while hearing the Presiding Elder, Sellers, sing:

"When I was sinking down,
Christ laid aside his crown,
For my soul."

In this winning, melting art of devotion, Methodist preachers were once more powerful than now. Persons going to hear them, went without a stereotyped programme:

"Perhaps it might turn out a sang;
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

It was pretty certain to turn out both; and not unfrequently the song did an execution of which the sermon failed.

After the death of the preacher, these two sisters met again and talked about him, and wept. One said, "It may not be right, but somehow, whenever I do wrong, I feel as if *Brother*

Nolley looked down reproachfully on me." "I feel so, too," was the reply.

Once, at St. Martinsville, Nolley was preaching in the Court-house, and some lewd fellows of the baser sort took him forcibly from the stand, and were on their way to the bayou, to duck him. A singular deliverer was provided: a negro woman, armed with a hoe, rescued him out of their hands, took the exhausted preacher in her arms back to the house, and put him in the stand: "There now, *preach.*" Once, a sugar-planter (it is spoken of to this day) drove him away from his smoke-stack, where he craved to warm himself.

His punctuality, whether to visit or preach by appointment, was proverbial. On one of the rounds of his four-hundred-mile Circuit, he called at the house of a friendly family, Mr. H., waked them up, and inquired after their welfare. "Wouldn't he stay all night?" No: he had promised to stay with a family two miles farther on. And on he went. The man who had no wife and children, and but few and distant kindred, yet had a loving heart. What might not happen to the households he visited, preached to, and prayed for, in his long absences? Sin, sickness, death were abroad, and he had often seen sudden and sad changes wrought by them. Trifling as the circumstance may seem, it gives an insight of character. It is no trifle for a family to have an interest in such a pastor's prayers.

He was preaching in the town of Opelousas, and Judge Lewis and family were present. Service over, Judge L.* invited the preacher home with him. He had engaged to go elsewhere that day, and declined, but accepted their

* Seth Lewis, for twenty-seven years one of the Judges of Louisiana.

invitation to spend the night at their house when next he came round.

Time rolled on. The Saturday evening arrived. Judge L. was from home. A large and gay dancing party had assembled. The fashionables of old Opelousas were out in their best style, and fiddling and dancing were going on merrily. About sunset, a servant ran into the house, in greatest excitement, and whispered to Mrs. Lewis, "*The preacher! the preacher's come!*" Mrs L. recollected the invitation!

Those who are skilful in getting up agreeable company, have an eye to differences in taste, habits, and capacities. Persons of the same profession and way of thinking are not likely to entertain each other with various conversation. But there is a limit to differences, and here it was. Nolley had been invited in his character as Methodist preacher, and in that character he had come. He was not the man to drop it, and, chameleon-like, to take his color from the crowd. There he stood, full six feet high, lean and pale with fasts and vigils, his looks a very rebuke to "all vain and worldly amusements." The broad-brim hat and shad-belly coat! think of them, in contrast with the big collars and swallow-tails that adorned the dancing gentlemen of that day. Think of that solitary figure in the background of all this finery, fashion, and frivolity. Out of his deep-set, black eyes he looked kindly but not approvingly on the scene. Perhaps, for a moment, he closed those eyes. Mrs. Lewis introduced him formally to the company.

Here was a fix. Two sorts of company—both specially invited. But a well-bred and spirited woman is equal to the emergency. Mrs. L. had never read the Discipline; but she had been brought up in Virginia, and knew that Methodist

preachers set their faces against dancing. She ordered the sable and jolly fiddler to clear out, and not to let his fiddle be heard again. Dancing being mildly but firmly interdicted, the company set about playing at cross-questions, pawns, etc., and politely invited the preacher to join, which he as politely declined. Mrs. L. charged herself especially with his entertainment. Pulling out his watch, "My friends, it is now ten o'clock. You invited me to join you: I invite you to join me. Let us have prayers." Prayers were had, not omitting the hymn, and the company dispersed. At the mention of prayers, there was a murmur of dissent from some. A distinguished lawyer spoke out, "It will never do to let that man pray here." But Mrs. L. put an end to debate by ordering the candle-stand and Bible.

The next preacher that followed Nolley took Judge Lewis and his wife into the Church. They were, in piety and influence, its ornaments and pillars. They have rejoined their guest of that evening in the spirit-land, and their sons and daughters do follow in their footsteps.

Nolley went up to Conference with a good report. The Minutes show an increase of the membership by one-third. One person at least is now living (there may be others) who was converted and received into the Church under his ministry. The sower's diligence is witnessed by even a solitary stalk standing after a generation of time's reaping.

It was thought the interests of the Church required his return. News travelled slow at that time, even bad news. The faithful looked for the preacher that was to be sent them by Conference. He came not. And then the report reached them that their last year's preacher had been sent back, and, on his way from Conference to the Circuit, perished.

Accompanied by his Presiding Elder, Thomas Griffin, he

crossed the Mississippi swamp and the Ouachita. The weather was wet and cold. It was the 24th of November, 1815. They were passing up the country to avoid Hemphill Creek, a fitful and dangerous stream. This would make the journey several days longer. Nolley, anxious to reach his work, resolved to push straight through; so they parted. There was no white person living on his path. In the evening, he came to a village of Indians, near the creek, and, procuring a guide, proceeded to the ford, and found the stream swollen, as he feared. Leaving behind his valise, saddlebags, and a parcel of books, he attempted to ride it. The current bore his horse down: the banks were steep, and he could not get out. In the struggle, he and his horse parted. He got hold of a bush, and pulled himself out. His horse swam back to the shore from which they started. Directing the Indian to keep his horse till morning, he started for the nearest habitation, about two miles distant.

He had gone but a little way, when the angels met him. With sweet surprise, Nolley found himself in the land of Beulah, though in a dreary swamp of Louisiana. Beholding the "shining ones," he doubtless exclaimed with him of old, "This is God's host."

Fancy must supply what history fails to record, for there were none present save those from the sky. It was Friday, his fast-day. Chilled and exhausted—the cold and darkness every moment becoming intenser—he sank down about three-fourths of a mile from the ford. He seemed conscious of his approaching end. His knees were muddy, and the prints of them were in the ground, showing what his last exercise had been. Having commended his soul to God, with what sense of the nearness of heaven it may be supposed, he laid him down at the roots of a clump of pines. The itinerant preacher

received his discharge. There lay our beloved Nolley, on the cold ground and wet leaves, at full length, his eyes neatly closed, his left hand on his breast, and his right a little fallen off.

Rest is sweet to the weary. The solitary spot, the gloomy surroundings, were not incompatible with finishing his course with joy. Unlike Elijah, it was not his to divide the waters; but the chariot and horses of fire were doubtless ready for him. Hail, happy spirit, hail!

A traveller next day, about four o'clock, found the corpse. The neighbors collected, and bore the frozen form to the house where it was supposed he aimed to go. A widow and her daughters made the shroud, and on Sabbath he was buried. The place where he was buried is in Catahoula Parish, near the road leading from Alexandria to Harrisonburg, and about twenty miles from the latter place. No monument of any kind marks it. The locality, long in doubt, has been recently identified; persons who assisted at the burial being present. The Louisiana Conference, at its session in Franklin, 1855, resolved to erect a plain and substantial monument over this grave and others of ministers who have been buried in the bottoms of the Mississippi, along the bayous, and in the interior, but

"Whose ashes lie
No marble tells us where."

On the 19th of May, 1856, three members of the Conference, in pursuance of this design, sought out the long-neglected and almost-forgotten spot, marked it, and, kneeling down, consecrated themselves afresh to the same ministry of faith, and patience, and love. These forty years the recollection of Nolley has quickened the zeal of his brethren.

From that mound of earth, in the fenceless old field, a voice has spoken, "Be faithful." In the minds of the people, the effect was profound and conciliating.

Richmond Nolley was only thirty years old at his death. He was never married. His parents were Methodists, and his associations fortunate for his moral character. One remarked to him pleasantly, "Nolley, you do not know how to preach to sinners: you can't track them out by experience, like me." He kept his body under, perhaps to excess; not allowing it sufficient rest and food for the best working conditions. Every morning he was up at four o'clock—at prayer, at reading, at work. His emaciated frame offered excuses for relaxation, which he refused to accept. A sister said, "Your health must be very bad." "It is natural for me to look so," he replied; "on the contrary, I have the best of health." The directions laid down in the Discipline for a preacher, he followed literally. His manner seemed to say, "The Lord is at hand," "the Judge standeth at the door." Constitutional feebleness was upborne by a heavenly zeal. His temperament called for those occasional depressions and heart-sinkings in which the Christian puts to the proof that text, "My heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart."

It is not claimed that he was strong, or learned, or eloquent. He was not. In the intellectual scale, barely mediocre: in letters, knowing enough to prosecute such researches as he had time and use for: in utterance, not gifted. To claim more, either for the truth of this sketch or to make out a case, is not necessary. Moral power is not in proportion to mental vigor. Its elements lie above and beyond. What avails the clear and cold statement of truth—even Divine truth—if it touch not the heart nor move the man? It is

the evident sincerity, the home appeal, the word commended to the conscience of the hearer, the peroration all quivering with feeling, the *unction*, that constitutes the preacher's power. The soldier may have wisdom, but if he lack courage, he is totally out of character. Neither can the counsellor's courage stand him in place of wisdom. Whatever the preacher may or may not be, without this one quality of moral power, he is nothing. This had Nolley.

He had fellowship with his Master in sufferings. Without seeking them, without deserving them, we see how they befell him in a natural way, or sprung more fiercely out of the antagonism between the carnal and spiritual. Our Lord wants a suffering ministry. Not only is the fellowship with Him more intimate, but nothing weds a good man to a good cause like suffering for it.

Sufferings weed out hirelings from the ministry. They shut up the true and faithful to the only alternative—success. Where the position is easy, and the salary good, and the associations popular, the minister may descend to a professional view of his office. It makes him a living; it gives him position. What if souls are not converted, or the spiritual body of Christ is not edified? human nature still has reason for contentment. Slow-going theories of salvation are apt to be adopted, and formalism proffers its decent pall.

Not so with him who, if he get not souls for his hire, gets nothing. If his portion be in this life, the suffering minister is, of all men, most miserable. With strong cries and tears, he calls for souls, souls, souls. He has no pleasure, if the pleasure of the Lord do not prosper in his hand. Nothing satisfies him but awakenings, conversions. Nothing sustains him but success. He must have seals to his ministry. While warning others against procrastination, he does not pitch for-

ward the fruits of his labor to some indefinite future. The *now* presses him, with its straits and self-denial for the gospel's sake, and he presses it upon others. His heart yearns: his soul travails. Such a ministry will not handle the word of God daintily or deceitfully, but earnestly, mightily.

Of this sort was Richmond Nolley. At no time from the day he threw his saddlebags across his arm and started for Edisto Circuit till that chill November evening when, after prayer, he lay down in the woods of Catahoula to die, could he have afforded to preach a pointless sermon, or exercise a fruitless ministry. Did he cross from Wilmington to Topsail Sound to chop logic with the fishermen and pilots? Did he take his life in his hand on the Tombigbee Mission and go from fort to fort to discourse learnedly on foreknowledge and freewill? Did he traverse the swamps and prairies of Louisiana, enduring hardness and buffeted by evil men, in order to make a display before the congregations he gathered? Did he visit families on his weary rounds merely to partake of their hospitable cheer, and show himself an entertaining gentleman? No, no! This would have been a losing business. He could not afford it. His call from above, his convictions of duty, his self-consecration, could not be met by soft beds, fine dinners, agreeable company, and flattering commendations of his pulpit speeches. He was in earnest and on higher aims intent. The burden of the Lord was upon him. He struck for the weight of glory and the exceeding great reward.

Christian brother, suffering minister, we have entered into the labors of such men. Think on that lowly grave and him that sleeps there; his toil and his crown. Revive, and stand upon thy feet!

MINISTERIAL ZEAL.

BY CHARLES WESLEY.

GIVE me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain,
Give me the childlike, praying love
That longs to build thy house again,—
The love which once my heart o'erpowered,
And all my simple soul devoured.

I want an even, strong desire,
I want a calmly fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to the pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesus' blood.

I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe to breathe thy love.

Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity Divine;
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like mine,
And lead them to thine open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

Or if, to serve thy Church and thee,
Myself be offered up at last,
My soul, brought through the purple sea
With those beneath the altar cast,
Shall claim the palm to martyrs given,
And mount the highest throne in heaven.

JOHN SLADE.

BY THE REV. PEYTON P. SMITH.

JOHN SLADE was born on Beech Branch, Beaufort District, South Carolina, April 7th, 1790.

When about thirty years of age, he embraced religion, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Camden County, Georgia. He attributed his conversion mainly to the instrumentality of his pious grandmother, Mrs. Prevatt, who had been accustomed, while he was yet young, to lead him with her into the closet and secret grove, and there instruct, and pray with and for him. These instructions and prayers followed him, along the slippery paths of youth, up to manhood, and resulted in bringing him to the foot of the cross, where he was soundly and thoroughly converted. To the end of his eventful life, he never doubted the reality of his conversion.

Soon after he joined the Church, he evinced such gifts and graces as induced the Church to give him license to exhort. In the year 1822, he commenced his labors with the Rev. John J. Triggs, who had been appointed to the "Early Mission and adjacent settlements." His success soon justified the Church in giving him license to preach, and a recommendation to the travelling connection.

In 1823, he was admitted on trial in the South Carolina Conference, and appointed junior preacher (J. J. Triggs in charge) on the Chattahoochee Mission, embracing a large field in South-western Georgia and a portion of Alabama.

In 1824, he was appointed in charge of the Early Mission, embracing in part the ground occupied the previous year, and considerable territory in Florida.

In 1825, he was admitted to full connection in the South Carolina Conference, ordained a deacon by Bishop Roberts, and appointed in charge of the Appling Circuit, in South-eastern Georgia. On the 31st of July of this year he was married.

In 1826, he travelled the Tallahassee Mission, embracing a portion of Southern Georgia, and a large territory of wilderness country in Florida.

In 1827, he was appointed in charge of Ochoopee Circuit, in Georgia, having John Coleman as junior preacher to assist him.

In 1828, on the 10th of February, at Camden, South Carolina, Brother Slade was ordained an elder by Bishop Soule. His health having become much impaired by long rides, protracted labors, and much exposure, he was placed upon the superannuated list. He sustained this relation for two years. Although his health was not restored, yet, because of his comparative youth in the ministry, at Columbia, South Carolina, in January, 1830, he asked for and obtained a location.

In this capacity he labored for fifteen years, in Southern Georgia and Florida, struggling with poverty and bodily affliction, until the year 1845, when his health was so far restored that, upon the organization of the Florida Conference, in Tallahassee, he presented himself, and was readmitted

into the travelling connection, and appointed in charge of the Bainbridge Circuit.

In 1846, he travelled the Blakeley Circuit; in 1847, the Troupville Circuit; in 1848, the Warrior Mission.

In 1849, he was returned to the Bainbridge Circuit. In 1850, he was in charge of the Irwin Circuit. In 1851, he travelled the Holmesville Mission. In 1852, he was appointed in charge of the Wakulla Circuit. In 1853, he was returned to the Troupville Circuit. In 1854, he was appointed to the Thomasville Circuit, where he closed his earthly labors.

Having given a brief account of the fields of labor occupied by Brother Slade, a short account of his general character and labors may be appended.

Brother Slade left a widow and two daughters, but they can give little information as to his early training. He was born and brought up in obscurity, possessing but limited advantages for securing an education. He certainly was endowed with an intellect of high order, which needed only cultivation to have placed him high in the estimation of his brethren as a divine.

As a man, he was prompt and inflexible in the discharge of what he considered his duty. He possessed great moral and personal courage, for he met and boldly opposed wickedness and impiety in all places, and preached Christ to men of high and low degree; and he hesitated not to undergo the toils, dangers, and privations of newly and sparsely settled countries.

In personal appearance, it is said he resembled General Jackson. He was tall and athletic, with a high forehead, and a voice at once strong, clear, and musical.

In singing, he had but few equals; and few could be heard so distinctly, or at so great a distance.

There was something dignified and commanding in his demeanor while in the pulpit: in fact, he only needed a finished education to have placed him among the first orators of his age.

Never shall I forget my first interview with this man of God, at Damascus Camp-meeting, in Gadsden County, Florida, in 1840. I requested him at night to close the services. He was poorly clad, wayworn, and weather-beaten. With long, flowing white locks, he recalled to my mind the image which I had formed of an old patriarch or apostle. After the sermon, he commenced singing the hymn,

“Hark! how the gospel trumpet sounds!
Through all the world the echo bounds;
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God;
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day;”

and ere he had concluded this short hymn, the whole multitude seemed to be greatly moved by an overwhelming tide of feeling. He then delivered a most earnest exhortation, which, imbued with the spirit and power of the gospel, produced lasting impressions. Two or three times during this camp-meeting he preached, with great success. Finding that he was struggling with poverty, that he was very destitute, I applied, without his knowledge, to some friends for pecuniary aid, and very easily raised fifty dollars for his benefit. On the reception of this free-will offering, he manifested great humility and sincere gratitude.

During this and the following year, he attended various camp-meetings and quarterly meetings in the Florida District. At these meetings he was always ready to preach,

exhort, sing, or labor at the altar, as occasion might require. In prayer he was eminently successful, at all times seeming to feel himself in the august presence of the great "I Am." With the profoundest reverence and the greatest humility did he appeal to the Most High. He felt the great truth that he was calling on one who was not only pure and holy, but who was mighty to save. Many who mourned over their sins, will rejoice in eternity at the success of his appeals to the mercy-seat on their behalf. Many, who still live, were ever ready to render pecuniary aid to one so eminently pious and devoted to the cause of his Master. His zeal and self-sacrificing spirit seemed to plead in his behalf, and many felt it a sacred duty to aid one so manifestly commissioned by Christ to preach his gospel.

As a preacher, Brother Slade was a thorough Methodist. His views of the doctrines of the Methodist Church were generally clear and comprehensive, and his arguments strong and convincing. The Bible was emphatically his text-book, and well might it have been told the infidel and sinner, in the language of the old poet, "Beware of the man of one book." Yet he sought books that could illustrate and explain his "one book," though perhaps he did not devote as much time as some others to the study of works on Theology. He sought diligently to make himself acquainted with the doctrines of the gospel as held by the Methodist Church. In these he was well versed; and generally he succeeded in presenting them successfully to the people among whom he labored.

In his itinerant life, Brother Slade was a pioneer, going into many districts where Christ had never been preached, and boldly declaring to the hardy pioneers around him, "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." Oftentimes

he occupied the most destitute portions of a sparsely settled country; but he was a bold and fearless man, and did not shrink from undergoing the fatigue and dangers attending such labors. He was ready at all times to penetrate the forest, and proclaim with undaunted courage the truths of the gospel to its untutored inhabitants. Many incidents might be given from his eventful life, setting forth his dauntless yet Christian heroism. Many a family, who had left friends and Sabbath privileges, and had found a home in the deep forest, was gladdened by the visits, strengthened by the prayers, and edified by the godly conversation of this noble old "soldier of the cross." Often would such a family have their wilderness-home surrounded by men who "were without hope and without God in the world;" who respected no Sabbath, and worshipped no God; but seeing the zeal and hearing the exhortations of the man of God, the pious family would be encouraged "to fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life."

Brother Slade never hesitated to preach the doctrines received by his Church, and often has his logic swept away all opposition from a candid mind, and his boldness been rewarded with a new convert to truth. On one occasion he was preaching on the subject of Baptism in Appling County. His statement of his doctrines was clear, and he proceeded with a series of strong and powerful arguments to support it. As he advanced from point to point, he warmed up with his theme: he became fired with that ardent love of truth which condemns all opposition; and while dealing out some heavy blows to what he deemed gross errors, one of his hearers became enraged, and openly and loudly cursed him. He threatened, in his peculiar style, "to maul" him if he did not stop. Undisturbed by an attack so uncereemonious and

unexpected, Brother Slade proceeded with his discourse. Once or twice he paused to reprove, but before he finished his sermon, he succeeded not only in silencing but in thoroughly convincing his formidable foe, who became not only a convert to the truth, but the firm and steadfast friend of the preacher. Rich reward to the devoted lover of truth!

Brother Slade was remarkably prompt in attending his appointments. In a new country, he had many difficulties to surmount, many dangers to meet, and many privations to endure. But he looked to an Almighty Father, and, leaning upon the strong but invisible arm of Jehovah, he went forth to brook the dangers that beset his path. He stopped not for heat or for cold, for wet or for dry, and rarely did he hesitate to plunge into a swollen and rapid stream, when in his way to meet his appointments. On one occasion, in Early County, when going to an appointment, he found that a stream in his way had been much swollen by late heavy rains. He paused not, but urged his horse in, and swam safely over. But it was a very bitter, cold day, and ere he arrived at the small church, many icicles had formed upon his garments. In this condition "he preached the gospel to the poor" there assembled. A hardened sinner in the little congregation, looking on him as he stood and preached Jesus, was struck not only with the appearance of the messenger, but with the power of truth. He sought and obtained the forgiveness of his sins, and still lives to remember gratefully the shivering messenger of mercy to him. Behold how Christ rewards his devoted minister!

Sometimes Brother Slade's sermons were attended with great power. I heard him preach once at a camp-meeting in Hamilton County, Florida, on the "Divinity of Christ and the triumphs of his gospel." It was full of sublimity and

power, and delivered with great dignity and effect. I thought it truly eloquent. Not unfrequently his sermons carried with them revival fire, and would strike conviction to many a previously careless heart. By such sermons he has spread joy and gladness, and made many additions to the Church of Christ. What a wonderful effect is always produced by preaching the *pure* gospel of Jesus Christ!

In 1840, while a local preacher, he commenced a meeting with the Rev. R. J. Cowart, the preacher in charge of Bainbridge Circuit. As Brother Cowart was a young man, Brother Slade was the principal speaker. The meeting continued for ten days. His sermons on that occasion were plain but powerful. They seemed to breathe the spirit of an apostle. The poor received the gospel gladly; and many of the rich, the proud, the fashionable, who could not withstand his appeals, fell before the cross, and were made to rejoice in hope of that "inheritance which is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." After the meeting closed, he baptized twenty-seven by pouring, and seventeen by immersion. But on the next day the hand of affliction was laid heavily upon him, and for a long time he was unable to preach. But while the "outward man" was thus suffering, the "inward man" was "strong in faith, giving glory to God."

Soon after his recovery, an incident occurred which shows his zeal in the cause of his Master. He met a congregation according to appointment, but the friends had failed to get their house covered. Not at all disconcerted by this circumstance, the congregation sat, while he stood, beneath the burning rays of a summer's sun, and, with Bible in hand, preached "Christ crucified" to a handful of sinners, with three or four Christians. On this spot there now stands a large church, with a large membership. Many who heard

him on that occasion still live, and are always ready to give him the honor he so richly deserved.

A just meed of praise is awarded to this sainted man by one who was present at the organization of the Florida Conference Missionary Society, at the first session of the Florida Conference. After speaking of the zeal of the people, their liberality, and devotion to the cause, he gives several very interesting incidents connected with the occasion: among these, he makes honorable mention of the subject of this sketch:

“To crown the interest of this novel and exciting scene, just at this moment a hoary-headed man, of plain and unpretending exterior, was seen wending his way along the aisle of the church, towards the altar. He was leaning, like Jacob, upon his staff: still there was something of elasticity about his step, the fire of his eye was still undimmed, and, as he looked around him, a smile as of holy triumph played across his manly features. Who was that time-honored one? It was the Rev. Mr. Slade, the first man who planted the standard of the cross in Florida, when this fair land was a voiceless solitude. He it was who, fired by the same zeal which still throws its unquenched halo around his declining years, left the abodes of civilization, to bear the glad tidings of the gospel to the few straggling settlers who had penetrated the haunts of the red man in these Southern wilds; a pioneer bold, fearless, and strong in the Lord, who stood up in the wigwam, in the low-roofed cottage, or under the sheltering branches of some primeval oak, and mingled the voice of praise and thanksgiving with the hoarse murmurings of the wilderness, the roaring of the distant waterfall, and the desert howlings of the savage Indian. What must have been the feelings of that toil-worn veteran of the cross, as he drew

a contrast between those fading reminiscences of the past, and the living realities of the present? What a tide of associations must have rolled across his mind as he remembered the little 'cloud of witnesses,' not larger than a man's hand, that used to hover about his pathway in the days of his first sojourn in Florida, and beheld it now, with its magnificent folds extended along the face of the whole heavens, casting forth its alternate showers and shade upon the sunburnt soil, and causing the joyless desert to bloom and 'blossom as the rose!' "

As a Christian, Brother Slade was deeply and habitually pious. He cared not for the wealth or the honors of the world, but he was willing to "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord." Religion was his constant study. His great desire was to do good, and to this he devoted all his powers, both of body and mind. Salvation was his theme on the road: he spoke of it around the fireside, and everywhere "his conversation was as it becometh the gospel of Christ." He thought no condescension too low, no undertaking too arduous, to reclaim the meanest sinner. By every means did he strive to turn men from the error of their way, and every inducement did he use to awaken them to virtue and religion. With him, the value of an immortal soul could not be estimated. He entered the cottage of the wretched and the ignorant, and patiently taught them the plan of redemption. His preaching has often transformed outcasts and profligates into useful members of society, and has filled with prayer and praise the mouths that were previously accustomed to the most fearful blasphemies. He was devoted to God and to Methodism. Is it strange that such a man should "die well?" that he should calmly resign his body to his mother dust, and his

soul to God who gave it? He was willing "to depart and be with Christ." It would be strange if one who possessed such hope did not triumph in the hour of death.

On the 17th of June, 1854, when on the Thomasville Circuit, he attended an appointment at Spring Hill, and, while taking his horse from his buggy in the churchyard, he was suddenly stricken down with paralysis. For several years previous to this his health had been good. For some time hopes were entertained that he would recover; but on the 24th, unwilling that his congregation should be disappointed, he preached a short sermon on Rev. xv. 2, 3. The effort so prostrated him that all hope of his recovery was lost; and on the following evening, at seven o'clock, his sun went down in a clear sky. He gently breathed out his soul to Jesus, and entered into that rest that remaineth to the people of God. During his sickness he spoke calmly of death, being "strong in faith, giving glory to God." What is the world worth in comparison with the emotions in the bosom of this noble man, when he reviewed a life spent in the service of his Master?

He was in the sixty-fifth year of his age. He had spent thirty-four years in the service of God and for the good of his fellow-men. When he had run his race, when his earthly career was closed, he died as an itinerant minister might be expected to die—"he died well."

PARAPHRASE OF 1 THESS. IV. 13.

BY CHARLES WESLEY.

LET the world lament their dead,
As sorrowing without hope :
When a friend of ours is freed,
We cheerfully look up,
Cannot murmur or complain,
For our dead we cannot grieve ;
Death to them, to us is gain :
In Jesus we believe.

We believe that Christ, our Head,
For us resigned his breath ;
He was numbered with the dead,
And dying conquered death ;
Burst the barriers of the tomb ;
Death could him no longer keep :
He is the first-fruits become
Of those in him that sleep.

God, who him to life restored,
Shall all his members raise,
Bring them quickened with their Lord,
The children of his grace.
We who then on earth remain
Shall not sooner be brought home,
All the dead shall rise again
To meet the general doom.

Jesus, faithful to his word,
Shall with a shout descend ;
All heaven's host their glorious Lord
Shall pompously attend.
Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
Lightnings swift, and thunders loud,
With the great archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.

EZRA C. THORNTON.

BY THE REV. STAUNTON FIELD.

EZRA CLARKE THORNTON was born in the State of New York, April 7, 1817. He was of humble but reputable parentage. He appears to have enjoyed no educational advantages beyond those of a primary school. Inured to hardship from his childhood, a continuous struggle with difficulties developed that physical activity, masculine energy, and force of character which distinguished him in after life. Of his early years we have no further information; but if "the child is father of the man," we may imagine him to have been a youth of vivacity, intelligence, and promise, exciting hopes that were not doomed to disappointment.

When he was about fifteen years of age, the Thornton family removed to the West. They settled temporarily in Richmond, Ross County, Ohio, where Ezra grew up to manhood, industriously engaged in earning a support. With very limited educational and religious privileges, in an uncultivated society, he cut his way, with a brave heart, through the forest of the world.

Settling his father and family, he entered a store as clerk, on a very limited salary, and, by great prudence and economy, saved enough money to purchase a small farm, on which the

family was placed. He then turned his attention to teaching; and, while engaged in this honorable vocation, found time and means to prosecute his studies and improve his mind.

He was thus self-taught and self-made. He became a good English scholar, was possessed of varied intelligence, and was eminently successful as an instructor of youth.

On the 30th of October, 1841, he was married to Miss Sarah Ann Graves—his now desolate widow. After this event, he removed to Jackson, Ohio, and after some vacillation in his plans, fixed on the profession of the law, during the study of which an event transpired which changed the whole course of life.

In the spring of 1842, he became the subject of deep and abiding religious impressions. A devoted friend of Mr. Thornton says: "This great change in our dear friend took place under the ministry of that good man, Father Feree, of the Ohio Conference, father of our James Feree, of the Louisville Conference." That venerable servant of God was then Presiding Elder of the Jackson District, and the Rev. Jacob Daly was preacher in charge of the Circuit. These men of God took the trembling penitent by the hand, pointed him to Christ, and enrolled his name in the register of the Church. He never ceased his struggles for salvation until he was enabled to cast his burdened spirit on the great atonement. "His penitency," says one who knew him well, "was deep and pungent, and his conversion clear and satisfactory." Of an impassioned and enthusiastic spirit, he became wholly absorbed in the subject of religion.

In all likelihood, he felt himself called to the ministry from the very hour of his conversion. In the autumn of the same year, 1842, he was licensed to officiate as a local

preacher. His conviction of duty in this matter was strong and abiding; and he yielded to it as well from the desire of promoting the glory of God in the salvation of sinners, as from the fear of the penalty of delinquency, "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel!"

In the year 1843, Mr. Thornton removed to Portsmouth, Ohio, where he resumed his occupation as a teacher, exercising his gifts also as a local preacher until the ensuing year, when he entered the itinerancy.

The year 1844 will be memorable in the history of American Methodism. The proceedings which led to the separation of the Church into two distinct ecclesiastical organizations, attracted the attention of Mr. Thornton, who gave the subject a serious and impartial consideration. Though a native of a Northern State, and then a resident of Ohio, he deliberately avowed his adherence to the principles of the Southern Church. According to the "Itinerant" of December 1, 1856, "he came over to a Quarterly Meeting held at Mount Zion, in Greenup County, Kentucky, during the summer of 1845, and conferred with the Rev. John C. Harrison, Presiding Elder of the Maysville District, Kentucky Conference, in regard to the rights of adherence; and, receiving proper instruction and encouragement, he repaired to the next session of that Conference, and was employed as a supply for the Crittenden Circuit by the Rev. Gilby Kelly, Presiding Elder of the Covington District."

Having served the Church acceptably for a portion of the year on Crittenden Circuit, he appeared, duly recommended for admission into the travelling connection, at the ensuing session of the Kentucky Conference, held in Covington, Ky., September 23, 1846. As Mr. Thornton had a family, and the Kentucky Conference had a rule barring the admission of

married men into its ranks, his application occasioned considerable discussion, which was closed by a pungent speech from Dr. Bascom against the rule; and Mr. Thornton was admitted on trial.

At the close of the Conference, he was stationed at Louisa, a small town pleasantly situated on the Big Sandy River—the county-seat of Lawrence County, Kentucky.

He made a good impression upon the people at his first appearance among them, and continued to grow in their affections to the end of the year. At the next Conference, he was reappointed to Louisa, and sustained himself well, serving his charge with great acceptance and profit to the end of the second year.

At the Conference of 1848, he was appointed to Greenupsburg Circuit. Here he labored with much satisfaction to the people, and not without success. They speak of him as “a hard worker”—no unmeaning compliment. At the next Conference, he was reappointed to Greenupsburg, and served the Church laboriously and acceptably to the end of the second year, when he left the Circuit with an enviable popularity.

About this time, the Western Virginia Conference was organized. The territory embraced within its bounds was set off from the Kentucky Conference, with all the preachers then occupying it. Among them was Mr. Thornton, who at that time was making preparations to locate, and seek a home in the far West. He was moved to this course by a desire to make some provision for his growing family. His heart sank within him when he looked on the partner of his bosom, and the dear pledges of love that God had given him, that were liable to be left at any moment to the cold charities of a selfish world.

Providentially, however, he attended the Conference, which was organized at Parkersburg, September 4, 1850. Here he was ordained elder, having received deacons' orders two years before, at the session in Flemingsburg, Kentucky.

While Bishop Andrew, in addressing the candidates for admission into full connection, in his peculiar and stirring manner enlarged on the question, "Have you faith in God?" reminding the preachers that such a faith comprehends faith in his providence to take care of them and their families, Mr. Thornton's feelings were wrought up to the highest point of intensity, and he wept aloud, declaring that he would never again think of locating while God should give him strength to travel.

At the close of the session, he was appointed to Parkersburg District, which embraced a large extent of country, since divided into two Districts. Here for two years he labored with great acceptance and success.

In many portions of his District, Southern Methodism was for the first time introduced and established—particularly in Clarksburg, where he was remarkably successful and greatly beloved.

The spirit and feelings with which he entered on the responsible work of a Presiding Elder, may be seen in the following extract from a letter to his friend, Mr. Joseph Foster, then of Greenupsburg, Kentucky. He says:

"I suppose you would like to hear something about how I am coming on in my new relation to the Church. At first, it was hard to get the armor to *fit*. I was introduced to a Brother Sargent, an old and venerable member of the Church, as the Presiding Elder. The next morning, in love-feast, he arose, the tears streaming, and said, 'When I was introduced to our Presiding Elder, I thought, Is it possible! they have

sent such a stripling here to be the leader of the host! But,' said he, 'if the Lord is with him, like David, we will get the victory.' We had an excellent time, indeed. I have now held three Quarterly Meetings, and all have been good—the last very good. In going to Ravenswood, I fell in with a man who, in conversation, informed me that he was a friend to the Church—his wife a member, etc. He tried, by various questions, to find out who I was; but I evaded. He told me there was a Quarterly Meeting in Ravenswood on Saturday and Sunday. When we parted, I said, 'If you will come to meeting on Sunday, at eleven, perhaps you may see me, and find out who I am.' He said, 'I will come.' He came—stayed till night. I was assisted much by the good Spirit. I made an appeal to parents in an exhortation, and when I opened the door of the church, he came rushing over the benches, threw his arms around me, and said, 'I have found out who you are: pray for me!' One old man, a skeptic, sat and wept like a child in the time of preaching at eleven o'clock. Surely God was there! I have been abundantly blessed, Brother Foster, in my labors, since I came here; and to God be all the glory. Amen. The prospect for good times is, indeed, very flattering, and, by the help of the good Lord, I intend to try to *live religion*, and do my duty."

After two years of hard labor and many trials, he was removed from the Parkersburg to the Guyandotte District, where he continued one year.

At the Conference held in Clarksburg, he was stationed at Catlettsburg. Here he had made arrangements for the erection of an academy, which enterprise he successfully prosecuted. This enlarged his sphere of usefulness, and eked out a support for his large and growing family. His course in this matter was approved by the Conference, which, at its

next session, elected him delegate to the General Conference of 1854. He was chosen on the first ballot, and proved a faithful and valuable representative in that venerable body.

At the next Conference, he was returned to Catlettsburg, to which was annexed the town of Ashland. In this little place, which is laid out for a large city, he organized a society, laying the foundation on which it is hoped his successors will build a flourishing church.

He was next appointed to Guyandotte and Marshall Academy, some ten or twelve miles above Catlettsburg. Here he labored faithfully and acceptably. The people were so attached to him, that, at the next session of the Conference, which was held at Guyandotte, they unanimously and earnestly remonstrated against his removal. But Bishop Early felt it his duty to remove him, as he needed his services on the Parkersburg District.

Without murmuring or hesitation, Mr. Thornton encountered the great inconvenience and sacrifice to which this appointment subjected him, sold his property, and left Guyandotte to visit his relatives in the West, preparatory to an entrance upon the work of the District.

On the 10th of October, 1856, he started on his tour, never to return. The following particulars are given in the language of another:

“He was on a visit to his father; and when within eighty miles of his destination, the cars stopped at Fulton Depot, Wisconsin. He got off to speak to a friend, and did not attempt to get on until after the cars had started: in making the attempt, his feet slipped, and he fell on the rail, when the cars passed over him, crushing both his legs. The accident occurred on the 15th of October. Reaction did not take place so as to justify amputation until the next day, when, at his

own request, the operation was performed; but he survived only a few minutes afterwards. He lived only twenty hours from the time he received the injury, and retained his senses to the last. Every possible attention was paid him by the officers of the road and the community. He was buried on the 18th, in Edgerton, by the Free Masons, at his own request."

He had left his wife in Indiana with her friends, and she did not reach the place where he lay until his happy spirit had gone to glory. As he drew near the banks of "the last river," the thought of his "poor wife and helpless children" cast a shade of gloom upon his mind, but mustering faith and courage, his countenance brightened up with a smile, and brushing away the tear which trembled on his cheek, he exclaimed, "God will take care of them!" To a friend who stood by his side he said, "Just as I expected, brother; the religion I have preached to others supports me in death."

The foregoing sketch of our lamented brother is unavoidably imperfect, and would be more so without the addition of a few reflections on his character as a Christian and a minister of Christ.

He was a man of keen perceptions, brilliant imagination, and warm, genial, magnanimous sentiments. From these characteristics his piety took its peculiar type: he was quick in apprehending, sincere in professing, and fair in contending for "the faith once delivered unto the saints."

If he sometimes approached the "Slough of Despond," at other times he soared to altitudes of joy unknown to those whose experience is more even and uniform. Though excitable, no one who knew him ever doubted the firmness of his principles or the purity of his motives. "His friendship," says one who was well acquainted with him, "was firm and

sincere; and I am reminded of a remark of one who had fully tested it, 'whenever I wanted aid and counsel from one upon whom I could implicitly rely, I called upon Thornton, and he never deceived me.'"

As a preacher he was deservedly popular. He was a fine declaimer. His style was elevated, pathetic, and declamatory, and his manner of delivery rapid, animated, and enthusiastic. When in a proper mood, with a Divine afflatus resting on him, his pulpit efforts were displays of almost overpowering oratory. He was uniformly a *good* preacher. His talents, if not profound, were of a practical, utilitarian order, adapted to the wants of the Church and the world.

He was a close student, and by dint of application, in the face of the most formidable obstacles, he had become a scholar of considerable and varied acquirements. His library was one of the best, if not the best, in our Conference. With so many cares and labors as were imposed upon him, how he found time to study is hard to divine. May his mantle of zeal, devotion, and energy, fall upon the Conference of which he was so useful a member!

GO TO THE GRAVE.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power :
A Christian cannot die before his time,
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

Go to the grave: at noon from labor cease ;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done :
Come from the heart of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home ; with thee the fight is won.

Go to the grave: though like a fallen tree,
At once with verdure, flowers, and fruitage crowned,
Thy form may perish, and thine honors be
Lost in the mouldering bosom of the ground.

Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,
The germ of immortality shall keep ;
While safe, as watched by cherubim, thy dust
Shall, till the judgment-day, in Jesus sleep.

Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high ;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

Go to the grave—no, take thy seat above ;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou, for faith and hope, hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

IGNATIUS A. FEW.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MEANS, M.D.

MANKIND have, in all ages, and in every stage of civilization, been accustomed to respect and reverence those who have been gifted with high capabilities, or who have been distinguished for the exercise of any recognized virtue in the age in which they have lived. Even barbarism itself, within whose dark domain mind is regarded as a mere appendage to manhood, is strongly characterized by this popular impulsion. The South Sea Islander yields the palm of greatness and bows in patient submission to the savage whose stalwart arm most successfully wields the fatal seal-club, or most skilfully drives the bounding canoe over the foaming seas. The wild native of the West, whose ideas of glory are limited to the achievements of the chase and the triumphs of the tomahawk, honors with the sceptre of his tribe the veteran hunter of a thousand skins, or the battle-worn warrior of a hundred scalps. Much more, then, within the reign of civilization, and under the benignant auspices of a rational, elevating, and sublime religion, where man exultingly learns his true dignity, and cultivated mind assumes its high prerogatives, may we expect to find in its least objectionable and purest

form this constitutional trait in human nature. Here a lofty, durable, deathless reputation is not the precocious offspring of an hour, or the capricious boon of wayward fortune, thrown full-formed upon the world, but, like the stalactical columns in the grotto of Antiparos, the slow and silent aggroupment of millionaire molecules, accumulated through the lapse of tedious and toilsome years, imperceptibly growing in strength, expanding in beauty, and swelling in noble proportions, until the eye is ravished with its crystalline purity and classic form, and earth and heaven may safely repose their interests upon its unbending shaft.

It is true that amid the caprices which have sometimes governed communities, as well as the revolutions which have frequently agitated nations, a few meritless but fortunate individuals have been suddenly foisted upon the attention of the world, and shone lustrous for a time with the insignia of popular favor. But to reach that enviable distinction and perpetuity of fame which goodness and greatness unitedly confer, *knowledge* and *virtue* must blend their ample resources, and activity and zeal characterize their unwearied outlay, for the happiness of mankind. One leading trait of character, boldly outlined, may win notoriety, or even secure applause, but to gain the world's confidence, win the world's *heart*, and wear the world's glory, requires a beautiful balance of intellectual and moral power—a majesty and weight of personal character which can neither be compassed nor exemplified by the practice of any insulated virtue. Nay, more: it demands an embodiment of matured worth, a lovely and impressive whole of moral excellences, neither to be simulated by manœuvring tricksters, nor basely bought from parasitical fame-mongers. While, then, on the one hand, model specimens of virtue, piety, and usefulness, among the simple-

hearted, the untitled, and the unschooled, justly command the respect of mankind; and on the other, signal instances of polished cultivation, noble emprise, and startling heroism, among the gifted and the great, may excite popular admiration, it is only by the rare but attractive combination of these striking characteristics, where the purity of the *one* consecrates the power of the *other*, that human nature reaches the *ultima thule* of its earthly destination, and an approving world voluntarily renders the homage of commingled veneration and love.

As it is the province of the profane historian to trace the movements of nations, mark the shifting phases of communities, and truthfully to portray the leading attributes of those governing minds which have left their impress upon national character, surely the *ecclesiastical* historian should feel himself commissioned faithfully to chronicle, from age to age, the onward progress and leading events which characterize a religion designed to mould the moral elements of the nations, give cast to their current history, and finally to fix the destiny of the world. Nor is the Christian biographer an unimportant auxiliary in furnishing to posterity a lively portraiture of the past. It is his grateful task to daguerreotype the features of those master-minds which have gained the ascendancy over the sensual and sordid proclivities of human nature, and at various periods shone conspicuously amid the honored ranks of Zion. It is his mentally to reëmbody for the public eye the distinguishing virtues of the great and the good, whose precious memories would otherwise soon fade away into the dim light of tradition. Indeed, those who have fearlessly and triumphantly vindicated the cardinal and soul-saving doctrines of the Church, by the power of logic and the persuasiveness of rhetoric, who have moved at the head of

her "sacramental hosts," multiplied her conquests, and widened her reign, and have signally identified themselves with her history and progress, rightfully claim some enduring record among her own archives, that coming generations, stimulated by the moral prowess and intellectual achievements of their godly sires, may be sprung to emulate their worth, and meekly but nobly strive for a kindred immortality.

Nay, minds of more humble proportions, but purified and ennobled by a baptismal unction from heaven, that have ventured to struggle with antagonistic forces for the defence of truth, and have resolutely maintained the faith in the hour of peril—minds that, stirred by the inspiring motto of the red cross which flamed in the ominous sky of Constantine, "*in hoc signo vinces*," have practically illustrated the living power of the gospel, and hallowed, in the world's eye, the once despised name of the persecuted Nazarene—should have the memories of their heroic piety enshrined in the very bosom of the Church, to inspire a more unselfish devotion to her peerless claims, and breed warrior-hearts to bear her banners and win the field where craven spirits would fear and fly. If the earnest and heart-felt devotion which prompted the woman of Bethany to pour out the precious contents of her alabaster box upon the Saviour's head, won, at his hands, the meed of immortality, and the promise of a world-wide fame, which has been already in the progress of fulfilment for more than eighteen hundred years, surely those noble spirits whose devotions have been kindled at the foot of the cross, and in the presence of the same Divine Master, and whose lives have been but one continued oblation upon the altars of his Church, should have their names "graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever," and will not

be forgotten by the great Arbiter of human destiny when the memories of earth are revived again in heaven.

This train of thought has been naturally suggested by the vivid reminiscences which cluster around the tomb of departed greatness and recall the triumphs of sanctified intellect, in the form of that venerated friend and brother whose name stands at the head of this article. Only a few years have passed since he moved in the might of his manly career, a Socrates in philosophy, a Solon in counsel, and a saint in service. Now his honored dust rests in silence in the quiet simple cemetery of Oxford, his loved woodland village, but his genius, his learning, and his piety shall ever live in the memory of the thousands. The warmth with which it has been cherished by the ancient and honorable masonic fraternity, with whom he was so long associated, has found full expression in the polished strength and artistic beauty of that monumental obelisk which overlooks the grounds of Emory College, and fronts the noble propylon of its main edifice, standing alone in its virgin purity, as if to keep vigil on the coast of time, and report his immortality to passing generations;* while the Trust, Faculty, and Literary Societies of the cherished Institution, whose plan his genius elaborated, and

* The entire craft throughout the State have, by voluntary contribution, erected a marble obelisk to his memory, resting upon a magnificent pedestal of the same material, surmounting a massive granite plinth. The shaft reaches the elevation of twenty-two feet from the base, and has the significant masonic emblems—the Holy Bible and the compass and square, boldly executed in *alto rilievo* upon its *eastern* slope, while three sides of the “die” are occupied by appropriate inscriptions. One has been furnished by the venerable order erecting it, commemorative of his masonic virtues, another by the Church, expressive of his high Christian and ministerial character, and the third by the Few and Phi Gamma Societies of his beloved college, as a testimonial of respect for the talent, learning, and piety of their *first* President. Copies of the inscriptions are appended to this sketch.

his energies so largely contributed to evolve, and the Church of his choice, whose honors he so meekly wore, and whose doctrines he so ably defended, will record his worth in living characters upon the tablet of the *heart*, and hand down his name to an admiring posterity as a benefactor of the age.

IGNATIUS A. FEW was a Georgian by birth, a native, and for many years a resident, of the city of Augusta, where he drew his first breath, in the year 1790. His educational training was partly conducted, but not completed, in Princeton College, New Jersey, from whence he removed to the city of New York, where he prosecuted his studies under private instruction. He selected the profession of the law in which to display the powers of a discriminating and cultivated mind; and having passed his novitiate under the able training of General Flournoy, of Augusta, then in the zenith of his fame, entered forthwith upon the arduous duties of the bar. His progress, as might have been anticipated, was marked by high success, and he bade fair to win an enviable distinction, and to contend in honorable rivalry with the ablest legal talents of the day.

But an interesting event in this period of his history changed the whole current of his thoughts, and tamed, for a time, his young ambition. He saw, addressed, and married the then beautiful and attractive Miss Carr. The hopeful advocate was soon transformed into the busy planter; and amid the quietness of his rural home, near his native city, he remained, engaged in agricultural pursuits, until some time during the war of 1812, when our southern seaport, Savannah, was threatened with a hostile invasion from British forces, and he received a Colonel's commission in the regiment appointed to its defence, a position to which his tall and

manly form, military port, and fearless independence of character admirably suited him.

After having honorably maintained, until the establishment of peace, the important post assigned him, he returned to resume the less exciting pursuits of civil life. Sprung once more by the impulses of a laudable ambition, he determined to occupy no common place in the ranks of his profession, and therefore bent the energies of his clear, strong, and disciplined mind to the acquisition of an extraordinary stock of legal learning, amplified and enriched by many contributions from almost every department of literature and science. Unfortunately, however, that dark school of morals whose masked libertinism cursed the age of the French Revolution had not ceased to send abroad, through popular channels, its skeptical innuendos and plausible dogmas to meet the public eye.

A critical reader and ardent admirer as he was of the ablest authors of the day, he could be scarcely otherwise than captivated by the commanding talents and powerful pen of the great English historiographer, and charmed by the versatile genius and flowing style of the inimitable French encyclopædist—the *nonpareil* of modern writers and the prince of modern infidels. Imperceptibly imbued, therefore, with the gently infiltrated poison of these moral homicides and their gifted compeers, and prompted by the unsanctified zeal of a prurient philosophy, he pushed his metaphysical inquiries beyond the sanctioned limits of reason and truth, until, alienated from the faith of his fathers, he stood toppling upon the brink of a hopeless Materialism, and shuddered at the gloom with which his own temerity had environed him.

About this period, by a mysterious intervention of Divine Providence, when the amplitude and resources of his strong

mind were opening his way to distinction, and fame was weaving professional garlands for his brow; even in the very hour when, surrounded by the excitement of the forum, and on the eve of an anticipated outlay of intellectual strength and legal learning before a judge and jury of his country, his engorged lungs, sympathizing with his over-taxed and laboring brain, suddenly gave way in a fearful and exhausting hemorrhage, which was the signal of his retreat from the bar—the ominous precursor of future sufferings, and the early premonition of his melancholy end. But his boasted reason, that noble faculty which he had so highly trained, and on whose conclusions he so confidently rested, was destined soon to be challenged from an unexpected quarter, for an impartial but momentous decision, involving the high claims of Revelation, and the issues of eternity! Frequent discharges of arterial blood from the pulmonary vessels, sometimes alarmingly rapid and profuse, continued to occur through the several subsequent years of his life. What we are authorized to believe was the second attack, however, was attended with circumstances of peculiar interest, and has been detailed by the Rev. Joseph Travis in his recently published Autobiography.

This venerable man was appointed to preside over the Ogeechee District, which embraced the city of Augusta, in the year 1822. About that time he became acquainted with the distinguished subject of these memoirs, who had again taken up his residence in that city, and whose characteristic kindness and courtesy led him frequently to invite Brother Travis to visit his family and enjoy its hospitalities. One of these polite invitations, extending to himself and wife, he took occasion to accept. During the evening's conversation, the Colonel referred to his recent narrow escape,

when his life had been imminently perilled by the frightful paroxysm of hemorrhage above described. Family prayers were at length proposed, to which he readily assented, but without conforming to the kneeling posture common to Christian worshippers on such occasions. He was at this time believed to be a confirmed infidel; and after the ladies had retired, and a favorable opportunity offered, with that easy and respectful dignity which so signally marked his intercourse with others, he introduced his favorite theme. A serious discussion commenced, which continued until one o'clock in the morning. Brother Travis remembered that he bore the crimson banner of his conquering Leader, and scorned to strike it to the tallest son of Anak. And yet such "skill and tact" did the gifted logician display "in defending his principles," that Brother Travis frankly declares, "I would rather engage in argument with any man that I ever saw than with Colonel Few." The pious minister at length determined, however, in his own language, upon an *argumentum ad hominem*, and asked his honored friend if he felt no dread of death when the blood was gushing from his lungs and the pulse of life was waning. He confessed to some tremors at first, but said that he soon rallied his powers, and all was quiet again.

Thus closed the conversation; and they had but just retired for the remainder of the night, when a more powerful appeal was made to his noble sensibilities by the wisdom of the skies. Providence interposed in merciful severity, and Brother Travis was suddenly hailed by a servant, with alarming intelligence that the Colonel had been visited with another dreadful paroxysm, endangering his life from suffocation and loss of blood. The languid eye of the sufferer met Brother Travis as he entered his bed-room, and poured

out volumes of concession in the gaze, as he speechlessly extended to him his pale hand, and the red tide streamed from his pallid lips. He had trodden upon the frail bridge of passage with which an illusory infidelity had sought to span the *great deep* beyond the death-room. It cracked under the approaching weight of his own immortality, and his startled soul recoiled with horror from the yawning abyss. Medical aid, however, was instrumental in arresting the violence of the attack and averting a speedy catastrophe, and he became quiet, thoughtful, and submissive. That eventful night seems to have given cast to his future destiny. And, to his conversation with Brother Travis, he, in after life, attributed his incipient purpose to renounce his ruinous creed and acquaint himself with God.

But the work was not yet done. His active and vigorous mind had been stirred to solemn inquiry, and began to seek honestly for truth, but for several succeeding years no signal results followed.

At this interesting crisis in his history, the pungent and unanswerable "Appeal to Matter of Fact and Common Sense," by the Rev. J. W. Fletcher, of immortal memory, providentially met his eye. Its frankness, boldness, and raciness of style arrested his attention; and its close, consecutive and convincing argumentation controlled his judgment and confounded his trembling, faltering philosophy. Oh! what a priceless, hallowed hour was that! Memory turns back and reports the scene. Everlasting destinies are poised, pendent, and perilled over that eventful perusal. By vivid association we behold him now! There he sits, grave, thoughtful, absorbed, *spell-bound*, under the glowing rhetoric, overpowering logic, and godly zeal of the saint-vicar of Madeley. His heart begins to feel the potency of the blows which are

driving in the out-works of his crumbling creed. His whole intellectual and moral nature reels under the shock. Uncovered and confounded, he pauses for a moment, and then, with the characteristic magnanimity of his noble soul, *yields the conquest*. Christianity triumphs, and Reason—enlightened, subdued, and sanctified Reason—learns her appropriate sphere, and reverentially bows to the authenticated wonders of Divinity, never again presumptuously to try her adventurous wing amid the dizzy heights from which an archangel trembling might recoil. Conscience, too, faithful to the impulses of heavenly grace, proclaims his moral condition. He finds himself an alien from the commonwealth of Israel, without hope and without God in the world, bends the suppliant knee, lifts the penitential eye, and offers the *broken heart*. It is enough! Faith throws wide the gate of heaven, God appears in pardoning glory, and the inspiring light of immortality beams around him. He rises a rescued, *redeemed man*, meek and docile as a child, the arrogant philosopher transformed into the pretensionless, confiding babe.

A soul of such bold proportions and exquisite sensibilities, just radiant with heavenly light, and glowing in the ardor of Divine love, could not but contemplate with admiration and awe the sublime revelations of Bible truth, and the grandeur and glory which invest the Messiah's cross. Human pride and self-sufficiency shrunk reprov'd under the august exhibition, and the majesty of the scene left its ineffaceable impress upon his changed and child-like spirit.

This happy transformation took place in the year 1826 or 1827; and shortly afterwards, in the year 1828, actuated by an earnest sense of religious duty, and under a profound conviction of the solemn responsibilities involved, he plighted his vows to the ministry of Christ, and entered upon a new

and wider career of usefulness. Here his great intellectual power had ample scope, and his natural benevolence, heightened and purified by his spiritual regeneration, found a congenial sphere for action. But, alas! the fatal malady which had settled upon his weak and lacerated lungs crippled the energies of his physical nature, and often embarrassed the execution of his holiest purposes. Still, with all these disabilities, he discharged, for many years, with dignity and usefulness, the arduous duties connected with many responsible trusts committed to his care, filled some of the most important stations within the gift of his Church, and occupied a distinguished place in her highest legislative assemblies.

We now behold him in the entireness of his manly claims, remodelled and energized by the spirit of Christianity, his mental and moral powers in full play and heavenly harmony, ready for the toils and trials of the unrevealed future. We may, therefore, be indulged in a brief analysis of his natural character.

In his *personal relations* he was affable and candid, kind and affectionate, but dignified and decided; and whether in the public assembly or in the private circle, always distinguished for his unaffectedly easy and polished manners, courtly bearing, and unsurpassed courtesy and refinement.

“Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature had written—Gentleman.”

Nor did he ever forfeit his claim to that enviable appellation, whether he mingled with the retired and pretensionless sons of poverty, or moved amid the refined ranks of wealth and fashion.

He was warm, unsuspecting, and confiding in his attach-

ments, and admirably retentive of acquaintances once formed and friendships once contracted.

As a *scholar* he had few contemporary superiors in any country. Endowed, as we have seen, with a native mind of capacious and noble mold, whose active powers had been gradually but thoroughly developed by elementary training and subsequent application; and prompted in early years by a generous ambition for legal and literary distinction, he fled to his study as the sanctum of his retired hours, and there, surrounded by the tomes of antiquity and the garnered wisdom of modern times, his patient toil collected the elements of all that wealth of thought and divinity of knowledge which in after life so brilliantly marked his exalted career. No department of human knowledge was a stranger to his scrutinizing research. No vastness of theme repelled the boldness of his pursuit, no minuteness of detail foiled the patience of his inspection, and no difficulties of fact intimidated the fearlessness of his enterprise. He was a living encyclopædia of the arts and sciences, and always held at command his exhaustless resources for the contingent claims of life.

Should captious criticism herself attempt the analysis of his mental constitution, she could only suspect his generous nature of an over-sanguine confidence in the pledges and pretensions of mankind, and of a too liberal economy in the appropriation of limited resources to carry out the details of his comprehensive plans.

As a *speaker* he was clear, strong, argumentative, powerful, always earnest and impressive, and occasionally impassioned. He could not think confusedly. Like a saline solution, suddenly shot into crystalline form by the presence of a nucleus, his subjects instinctively assumed order and system

under the very touch of his plastic mind. In the tournament of debate he rarely met his equal. And woe to that adventurer who entered the lists with him not harnessed to the crown and unaccustomed to the shock of logical encounter, for he wielded Damascus steel, and under the flash of his blade and the prowess of his arm many a gasconading knight has been unhelmeted and unhorsed, and left the undisputed field to the conqueror.

Warmly attached to the ordinances and institutions of the Church, he lent his great ability and fervid zeal to their maintenance and propagation; and the polish and pungency of his polemical powers upon great ecclesiastical questions will never be forgotten by those who heard him, as he stood, in 1844, on a memorable occasion, yet fresh in the history of the past, lung-worn and weak, but conspicuous among the tallest minds in her highest ministerial council, fearlessly battling for the ancient land-marks of Methodism and the rights of the South, while reeling fanaticism recoiled under the potency of his gladiatorial skill.

As a *minister* he was faithful, zealous, and exemplary, an able theologian and critical pulpit analyst. When he ascended the sacred desk, his dignified port, calm, solemn, and collected countenance, intelligent eye and open brow, authenticated his credentials as an ambassador of Christ, and suitably heralded the coming solemnities of a message from Heaven. His voice of agreeable intonation and moderate strength, sometimes swelled into greater volume as he warmed with the contemplation of his subject. On special occasions, when profoundly impressed by the majesty of his mission, and transported by his vivid apprehension of the Divine goodness and glory, his fervent spirit the meanwhile pouring itself out in "thoughts that breathed, and words that

burned," his overtasked and shattered lungs have suddenly sunk under the burden, a hectic cough has interrupted his urgent appeal, and a captivated but sympathizing audience have been left to pity and to pray. Alas! alas! it was the imperial bird of heaven struggling sunward, while the deadly shaft of the archer hung quivering from his bleeding breast!

As a *Christian*, however, the attributes and graces of his mind, perhaps, shone with the most lovely lustre. Thoroughly disciplined in the morals of Christianity, and deeply imbued with the spirit of a sound piety, he luminously exemplified, in the midst of harassing trials and prolonged afflictions, the humility and forbearance—the charity and patience of a child of God. His catholic spirit nobly spurned the contracted limit-lines of bigoted sectarianism, and walked abroad, in the generousness of its affections, to court a kindly interchange of denominational courtesies, and receive and reciprocate the warm embraces of Christian love.

Thus peaceful and pure, surrounded by the prayers of his friends and the sympathies and respect of the world, he gradually approached his *final hour*.

The last dreaded hemorrhage at length unstrung his frame, and undermined the foundations of exhausted nature; but the religion of his life was the guardian angel of his death, and surrounded by the heaven of her smiles, with the blushing light of immortality opening upon his vision, he bade the world *farewell*, to take a loftier rank with the happy hierarchy of the skies.

Having thus rapidly sketched some of the most eventful changes in his history, briefly analyzed his forceable character, and witnessed his triumphant end, we may now be permitted to recur to the incidents of an interesting epoch,

cherished by himself in grateful remembrance while he lived, and destined to be perpetuated to posterity.

During the period of his most active labors, a new era opened upon the history of the Southern Church. Profoundly impressed with the necessity of reviving the educational spirit of their forefathers, and increasing their facilities for the diffusion of knowledge through the widening ranks of their ministry and membership, our people were ripe for the movement of some leading mind, which should go forward to evolve their liberal resources. And here we cannot forbear to remark, that injustice has been done—foul injustice—both to the origin and character of our beloved Methodism. The misguided and the prejudiced have long been taught to regard it as the offensive spawn of an ignorant and superstitious religionism, or, as at best, but the sickly and spoiled bantling of an overweening clerical ambition. Whereas, if any great ecclesiastical movement, within the last three centuries, has ever been peculiarly characterized in its incipency and early progress by the lights of learning and the unction of grace, it has been the unexampled reformatory impulse given to the Church by the polished and powerful *founder of Methodism* and his erudite coadjutors. This untimely thing, it is true, was doomed to the birth of the illustrious son of Amram. It drew its first breath under the jealous proscriptions of power; was driven from the places of pomp and patronage, where the pampered Pharaohs dwelt, to float in its fragile ark of bulrushes upon the threatening waters, until the God of the infant on the Nile restored it to the maternal bosom, to be reared to vigor and manhood by the wisdom and the learning of the ablest of the age. The Wesleys, Fletchers, and Cokes, Watsons, Clarkes, and Bensons, who graced its early years by the contributions of their literature and the

impress of their piety, should for ever relieve it, in the judgment of an honest world, from the charge of a vagrant and illiterate origin, and are enough to confer dignity and respect upon any progeny or protégé recommended to its confidence.

A legitimate descendant of these patriarchial guides in literary tastes and high-born zeal for the cause of God and the honor of his Church, our distinguished friend—ready for the task, and surrounded by willing and powerful auxiliaries of kindred spirits—set out to collect and arrange the materials for a literary institution of elevated rank, and in obedience to the prevalent sentiment of the times, incorporated *manual labor* as an essential feature in its organization. This, however, after a sufficient and unsatisfactory experience, has been subsequently abandoned by the Board of Trust, and their action sustained by a discerning and appreciating public. This High School, however, with a *proposed* endowment of fifty thousand dollars, did not still meet the increasing demands of the anxious and interested friends of the cause; and although an effort to turn the denominational patronage of our State to the Randolph Macon College, Va., by the endowment of a Professorship in that Institution, met with his able advocacy, yet such was the impulse given to the cause of education in the South, that it was deemed expedient to give another direction to the rising tide, and invite the contributions of our people to the establishment of a liberally endowed College upon *our own soil*, and under the direct patronage of the Georgia Conference. Sustained by the legislation, aided by the counsels, and encouraged by the contributions of that venerable body, among whom were many whose fame was in all the Churches, and many who still live in the golden maturity of their intellectual strength and ministerial reputation, he was again seen in advance of this memorable move-

ment, and pushed on as the pioneer of a deathless enterprise, whose first presence in the lonely woodlands selected for its location, was consecrated by the breathings of devotion and the voice of prayer; and whose auspicious career within a few short years opened up the surrounding forest to the sights and sounds of bustling industry, sprinkled the beauties of modern architecture amid the oaks and evergreens of luxuriant nature, and mingled the classic melodies of Virgil and the thrilling strains of Homer with the warbling minstrelsy of the wild wood-bird, and the monotonous hum of the evening beetle. And now, after the lapse of twenty years, the lovely and picturesque village of Oxford, with its quiet population and its crowning College, not only charms the passing stranger, but arrests the attention and secures the sympathies of the patrons of learning and the friends of Methodism throughout the surrounding States.

[Epitaph by the Church.]

I. A. FEW,
FOUNDER AND FIRST PRESIDENT
OF
EMORY COLLEGE,
ELECTED DEC. 8TH, 1837,
ENTERED UPON HIS DUTIES SEPT. 10TH, 1838,
RESIGNED JULY 17TH, 1839.

"MEMORIA PRODENDA LIBERIS NOSTRIS."

IN EARLY LIFE AN INFIDEL, BECAME A CHRISTIAN
FROM CONVICTION; AND FOR MANY YEARS OF DEEP AFFLICTION,
WALKED BY FAITH IN THE SON OF GOD.
A PROFOUND THEOLOGIAN, AND AN EARNEST, ELOQUENT PREACHER,
WHOSE SERMONS AND WHOSE LIFE AND DEATH EXHIBITED IN
BEAUTIFUL HARMONY, PROFOUND WISDOM AND CHILDLIKE SIMPLICITY,
AND HUMBLE AND UNFALTERING CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

[Epitaph by the College Societies.]

I. A. FEW,
VIVIT—NON MORTUUS EST.
A TRIBUTE OF
LOVE AND VENERATION TO EXALTED WORTH,
FROM THE
FEW AND PHI GAMMA SOCIETIES
OF
EMORY COLLEGE,
SISTER ASSOCIATIONS WHO THUS DELIGHT TO HONOR
THE MEMORY OF
THEIR COMMON FOUNDER AND PATRON.

[Masonic Inscription.]

THE GRAND LODGE OF GEORGIA

ERECTS THIS MONUMENT IN TOKEN OF HIGH REGARD

FOR A DECEASED BROTHER,

IGNATIUS A. FEW,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE IN ATHENS, GA., NOV. 28TH, 1845,

AGED 56 YEARS, 7 MONTHS, AND 17 DAYS.

HE WAS BORN APRIL 11TH, 1789, IN COLUMBIA COUNTY,

THEN THE COUNTY OF RICHMOND, IN THIS STATE.

AS A MASON HE POSSESSED ALL THOSE NOBLE TRAITS
OF CHARACTER WHICH CONSTITUTE THE WORTHY BROTHER
OF THIS ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ORDER.

AS A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL HE EXEMPLIFIED THE
BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTION OF THE POET:

“His theme divine,

His office sacred, his credentials clear.

By him the violated Law spoke out

Its thunders ; and by him, in strains as sweet

As Angels use, the Gospel whispered peace.”

AS A PATRON OF EDUCATION AND LEARNING,

HIS COMPLIMENT IS SEEN IN THE BUILDINGS

WHICH THIS MONUMENT CONFRONTS.

AS A PATRIOT, HE WAS AMONG THE FIRST ON THE BATTLE-FIELD
AT HIS COUNTRY'S CALL, IN THE WAR OF 1812, FROM WHICH HE RETURNED
WITH HONOR, TO HONOR THAT COUNTRY AS A PRIVATE CITIZEN.

IN PRIVATE LIFE HE WAS DISTINGUISHED FOR THE AMENITY OF HIS
MANNERS, THE WARMTH OF HIS FRIENDSHIP, HIS HIGH SOCIAL QUALITIES,
AND HIS VARIED AND USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

MASONS, CHRISTIANS, SCHOLARS, PATRIOTS, AND CITIZENS,

JOIN EACH IN THE SENTIMENT,

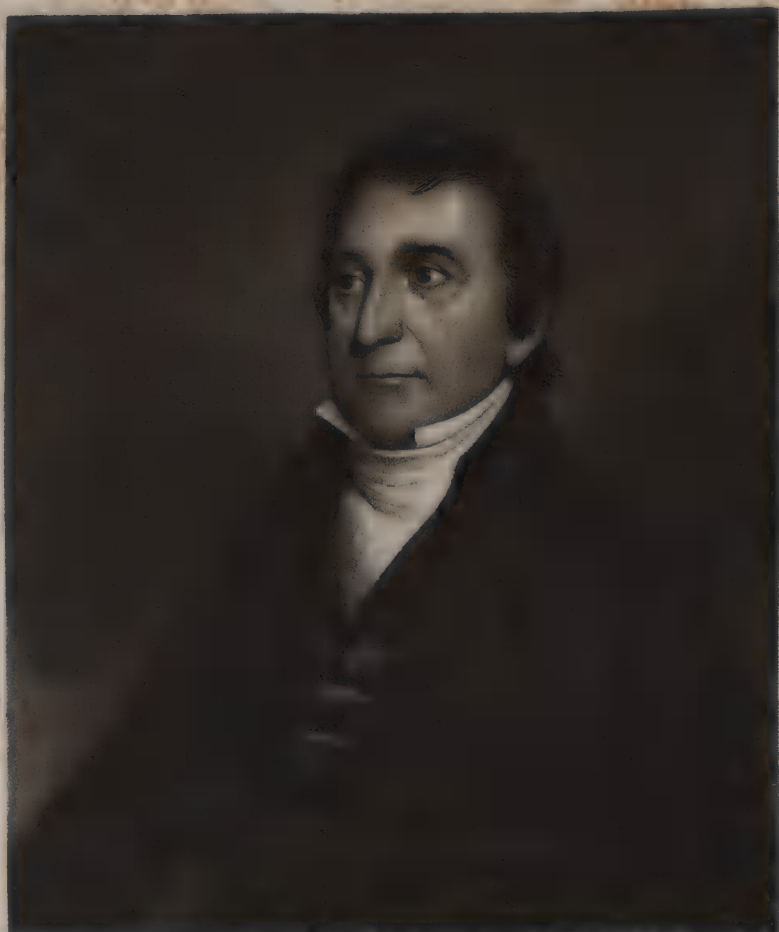
“Care vale! sed non eternum, care, valet.

Namque iterum tecum sim, modo dignus ero.

Tum nihil amplexus poterit divellere nostros,

Nec tu marcesces, nec lachrymabo ego.”





MR. JAMES H. H. H. H.

MR. JAMES H. H. H. H.

MARTIN RUTER.

BY MRS. S. R. CAMPBELL.

AMONG the papers of the late Dr. Ruter was a manuscript, a concise Autobiography, without the aid of which the following sketch would not have been undertaken. It is given to the public entire, as it came from his own pen; as this form of biography is always most interesting and acceptable to the public, and is especially so to relatives and personal friends. To this is added a short narrative, interwoven with tributes to the memory of the deceased, and testimonials to the estimation in which he was held as a scholar and a Christian minister. The sketch might have been much extended, but it was judged preferable to confine it within somewhat narrow limits.

"I was born in Charleton, Worcester county, Massachusetts, April 3, 1785. My parents were in early life communicants of the Baptist denomination, but afterwards became members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which communion they both lived and died. When not more than three years of age, I had serious impressions, and these increased with years, until 1799, when I resolved to devote my life to religion. In the autumn of that year I experienced the pardon of sin, and enjoyed peace of mind. In the following winter I joined

the Methodist Episcopal Church. I had a taste for learning and a thirst for knowledge from my earliest recollections. This taste I cherished by improving diligently such opportunities as I had of private studies at home, and in attending the schools in the neighborhood where I lived. My father being poor, was unable to give me either a liberal education or those academical advantages which I earnestly desired to obtain. The deficiencies of my education I endeavored to supply, as far as I was able, by my own industry; and in these efforts, continued through a course of many years' study, I have not been altogether unsuccessful.

"It sometimes occurred forcibly to my mind, even before I professed religion, that I should be called to preach the gospel. After experiencing religion these impressions increased, and I turned my attention closely to the study of divinity.

"In the summer of 1800, I received license to exhort, from the Rev. John Brodhead, Presiding Elder of New London District, which then embraced certain parts of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont. With him I travelled about three months, for the purpose of receiving instruction in divinity. In the autumn of 1800 I received license to preach; and during the ensuing winter and spring I travelled under the authority of the same Presiding Elder, on Wethersfield Circuit, Vermont, with the Rev. John Nichols. In the following June, 1801, I attended the New York Annual Conference, in the city of New York, was admitted on trial, and appointed to travel with Abner Wood, upon Chesterfield Circuit, lying partly in New Hampshire and partly in Massachusetts. In 1802 I was appointed to travel with Phinehas Peck, on Landaff Circuit, New Hampshire. In 1803 I attended the New York Conference at Ashgrove, was or-

dained a deacon, and appointed to travel alone upon Adams Circuit. The following year, 1804, I received my appointment to Montreal, Lower Canada, where I remained (having visited Quebec during the time) until near the time for the sitting of the New York Conference in 1805. I then attended the Conference, which was held at Ashgrove; was ordained an elder, being a little over twenty years of age, and appointed to Bridgewater Circuit, New Hampshire, having Benjamin Bishop appointed to travel with me. This appointment transferred me to the New England Conference.

“How wonderful is the providence of God, and how great are his mercies! From the bosom of obscurity, in which I drew my first breath, how wonderfully have I been led, step by step, unto the place I am permitted to hold as a member and as a minister in the Church. Nothing of this is due to myself: I have been a most unfaithful and unprofitable servant. By the grace of God I am what I am; and O that my whole life in future may be devoted to his service!

“In 1806 I was appointed to Northfield, New Hampshire, and in 1807 to Portsmouth and Nottingham. In 1808 I was appointed to Boston, with the Rev. Daniel Webb. At the sitting of the New England Conference for this year, which was held in New London in April, the preachers were so convinced of the necessity of establishing a delegated General Conference, they resolved in favor of it, and elected seven of their members to attend the General Conference to be held in Baltimore in May following, as delegates to that body. Being one of the seven appointed, I attended the General Conference, which was the first in which I had ever been present. In the course of its session the plan of delegation from the Annual Conferences to the General Conference was completed and established.

“In 1809 I was appointed to New Hampshire District, which I travelled two years. In 1811 I was appointed to Portland, Maine; and in 1812 and 1813, having obtained a location, I lived in North Yarmouth, preaching in that place and its vicinity.

“The following year, 1814, I was reädmittid at the Conference in Durham, and appointed to North Yarmouth and Freeport. In 1815, I was stationed at Salisbury, in Massachusetts; and in 1816 attended the General Conference in Baltimore. In 1816 and 1817, I was stationed at Philadelphia. These two years were attended with severe trials and extraordinary blessings. In May, 1818, the Asbury College, in Baltimore, conferred upon me the degree of Master of Arts. This year I was appointed to the charge of the New Market Wesleyan Academy, which had been established under the New England Conference. In 1819, I was appointed to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, but remained at the Academy, in conformity with an arrangement made by the Rev. George Pickering, the Presiding Elder.

“In 1820, I attended the General Conference in Baltimore, and was elected Book Agent, to conduct the Book Concern at Cincinnati. In 1824, I attended the General Conference, and was reëlected to the charge of the Book Concern at Cincinnati, to conduct its affairs until 1828. In 1822, without any knowledge or anticipation of the fact, I received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Transylvania University, in Lexington, Kentucky

“During the eight years in which I had charge of the Book Concern in Cincinnati, I conducted its affairs almost wholly by my own personal efforts. I employed no clerk, did all the writing myself, and conducted the whole business with the least expense to the Church that was practicable. In

attending the Western Conferences, and in other necessary journeys, I travelled, during the eight years, more than nine thousand miles. I superintended a number of publications, and managed a capital of more than sixty thousand dollars. At the close of the term, in 1828, it appeared from the accounts of the Book Agents at New York, that the Concern had gained an amount of about seven thousand dollars. Believing that I was promoting the interests of the Church, and my solicitude for the prosperity of the Concern in the West being very great, I used the greatest exertions in my power, and made as many sacrifices as my situation would permit.

“Before the term of my agency expired, I was chosen President of Augusta College. The only objection I felt to accepting this appointment was, that it would call my attention, in some degree, from the more immediate labors of the ministry, and might lessen my own progress in Christian experience. But I had seen, when in charge of the New Market Academy, and long before I went there, that the Church needed seminaries of learning, and could not conduct its important interests without them. I saw that these seminaries, unless carefully conducted, would not accomplish the purposes intended. I therefore accepted the appointment, determining to spend a few years, not many, in seeing what might be accomplished in this way for the prosperity of our Zion. In being released from the cares of the Book Concern, I felt myself released from an oppressive burden, and have felt thankful to that glorious Providence that guided and preserved me through it. I now saw and felt the approach of other new and very responsible cares, but felt a hope that the same Divine assistance would be continued.

“Soon after the General Conference of 1828, which was held

in Pittsburg, and at which I was Secretary, I removed to Augusta, in accordance with the advice of Bishop George and Bishop Hedding, and took charge of the College. This office I held for more than four years, having first the appointment of the Trustees, and the annual appointment from the Conference until August, 1832, when I resigned it. In May of this year I attended the General Conference at Philadelphia. At this time I felt an earnest desire to be given up exclusively to the work of the ministry. No honors, no emoluments seemed of value, compared with the great duties of preaching the gospel of Christ, and being actively engaged in pointing sinners to him. My resignation at the College was dictated by these views, and some objects connected with the welfare of my family, but the leading object was to devote my time wholly to the duties of the ministry.

“About the time of my resignation in August, I was transferred from the Kentucky to the Pittsburg Conference, and stationed at Pittsburg, having Thomas Drummond for my colleague. This year was distinguished by a glorious revival in Pittsburg, and great prosperity to the Church throughout the boundaries of the Conference.

“In July, 1833, I attended the Pittsburg Conference, held in Meadville, and was reappointed to Pittsburg, having Peter M. McGowan and Hiram Gillmore for my colleagues.

“At this Conference a resolution was passed, that the Pittsburg Annual Conference will, under certain arrangements, patronize Alleghany College. By a vote of the Conference, I was nominated President of the College, and was accordingly appointed by the Trustees. A new embarrassment now arose, in reference to what might be my duty. I had not only no desire to enter again upon College duties, but I earnestly desired, at least in reference to this College, to be

exempted from undertaking them. My brethren thought differently, and urged to me the importance to the Church of improving the opportunity now offered in securing the advantages of a good College for the benefit of our people and of the community. I therefore consented to take charge of this College for a season; and near the close of my second year in Pittsburgh, in June, 1834, I removed to Meadville for the purpose of entering upon the duties assigned me.

“In July, 1834, I attended the Pittsburg Conference held in Washington, Pa., and received my appointment to the College and Meadville station, where I now am, and where I must remain for a season, perhaps two or three years, until the College shall have acquired a degree of prosperity and permanency sufficient to secure its usefulness. So soon as that shall be accomplished, it is my earnest desire, and I hope I shall be permitted to retire from Meadville, and enter on duties in which I may be equally useful, and enjoy more extensively the comforts of Divine grace. In the mean time, O that God may give me a double portion of his Spirit, that I may at all times know and be able and willing to do my duties, whatever they may be. Hitherto, in all the labors and trials of my life, his grace has been sufficient for me. Will he forsake me now? I trust his promise; and though I have been an unfaithful, unprofitable servant, my hope is that he will enable me to devote the remnant of my days, many or few, more to his glory and pleasure than any of those I have already enjoyed. Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, through all time and all eternity, world without end. Amen.

“M. RUTER.”

“Meadville, Jan. 10th, 1835.”

The following was afterwards added :

“In August of 1835, I attended the Pittsburg Annual Conference, and was elected one of the delegates to the General Conference to be held in Cincinnati in the following May. Having received my appointment for this year at the College, I returned to Meadville, and continued, as usual, my labors at that institution. The College was rendered prosperous beyond the expectations of its friends, and had many pious young men among the students of promising talents.

“In May, 1836, I attended the General Conference at Cincinnati, and felt an earnest desire to be more actively engaged in the itinerant work of the ministry. At this Conference I offered myself as a missionary to Texas, to go whenever it should be deemed a proper time for entering that field of labor. The Superintendents were all consulted on the subject, and all agreed in an opinion favorable to the enterprise. It was believed that the unsettled condition of the country, in reference to its political relations, was not suitable for the immediate establishment of a mission, but that, in all probability, it might be within a few months. All were favorable to my appointment, when the proper time should arrive.

“I returned to Meadville, and resumed my collegiate labors, in which I continued until the following June. In April, 1837, I received a letter from Bishop Hedding, informing me that I was appointed Superintendent of the mission to Texas, and that two brethren, namely, Littleton Fowler and Robert Alexander were appointed to go with me. After consulting with my wife, and deliberating prayerfully, I determined on going to Texas, according to the appointment I had received. Bishop Hedding had calculated on my leaving Meadville in season to reach Texas in the autumn, and gave

full liberty to decline going, if I saw any cause for so doing. It appeared to me a mission of the utmost importance to the inhabitants of Texas and to the Church; and I felt a strong desire to be useful in that distant land. In July, I took an affectionate leave of the trustees, faculty, and students of Alleghany College, and of the citizens of Meadville, and removed with my family to New Albany, intending to leave them there for a few months, and proceed to Texas alone. Finding, after my arrival at New Albany, that the yellow fever was raging at New Orleans, and various places in the lower country, I delayed a few weeks. During my delay I visited Cincinnati, Louisville, Shelbyville, and Lexington, and held missionary meetings. In all these places I found the people favorable to missions, and they contributed liberally in support of this."

Here the personal narrative closes, without signature, as it was, doubtless, the writer's intention to add an account of his labors and success in the mission to Texas. But the summons came:

"Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field—
A vet'ran, slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield."

My recollections of my sainted father are still vivid; and as nearly twenty years have passed since he left us, I may, perhaps, be permitted to speak of him as of another, without the imputation of undue partiality.

His excellences of character were many, prominent among which were his calm, deliberate judgment, his inflexible integrity, and a desire to do good, which seemed the main-spring of all his actions. He was remarkably alive to all his responsibilities, of whatever character, ever desirous to

acquit himself well in his sphere of life and action. As a parent, his care and instructions were unceasing. Well do I remember the interest he manifested for my welfare, from the first dawn of recollection, till he was called to his reward from the plains of Texas. This watchfulness over his children never flagged—he always seemed as a sentinel at the post of duty. And however multiplied and onerous were his public duties and labors, he yet found time for the full discharge of parental obligation, devoting hours, oft-repeated, through a series of years, to conversations with them on the subjects of religion, morality, science, etc.

His concern for the religious welfare of his children was very great. I often left home in my youthful days, for brief or longer periods, as circumstances might dictate, but if for a few days only, my father was the last at my side, and, with the parting adieu, a word of seasonable warning was whispered in my ear, such as, “Don’t forget to pray,” or, “Don’t forget that you have named the Saviour.” No one was more tremblingly alive to the temptations that encompass young persons, especially the ensnaring allurements of gay, fascinating company, and the entanglements of worldly pleasure; hence those oft-repeated admonitions, which were not confined to personal intercourse, but found place in his letters during absence—for he always took time, amid the pressing cares of business, to correspond with absent members of the family, with a view to continued admonition, warning, and encouragement. I have numerous letters of his to me, now lying before me, scarce one of which closes without some word “fitly spoken,” in favor of religious consecration. In one of them, he says, “I hope you do not, for a moment, lose sight of the great concerns of religion.” In another, “You have now time for meditation, prayer, read-

ing religious books," etc. In a letter written during his connection with Alleghany College, he writes: "New Year's Day was the commencement of our Quarterly Meeting, which was continued for two weeks, every day and every evening. Many were awakened, and I think much good was done. About fifty have been received on trial, many of them excellent members, and some are students." Some months afterward, he thus refers to the spiritual declension that followed this revival: "Since the revival here, there seems to be a return of dulness among some of the members. This often follows revivals of religion, though it need not be." He thus closes another letter: "Do not forget the greatest of all concerns. Time flies; and great changes await all the living." I was from home when the cholera first commenced its ravages, and in one of his letters at that time he says: "The cholera seems to be all around us, at Erie, Cleaveland, Chambersburg, Cumberland, Cincinnati, Louisville, and Lexington. But it seems useless to flee from it. The wise course is for all to prepare for death, and put their trust in Divine Providence. If it reaches Augusta," (I was then there,) "it will be best not to be alarmed, but to be very prudent in diet, and in keeping from the night air." Such was his care for both the spiritual and temporal interests of absent members of his family.

I have spoken of him as a father: as a husband, it is enough to say, that she who has passed nearly twenty years of widowhood, still mourns him as her best earthly friend. He was twice married. Of his first marriage, a daughter and a son were born to him. The latter was summoned away, with the smile of infancy still upon his brow; the former in the bright noontide of earthly enjoyment passed to her heavenly home. Of his second marriage, seven out of eight

children survive; the other one sleeps in the isle of Galveston.

My father enjoyed, in a high degree, the society of his friends and the delights of social converse. He was possessed of fine conversational powers, which, united with his urbane manners and general information, rendered his society much sought after. Almost every subject, whether of science, politics, or religion, was sufficiently familiar to him for the purposes of animated conversation, or even of discussion. He was specially gifted with taste in the fine arts. Of music, painting, and poetry, he was very fond; and though he seldom sang other than sacred music, yet odes and martial pieces possessed a great charm for him, especially the latter. Indeed, calm and unimpassioned as he generally appeared, it was the triumph of grace over nature, for the excitement of politics and camps would have been quite in unison with his natural feelings. But grace had held the empire of his heart, even from his boyhood days, for he was but fourteen when he professed religion; and from that time to the close of life, we have no intimation of religious declension.

Among his friends, the ministers and members of his own Church were generally the chosen ones, as was most meet. But he was far from being bigoted; and those of other denominations and literary men were his frequent guests. He was fond of female society, regarding woman in general as entitled to superior courtesy. Many of the gifted and pious among them will long remember him. He never sought controversy, but, both with his pen and his pulpit efforts, he would defend the doctrines and usages of his Church when assailed: yet it was for the love of truth, not controversy; and that his motives were duly appreciated, is shown by the fact of his having been so often called upon to minister for

other denominations. Some of his warmest friends, also, were connected with other Churches. In a letter to me, dated Meadville, Pa., he says: "Last Sabbath I preached for Mr. West, (the Presbyterian minister there,) who was absent. His congregation appeared much as they were when I preached to them last fall. I have engaged to preach next Sabbath for Mr. Crumpton, (the Episcopalian minister there,) who will be absent at the Convention. As we have a full supply of ministers, I can, without difficulty, labor occasionally for other denominations, and hope it may be doing good."

But though liberal in his religious views and feelings, he was yet ardently attached to Methodism; and the preachers found a cordial welcome at his house. Well do I remember those holy men, some of them gifted with fine talents, others men of good attainments, and all of them zealously devoted to their Master's service. Their visits to a household were like those of a cherished relative. Kind and affectionate in their intercourse with the children of a family, they seldom departed without leaving an impression in favor of that religion they so well adorned. Most of those revered men have passed away, but I still remember them and their sweet personal exhortations at leave-taking; and this is but a slight tribute to their piety and worth.

Few men performed more effective service in the itinerant ranks than my father, for, entering the ministry so early, at the age of sixteen years, he had travelled twenty years when elected Book Agent; and during his connection with the Book Agency and the two Colleges over which he presided, he still preached. Indeed, while discharging his College duties at Meadville, he was also the station-preacher for a time. He was self-denying in all things, not counting as any hardship

the renunciation of ease, or emolument, or worldly pleasure, in view of the duties and rewards of his holy calling. With him his ministry in the gospel was always foremost—all else secondary; and though so fond of literature, in its whole range, yet all his attainments and reputation in the republic of letters were laid a consecrated offering at the foot of the cross.

As a friend he was true and reliable, retaining in his later years the glow of love and kindly sympathy which had, in earlier life, bound him to others. His judgment was discriminating, and he seldom saw cause to reverse the impressions he first arrived at in reference to others. His quick perception of character often surprised me, as I had frequent occasion, from after-circumstances, to recall the few words he had spoken of some chosen friend or associate.

Of his infancy and early childhood we know but little. The Rev. Abel Stevens, in his *Memorials of Methodism*, in speaking of him, says, "Some time in the summer of 1799 he became a subject of the justifying grace of God. There was nothing remarkable in his first experience, but there was a stability and gravity beyond his years." I have said we have but little account of his very early years, but we do know that he was blessed with a pious mother, of whom the Rev. Mr. Kent says, "She was truly a mother in Israel; and this but coldly speaks her praise. She lived within speaking distance of Paradise, and kept up a constant communication"—a unique portraiture truly, as honorable as rare. The influence which such a mother exerts upon her child's destiny eternity alone can unfold.

But whatever attainments he made in earthly lore were due, under Providence, wholly to himself; and as he has said but little of his literary career, it becomes necessary for those who write of him to be more explicit. His early

advantages were very limited, scarce a crude foundation for the superstructure he afterwards raised upon it. His scholastic pursuits, as far as schools and teachers were concerned, were abandoned at his early entrance into the ministry. But through his whole after-life he was a close student, so far as circumstances would permit, determining to supply by extra diligence and labor the deficiencies of earlier years. Many of his studies were mastered on horseback, as an itinerant Methodist preacher, or by the light of the cabin fire. Under such disadvantageous circumstances did he commence that extensive course of reading and study which was never abandoned, even amid the laborious service of maturer years. He was uniformly an early riser, and thus commanded the refreshing hours of early dawn for study, meditation, etc., and, also, gained some time for the claims of courtesy. But though an early riser, he retired late, often accomplishing after supper and before he retired to rest what with many others would have been the work of a day. Besides this self-denial in reference to sleep, he was very systematic in the distribution of his time. Perhaps no one fully appreciates the value of time who does not reduce its occupations, more or less, to a system.

My father was not only familiar with English literature generally, but with the classics, both ancient and modern. He understood the Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and French languages, besides having so far mastered several other languages and dialects as to be able to translate them. He was also versed in both the pure and mixed mathematics. Of the French language he was particularly fond; and having had opportunities during his early mission to Canada to learn the accent among the French themselves, he both read and spoke it with more than usual accuracy.

As early as the year 1821, he was tendered a professorship—that of Oriental Literature—in the Cincinnati College. But though literary efforts and occupations possessed a magic charm for him, yet such a situation would have conflicted with his obligations to the Church at that time, and was therefore declined. He was also elected to the Presidency of three several Colleges, and other literary honors and distinctions were conferred upon him.

His literary works may be divided into two classes, viz.: the finished and the unfinished. Of the former are a Collection of Miscellaneous Pieces, a small duodecimo, made up of selections from the best English authors, selected with a view to intellectual and moral improvement; Explanatory Notes on the Ninth Chapter of Romans; A Sketch of Calvin's Life and Doctrine; A Letter, addressed to Rev. Francis Brown, pastor of a Church in North Yarmouth, containing an Answer to his Defence of Calvin and Calvinism; The New American Primer; The New American Spelling-Book; An Arithmetic; A Hebrew Grammar; A History of Martyrs; An Ecclesiastical History; Conjugation of French Regular Verbs, for the classes at Augusta College.

Among the unfinished works are, A Plea for Africa, considered principally as a field for missionary labor; Life of Bishop Asbury; Sermons and Letters on various subjects.

Of his writings, some were merely, or partially, compilations, but the majority were entirely original, and he has carefully distinguished between them. His connection with the two Colleges over which he presided was not matter of personal choice, but undertaken at the instance of his brethren in the ministry, and also in the hope of thus promoting the interests of the Church of his choice. But for the satisfactory manner in which he discharged his duties in those Colleges, there is

ample proof. Upon his resignation of the Presidency of Augusta College, the following tribute appeared in the Maysville Eagle:

“DR. RUTER.—This gentleman has recently retired from the charge as President of Augusta College, and however adequately his place may be supplied by his enlightened and amiable successor, it is due to Dr. Ruter, upon retiring, to say he has served the Institution with ability and industry every way equal to the expectations of his friends and the public. Dr. Ruter was President of the College for the term of five years, and we venture to say no man ever labored more indefatigably for the good of any similar enterprise; and his zealous and ever-assiduous efforts, in public and in private, have contributed not a little to the present promise and prosperity of the Institution. The friends and patrons of the College must always feel themselves deeply indebted to the exertions of Dr. Ruter; and no history of the College can ever exist without honorable mention of his name. It was grateful to the friends of the College to hear him declare that no want of confidence in the success of the Institution had induced him to resign, but a conviction that he owed it to his family to do so. He expressed the strongest confidence in the prosperity of the College, and in its ultimate success. Wherever he may go, the best wishes of numerous friends in this region will follow him; and his great moral and religious worth, as well as varied literary accomplishments, entitle him to the confidence of all who may have occasion to seek his services, either as a minister or as a man of letters.”

As an evidence of the estimation in which he stood with the Trustees and Faculty, it is just to add, that three years after his resignation of the Presidency of the College, it was

again tendered to his acceptance by the joint invitation of both Board and Faculty. He was at that time connected with Alleghany College, but was even then maturing measures to enter more effectively the itinerant field. Of course it was declined. To his continued regard for the welfare of that College, his correspondence with the Trustees, and his letters to absent members of the family, testify.

From the impelling force of circumstances, he afterward became identified with the Alleghany College at Meadville, Pa., and there remained till his departure for the mission to Texas. Upon retiring from the Presidency of that College, he published an article in reference to it, from which we make some extracts :

“It is now almost four years since the Pittsburg Annual Conference entered into an agreement with the Trustees of this Institution. The Conference held its session of 1833 at Meadville, and the agreement was made between the two parties for the purpose of resuscitating the College, at that time without a student and without a professor. On the part of the Trustees it was stipulated that they would place the College under the patronage and direction of the Conference, by creating vacancies in the Board, and filling them with such persons as the Conference should nominate, and thus provide that a majority of the Board should consist perpetually of that nomination and their successors. And it was agreed on the part of the Conference, that on those conditions they would bestow upon it their patronage, place it, so far as practicable, in successful operation, and take measures for securing funds, with a view to its permanent prosperity. The result of this agreement is apparent in the success that has followed. Perhaps no seminary of learning ever advanced more rapidly than this has since that time.

It has had, for each year, more than one hundred students—has at this time above that number—and in relation to the requisites for a useful Institution it is more prosperous than at any former period. At the reorganization of the College in 1833, in conformity with the recommendation of the Conference, the Trustees appointed me President of the Faculty. For the purpose of meeting the wishes of my brethren, and desiring to contribute my full share towards promoting the interests of education in our Church and country, I disregarded my own inclinations, and accepted the appointment for a season. Since entering upon the duties thus assigned me, I have endeavored to meet the views and wishes of the Conferences, (Pittsburg and Erie,) and of the Trustees, and have done the utmost in my power to secure the permanent prosperity of the Institution, keeping in view the entire success of all its departments, and the welfare of the students. But it has been my uniform intention, and so expressed to the Conferences, to labor in a different sphere of usefulness, whenever I could retire from the College without any injury to its interests. Believing I can now do this, leaving the different departments in the care of an able and diligent successor and a talented Faculty, and finding a door opened for me to enter on other labors, probably as useful to the Church as any I could undertake, it seems expedient that I should follow the openings of Providence. In taking leave of this flourishing seminary of learning, many interesting seasons of agreeable associations recur to my remembrance. I trust its usefulness in the diffusion of science among the youth of our land will be long continued, that many who enjoy its advantages will become stars in the literary and Christian world, and that the blessings of Heaven may rest upon its friends and patrons.”

From this time he considered himself as more fully identified with the regular work of the ministry, and completed the necessary arrangements for departing on his mission.

He arrived in Texas toward the last of November, 1837, and immediately commenced his arduous and self-denying labors. He had counted the cost, and carried with him the burning zeal and devotion of the Christian soldier and martyr. True, he was not called to wear the martyr's crown, for he was received everywhere with cordial welcome. Indeed, so great was the eagerness of the people for the word of life, that he felt impelled to severer toil than consisted with prudence. But his whole heart was in the work, and with the steadfast eye of faith he looked confidently to the spiritual regeneration of the Republic. His journal, as kept by himself during his sojourn there, notes, day by day, his labors, from the beginning of each month to its close. Scarce a day was passed except in active service. Here is a transcript from his journal, for one month, the first, as an illustration of his conformity to the injunction, "Redeeming the time:"

"Crossed the Sabine on the 23d Nov., 1837. Tarried for the night at Games's, where I met Brother Alexander. Friday, 24. Rode to San Augustine, and preached to a small assembly in a school-house. Saturday, 25. Rode to Ingleduve's house, within eight miles of Nacogdoches. Sabbath morning, 26. Rode to Nacogdoches and preached two sermons in the Masonic Hall, to an attentive congregation. Continued my journey, and on Wednesday evening reached Mr. Mitchel's house and preached. Continued my journey until Friday, Dec. 1, when I reached Washington on the Brazos, and preached in the evening, at a school-house, to an attentive audience. On Saturday, 2, preached again. Sunday, 3.

Attended Sabbath-school and addressed the children and teachers; heard a Baptist preacher, by the name of Morrell, at eleven o'clock, and preached at three to an attentive audience, then met the class, and received one into Society. Felt encouraged in the work of the Lord. O, may Christ's kingdom rapidly advance in Texas! Amen. Monday, 4. Rode thirty miles in going to a Mr. Foster's, (twenty-two,) by losing my way. Tuesday, 5. Rode to Rev. J. W. Kenny's, five miles, and to Mr. Ayres's, five miles. Wednesday, 6. Rode again to Mr. Kenny's. Thursday, 7. To San Felipe. Friday, 8. To Mercer's neighborhood, on the Colorado. This ride was through a thirty-five miles prairie, amidst heavy rains. Saturday, 9. Preached in the evening at Captain Hurd's. Sabbath, 10. Preached in the same place at eleven, and at three to the blacks, twelve in number. At candlelighting heard Brother Kenny preach, then met a few in class, and formed a Society of nine members. Monday, 11. Went to Fort Bend, over a prairie of thirty-six miles. Tuesday, 12. Very difficult travelling, on account of a violent storm. Went seven miles to Dr. Hunter's, and put up until Wednesday morning. On Wednesday, 13, came to Houston, twenty-five miles; here remained a week, became acquainted with the place, people, members of the Legislature, officers, etc. Sunday, 17. Preached in Congress Hall, morning and night. Afternoon, had a meeting with Brother Fowler and others, with a good congregation, to form a Sunday-school Society, and succeeded remarkably well. Wednesday, 20. Went to Cartwright's. Thursday, 21. Went to San Felipe, and put up with Rev. Henry Mathews, M. D. Friday, 22. Rode to Rev. J. W. Kenny's, through the prairie lands, against a north wind. Saturday, 23. Visited Brother D. Ayres, and returned."

This extract comprises a pretty heavy amount of service for one month, in travelling, preaching, forming Sabbath-schools, meeting classes, arranging societies, etc., and yet the other four months he spent there, up to the time of his sickness, were, probably, even more laborious. This voluntary offering of himself as a missionary to Texas, was solely from the impulse of Christian duty—a desire to spread the savor of his Master's name. Few men more fully appreciated the enjoyments of home. Of this his numerous letters, when absent from the family, give abundant evidence.

In one of his letters from Texas, after speaking of the country, he says: "I came here to bring the gospel to a destitute land, and cannot be disappointed in it as a field of labor. If I make a future home for my family here, it will be to do good, not to make a fortune, or to enjoy earthly comforts. And if they come here, I trust they will be useful also, and that they will content themselves, as I do, with the hope of doing good. The missionaries meet with much encouragement here. My district is the whole Republic of Texas; so you see how large our field of labor is."

In another he says, "I went to the Colorado, and am the first travelling preacher that ever reached its shores. I went up to Bastrop: some of the old inhabitants said it was dangerous, but the people were perishing for lack of knowledge in that vicinity, and I determined to visit them. I spent a Sabbath there, preached and formed a Society of fifteen members, and returned without being molested. On the route, we travelled thirty miles or more without seeing a habitation; and saw in that space six graves of persons whom the Indians had killed and robbed. You see how God protected us. I felt not the least alarm, and was confident we should be protected by the Divine Being. I cannot regret

coming to Texas. I am convinced I could hardly have done so much for our Zion in any other way. I have travelled, since I came here, about one thousand two hundred miles on horseback. I hope to have, by next April, a good foundation for Methodism in Texas; but all depends on the aid of a glorious Providence. From present appearances, I think it was time to commence missionary labors here, and I rejoice in the glorious privilege of doing good among the destitute, who are glad and anxious to hear the gospel preached. If I make a home in Texas, or return here again after spending the summer in the North, I must try to get some churches built, some school-houses commenced, and have a foundation laid for a college, and also have an abundance of tracts, Bibles, and other books scattered over the country."

To the Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church he wrote:

"Texas is a country where darkness, ignorance, and superstition have long held their dominion. Profaneness, gaming, and intemperance are prevailing vices against which we have to contend. The scattered state of the population renders it necessary to travel far between the appointments, and the want of convenient places for public worship serves to increase the obstacles in our way; yet amidst difficulties, dangers, and sufferings, we rejoice in being able to say that the great Redeemer's kingdom is rising in this distant and destitute land. I have just returned from Bastrop, one of the upper settlements on the Colorado river, where the inhabitants informed me that they had had but three sermons preached among them during the last three years. In coming to this place, we passed through a part of the country not inhabited, but occasionally infested by Indian robbers who come on horseback from the north, (travelling either by

night or in the forests,) for the purpose of stealing horses, and murdering and plundering travellers whom they may find unarmed. I went in company with three friends, armed with rifles. We now reckon four Circuits in Texas, namely, Houston, Washington, Trinity, and San Augustine. These we are trying, with the aid of local preachers, to supply as well as we are able. But we are greatly in need of more laborers in this interesting vineyard. It has appeared to me that we ought, as soon as practicable, to establish in this Republic a well-endowed University and several subordinate schools of different gradations. In two or three places, subscriptions have been offered sufficient for buildings; and to provide permanent funds, we propose obtaining donations in land. Many of the citizens are extensive landholders, and would, while lands are cheap, make large subscriptions. But as lands are rising in value, a fund thus invested would in a short time be sufficient for the above purposes. We propose to pursue a similar course in obtaining grounds for churches and parsonages. I have been hitherto prevented from visiting Bexar and its vicinity, as I had intended; but it seems, in some instances, more needful to supply and occupy places which we have explored, than to explore others which we cannot occupy."

In a letter to his wife, dated February 13, 1838, he says, referring to the rumors that the Mexicans and Indians were preparing to invade Texas:

"It is pretty well ascertained that the Mexicans are making no preparations for invading Texas. They are broken and divided among themselves, are very poor and destitute of means, have but little courage, and most of their peasantry are in as great bondage to the wealthy as are the Russian or Irish peasants. If no other nation meddles

with Texas besides Mexico, I am convinced there is now nothing to fear. The present prospects of Texas are very encouraging. The only present danger is from the Indians. They do not attempt any warfare, but come down in a sly manner from the wilderness of the Red river in small parties, for the purpose of robbing and stealing horses. They travel either by night or in the woods, and lie in wait in thickets, shoot travellers that are alone or without arms, rob them of whatever they wish to take, go in the night to yards or pastures and steal horses, and then flee to their distant villages in the wilderness. It is only near the Colorado, and in the northern part of Texas beyond it, that they commit these depredations. I have been twice to the Colorado. The first time I went so far down as to reach it below where the Indians are ever seen. The second time was three weeks ago. I went up to Bastrop through the range where these wandering Arabs most resort. Three men, armed with rifles and well equipped, offered to accompany me, and we all went together. I carried no arms myself. When the Indians see three or four with rifles, they generally let them alone. But you see how much we had Divine protection. I travelled through quietly, and felt not the least alarm. The mission to Texas is sure, I think, to be successful. We have on this subject great encouragement, and I believe we are laying the foundation for a glorious superstructure."

In a letter of earlier date to his wife, he says: "You mention that many people are anxious to know what I say of Texas. I came here chiefly for moral purposes, and did not intend to say much on other things, but, for the satisfaction of those who may inquire, I will mention a few things. The advantages this country offers consist chiefly in the abundance and cheapness of good land, and in the mildness of the

climate. There is abundance of wild grass, good for pasturing, and of wild game. The sweet potatoes here are larger and better than I ever say anywhere else. Any poor person may live well here, if he is industrious. Many that come here are not industrious, and do not succeed so well as they might. Others come here and do remarkably well. Lands that can be obtained for one dollar per acre will, probably, in three years be worth ten. At present the people are suffering many privations on account of losses incurred by the war, and on account of the newness of the country. The inhabitants live in a scattered condition, and far from each other. But the tide of emigration is so great, that soon they will have a more dense population. Churches and schools are much wanted everywhere."

We extract the following from a letter to the Rev. Wm. H. Raper, of date March 10, 1838, from Egypt, on the Colorado:

"Under many disadvantages the glorious work of God is advancing, and thousands are not only willing but eager to hear the word of salvation. We have already formed twenty societies in Texas, have obtained a number of lots for churches and school-houses, secured by deeds, and several meeting-houses are commenced, with a prospect of being soon completed. I trust, by the grace of God, to lay the foundation for a glorious superstructure, and that the Church of Christ will be here established in its purity, power, and glory. I have now travelled above fifteen hundred miles in this distant and destitute land, over its prairies and forests, and streams of water. On some of the large prairies we travel a whole day, and might travel in some directions longer, without seeing a house or human being. But the wild beasts and fowls are seen in great numbers, and often seem almost as tame as domestic animals. Texas is well

adapted for the industrious poor, and multitudes seem to be aware of it, and are coming to it in large numbers. Indeed, the rich, the poor, the pious, and the impious, seem determined on making this their home." Speaking of the prairies he says: "As on the ocean, the horizon is formed by the union of the blue sky with the smooth surface; and when clothed with the verdure of spring, spangled with the richest flowers, and brightened with the sunbeams of heaven, it seems, indeed, a fit place for the assemblies of angels; no human voice, no hum of business, the world shut out as out of a closet. But who can doubt that God is there? Who that is devout can fail to experience his presence, and to enjoy communion with the Divine Spirit? When the prairie is wrapped in the terrors of a storm, the scene is greatly changed: still, God is there, and he that trusts in him, though far from any covert, may quietly and joyfully witness the war of raging elements."

In a letter to me, January 9, 1838, he says: "I have just returned from a neighborhood lying fifteen or twenty miles from this place, [Washington,] one part of which is called Independence. The inhabitants are generally in good circumstances, and some are wealthy. I found them ready to hear preaching, and some urged me to think of that place for the residence of my family, as they seem to take it for granted that I shall remove to Texas. It is, in some respects, the most beautiful place I have ever seen. It consists of rolling prairies, and on some of them the prospect is very grand. I presume the horizon, in some directions, is from thirty to fifty miles, and very distant in every direction. It seems almost like the vast ocean. In the spring these rolling lands are not only green with grass, but covered with flowers, and are said to appear like enchanted grounds. They have

a charter for an academy, and are desirous of a female academy first. This neighborhood and Bastrop on the Colorado are two places which I have thought might be kept in view, if we all come to Texas. Washington, where I now am, will soon be a place of some importance in business, but, being shut in by forests, is not so desirable a spot. The country generally, on the Colorado, is said to be very fine. Beyond it is the San Antonio country, said to be the most brilliant part of Texas, but it has but few settlements, though the city of Bexar (pronounced Bahar) is in the midst of it, having two or three thousand inhabitants. I expect, next week, to visit Bastrop, and proceed above it about forty miles up the Colorado, which I am told is as far as I can go safely, on account of Indians; but, so far, they have expressed a desire for preaching, and I shall form a circuit to include them. The emigrants are generally aiming at the Colorado, and will soon form upon its banks a dense population. I have been down near to the mouth of it, but the country there is not so healthful as farther north. The Colorado is a beautiful river, not much larger than French Creek, but seems deeper. The rivers in Texas are all comparatively small, though high and large in the spring. I have ridden across the Trinidad, and twice across the Brazos. I have also forded the Neches and the Angelina, (pronounced Angelene.) About thirty miles below Washington the land becomes flat, and the prairies seem like the ocean. The flat lands are more wet and less healthful. All the middle parts of Texas, though they have no mountains, have swells, and present a beautiful surface. My labors in Texas will be directed to forming societies and circuits, establishing schools, and making arrangements for a college or university. The climate here is comparatively mild, but the winds and storms are sometimes very severe

and tedious. I have not yet seen any snow. Yesterday I ate salad of lettuce, full grown, and greens are common, chiefly of mustard leaves. Some of the people here are very rich, some very poor, some religious, and some very profligate. But preachers are needed, and preaching beyond measure. I feel certain our mission will have entire success. We have now twelve societies."

The following extract is from a letter to the Rev. Z. H. Costen, Feb. 28th: "I reached this country in safety, have been in it between three and four months, and shall remain, perhaps, as much longer before returning to my family. The prospects of this mission are equal to our highest expectations. When we arrived here, there was not a Protestant church in the whole land, and scarcely any other. We have now several houses soon to be built, having obtained lots for them, and some are already begun. Societies have been formed in various places, and the calls in different parts for preaching are far more numerous than we are able to supply. We meet with many disadvantages, such as are peculiar to all new countries, but not greater than I have experienced in Canada, and even in some of the new settlements in the United States. One thing gives us contentment and abundant consolation, namely, the evident approbation of Heaven upon our labors."

From a letter to the Secretary of the Missionary Society, dated Dec. 10th, we extract a few lines:

"On Saturday, 9th, we arrived at a place which, on account of its fruitfulness, is called Egypt, and in the evening preached, as we did, also, on the Sabbath, morning and evening, and formed a society of ten members. In the afternoon I gathered a small assembly of colored persons, and preached to them. The colored people in this country are not nume-

rous. From this place I expect to proceed to Bastrop, on the Colorado, to some settlements thirty or forty miles above that place; and if I can find an armed company in readiness to proceed to Bexar, on the San Antonio river, I intend going with them to that city. My object will be to know, by personal observation, the state of the inhabitants, and in what settlements they will readily receive preaching. Those who go at this time into that part of Texas, generally go in companies of five, six, or more, armed with pistols, rifles, etc., on account of the Indians; but whether in company or alone, I shall carry no weapons made with hands. Texas is a new country, of rich soil and mild climate, presenting great facilities to industrious emigrants. The country was recently ravaged by a relentless enemy, carrying fire, sword, and desolation, and it is now laboring under numerous privations and sufferings. But those who desire to do good may here have an ample field. The fields are, indeed, ready for the harvest. It is true that the war, with frequent tidings of alarm, is calculated to engross much of the public mind, yet they are willing and even desirous of hearing the word of life. Wherever any of us have been, we have met with a kind reception, and there seems to be a general willingness that the gospel shall spread in the land. The immoralities of some that have come here, professing to be ministers of Christ, have created prejudices, and caused some of the people to act cautiously toward preachers of the gospel. But it is a remarkable fact, that impostors in this community are very soon known, and persons of good standing in their own country are very soon duly estimated. I have travelled five or six hundred miles in Texas, full of bright hope that the great Head of the Church will give peace to this land, and here extend the glories of his kingdom. It is necessary to

travel, in this country, through forests and immense prairies, without seeing a house, and but few animals, except flocks of geese, turkeys, deer, some wolves, and wild horses. The storms on the prairies are often very severe, and sometimes of long continuance. They who come to labor in Texas must not expect to dwell in palaces, nor be carried on 'flowery beds of ease,' but they may enjoy great peace of mind, and cherish a joyful hope of doing much good."

In his first letter to his wife, dated Dec. 15, he says: "It is only eighteen or twenty months since the Mexican army, of eight thousand, overran a great part of this country, destroying houses, furniture, and provisions. The accommodations, of course, are often poor. Many of the houses are cabins, without glass windows, and with but little furniture. The chief food is corn-bread, sweet potatoes, and meat. Butter, cheese, and milk are scarce. Though I find it necessary to dispense with most of the luxuries and comforts of life, yet how glorious the privilege of doing good among the destitute! In San Augustin the people have subscribed between three and four thousand dollars toward building a Methodist church. At a late camp-meeting, a Missionary Society was formed, and about six hundred dollars subscribed for missions."

In a letter to Dr. Bangs, (probably the last letter he ever wrote, as it was dated April 26th,) he says: "My health was uniformly good till the first of the present month. Since that time I have been afflicted with a fever, which I hope is now nearly subdued. It is supposed to have been produced by fatigue, and by riding too much in the sun. My travels on horseback have exceeded two thousand two hundred miles, and may have been, in some instances, too great for my strength. My object has been to visit as much of the country

as practicable, and to supply with occasional preaching all the destitute places my time and strength would permit. And when we consider the change of climate, new state of the country, and the privations which are unavoidable, it is surprising that our health has been, thus far, preserved. It has pleased the great Head of the Church to smile upon our feeble efforts, enabling us to say, 'We know that our labor is not in vain in the Lord.' Even here, in the lands where hostile armies recently met in dreadful conflict, and where the thunders of battle were heard, where we still hear of war and rumors of war, the Prince of Peace is extending his peaceful kingdom. And let it extend! O, let it spread rapidly here, and in other regions, until the angel shall proclaim that the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord!"

His last letter to his wife bore date April 23, and was written at his dictation by a friend. It is as follows:

"When I last wrote to you, I expected to see you before writing again. Since the 4th of this month my health has been declining. A light fever has been affecting me, which is generally increased by any effort on my part. I had started with a traveller for Red river, intending to take a steamboat for New Albany, and after travelling about fifty miles I found the fever very much augmented, and, undesirable as it was, the only safe course seemed to be to return to this town. Here I have two physicians—Dr. Manly, recently from Alabama, and Dr. Smith, of this place. Dr. Manly, who has the principal care of me, is known for his eminence as a minister and a physician, and spares nothing for my recovery or comfort. Thus situated, I have every thing but *home*—that you know I never can have except where you are. The wives of Drs. Manly and Smith, together with

others, show me great kindness. I judge from the knowledge I have of this fever, and that I had at Cincinnati, that if these physicians had been with me then, they would think the prospects, at least, as favorable now as they were then. Indeed, I could now write this letter, which I could not have done in the former sickness, but Dr. Manly would advise strongly against any such effort, and my own judgment denies me any such privilege. Such is the nature of these fevers, Dr. Manly thinks my recovery must necessarily be slow. I am aware of the disappointment this communication must make to you, to the family, and to our friends generally, but I commend you and them to the mercies of the great Head of the Church, now and for ever."

Some extracts from his private journal will here be in place. "April 1, Sunday. Preached in the morning and evening to the white people; in the afternoon to the blacks. This was a day of comfort. Monday, 2. Rode to Brother Kesee's. Tuesday, 3. To Mr. Cochran's. This day makes me fifty-three years of age, and I this day set out to devote myself more than ever to God; first, by more prayer; second, by more attention to the Scriptures; third, by general reading and meditation. Wednesday, 4. Rode to Mr. Ayres's. Thursday, 5. Rode to Mr. Cochran's and attended a marriage. Friday, 6. Rode to Mr. Bracey's. Saturday, 7. Being afflicted with fever, rode to Mr. Ayres's, and then to Bro. Kenny's. Sunday, 8. Too ill to preach, and Brother Kenny went to my appointment, and preached in my stead. Sunday evening. Find myself better, and my mind stayed on God, to whose service I hope to be devoted for ever. Monday, 9. Rode to Mr. Ayres's: still unwell and under temptation. Tuesday evening. To Mr. Rabb's. Wednesday, 11. To Mr. Kesee's. Feel somewhat improved in health. Thursday. To Mr. J.

Hall's, trying to recruit my strength. Feel myself relieved in trusting in God, my only helper. Saturday, 14. Rode to Washington, and found at the post office letters from home, which gave me great comfort. Consulted the physicians concerning my health. Sunday. Rode to James Hall's, and preached to an attentive audience: received one awakened sinner on trial; then rode to Brother Kesee's. Monday. Amidst affliction, rode to Mr. Ayres's. Wednesday, 18. Rode to Brother Kesee's. Thursday, 19. Set off in company with a Brother Chapel for the Red river, on my way home. Found at night my illness increasing. Found Brother Chapel urgent to travel. Friday, 20. We reached a Mr. River's, where we stayed through the night. Saturday, 21. So ill I thought it prudent to take an emetic, and advised Brother Chapel (as he was uneasy) to go on alone. He delayed till two o'clock, and, finding me no better, went on. Now here I am with a threatening fever, among strangers. But my trust is in the Most High: his mercies are abundant, and live or die, O, let me do and suffer his blessed will. I commit to him myself and dear family, wife and children, now and for ever. Amen. Sunday, 22. Found myself somewhat relieved, but perceived that my disease was settling upon my lungs, and thought there was danger of serious injury. Being entirely without medical aid or advice, and too ill to venture on my journey, it seemed judicious to return, if able, to Washington. Rode with more ease than I expected to Mr. Kennard's, twenty miles. After resting there, I proceeded to Mr. Fanthorp's, eight miles; then to Washington, arriving there on Monday, 23, being seventeen miles. Feel much fatigued, but comforted with the goodness of God. O, how unsearchable his wisdom, and his ways past finding out!"

This transcript is in his own handwriting, and is likely the

last his pen ever traced. His disease seems to have been typhoid pneumonia, and he lingered until the 16th of May, when his spirit returned to God. Though far from home, and among comparative strangers, he seems to have had every attention and kindness possible, under the circumstances. When he left for Texas, he was in fine health, and seemingly in the prime of manly vigor, but was several years older than in the severe sickness he refers to at Cincinnati, consequently had less recuperative power—less chance to recover. The kind friends in Texas who ministered to his comfort in health, and watched around his sick-couch, have laid his numerous friends everywhere, and especially his immediate family, under lasting obligations of gratitude. Theirs was the dear privilege that his family would so much have coveted, of ministering to his wants, and receiving his parting adieu.

In one of Miss McHenry's letters she says: "My brother-in-law, with whom I reside, was an old acquaintance and friend of Dr. Ruter's, and meeting in this strange land, the way to his partiality seemed at once open, and we begged him to consider our home his home. We felt honored and blessed by his visits and instructions, and while we live shall retain a grateful sense of their value, and consider the friendship with which we were favored, for a few short months, as among the best gifts of Heaven. In this deep affliction you have the sympathy of the virtuous part of a whole community. And though it cannot lessen your present bereavement, yet it cannot be unpleasant to reflect that a *nation* looked to him as her guide to religion and science, and that *that* nation mourns with you. Dr. Ruter enjoyed fine health during the winter. He shrunk from no fatigue, and housed himself from no storm which interfered with his plans. He pursued

what he believed to be the path of duty with systematic and unwavering perseverance and uniform cheerfulness. He was deeply interested in the moral renovation of Texas, and believed it quite practicable. He would ride several miles in a day, and preach sermons sometimes to not more than fifteen or twenty persons, in a little smoky cabin, with as much energy and fervor as I should have expected had he been addressing thousands in a splendid church. His work was his pleasure. It was common with him to ask permission to preach in places where he would stop in travelling. More than one housekeeper can testify to the interest with which she collected her family after supper to hear the word of instruction from his benevolent lips."

The same lady says in another place: "Though so far from his family and native land, he has not gone like one in a land of strangers. He had every attention that the most anxious solicitude could bestow or kindness give; and among his physicians were piety, learning, and skill." In another letter is the following: "Dr. Ruter made his head-quarters at our house, and returned to it after every excursion. He often related anecdotes of his trip, characteristic of our new and wild population, which showed the heartfelt welcome with which he was everywhere received. Indeed, he was looked to as one who was to raise us to a moral, religious, and literary stand among respectable nations; and his sudden and unlooked-for demise was felt as a national calamity."

The same writer says: "That his life was sacrificed in his efforts to advance the cause of religion, and improve the moral condition of Texas, is impressed on the mind of every one who witnessed his labors during the few months he spent in the country. The religion and the literature of Texas are alike indebted to his memory. With him originated the

project of establishing a mission in our new and interesting republic. He laid the wants and claims of Texas before the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and though some of its members regarded the mission to this country as premature, they yielded to his judgment, and accepted his offered services. In the autumn of 1837 he came to Texas, and reached the interior of the country early in December. During a winter unusually severe for this climate, he rode constantly, and labored incessantly and untiringly, visiting towns, neighborhoods, and families, preaching in all cases where there were hearers, though his audience might consist of only a single family. It was his custom, when he stopped for the night, to inquire of the family, after the business of the evening was over, if they would hear preaching. He repeatedly preached, in such cases, to those who had never heard a sermon in Texas. Every village in his route was visited, in the hope of waking up an interest in favor of that religion of which he was a faithful minister. Of singularly happy manners and address, he made a deep and pleasing impression wherever he went. The gayest felt flattered by his notice, the most intelligent improved by his society, and the highest honored by his attention. The system and precision with which he attended to the objects of his mission, enabled him to complete the necessary arrangements for securing ground and erecting such houses of worship as the then new state of the country rendered practicable. In Washington he persisted until he saw and preached in a little church, sufficient for the wants of the population, and whose walls were soon after consecrated anew by his own funeral-sermon. He was satisfied if a community young and poor as Texas was built churches as good as their own dwelling-houses, confident that when the

citizens could afford better dwellings, they would rebuild their houses of worship. With him, also, originated the idea of establishing such an institution of learning in Texas as should qualify the youth of the country for filling stations of honor and usefulness, without their being compelled to go out of the country for education. For these desirable objects he came to this new, cheerless, and comfortless country, where not one family in ten could furnish him a separate sleeping-apartment, and in the face of privation, toil, and hardship, pursued his plans. He visited Houston, where the Congress was in session, applied to, and was encouraged by many of the leading men of the country to establish such a seat of learning as that alluded to. Liberal offers were made by several large landholders, until some six or seven leagues were pledged for the benefit of the institution, in the event of his removing to Texas. He went so far as to draw up several articles of a charter to be presented to the next Congress, styling the contemplated institution *Bastrop University*, intending to locate it at Bastrop. He purchased land, arranged his family affairs to remove, and when on the eve of returning to the United States for that purpose, remarked to a friend, that he had done all that he came to Texas to do, and would now plead her cause elsewhere; would visit several of the Eastern and Northern cities before his return, and would present her moral wants, so as to enlist the good, the wise, and the wealthy in her cause. The spring of 1838 was unusually early and warm, and after the fatigue and exposure of the winter, his health failed. His composure, his patience, his resignation during weeks of suffering, so far from his family, were such as might have been expected in one who had devoted his whole life to that God in whom he trusted for eternal happiness. He said to a friend shortly

before his death, 'Why be impatient? I gave my family to God when I left them, and the way to heaven is as short and plain from Texas as from any other spot.' "

In a letter from Bishop Hedding to my husband, concerning his death, he says: "I always believed him to be an upright, holy man. I never knew him to turn aside from the path of righteousness and duty, nor ever heard of his doing so: no, never did I hear of his falling even into an act of imprudence. The cause of Christ always appeared to lie near his heart, and its advancement was manifestly the object of his labors. He commenced preaching when very young, but there were early developments of rare talents. So far as I had the means of knowing, he was highly esteemed by the people in every circuit, station, and district where he labored. I never knew him fail of acceptance and success in any place. God blessed the word spoken by him with 'signs following;' and many, I doubt not, are now in heaven, who received their first religious impressions through the instrumentality of his ministry. Many others are yet living who can bear witness that he was a messenger of salvation to their souls. When he proposed, in conversation with me at the time of the General Conference of Cincinnati, in 1836, to go as a missionary to Texas, he seemed to be deeply affected with a sense of the importance of the work; and his motives appeared to be such as those of a Christian minister should be in commencing such an undertaking. The following extracts of a letter I received from him, dated Cincinnati, April 26, 1837, will tend to show the views he entertained on that subject: '*I have determined to go to Texas*, in conformity with the appointment contained in your letter. The college can now prosper in other hands, and to me it appears that I could do more good in Texas, or on some other mission, than

in the college. I devoted two years to New Market Wesleyan Academy, which was removed to Wilbraham, four or five years to Augusta College, and nearly four to the one at Meadville, all for the good of the Church, though a sacrifice on my part. If I can be released for a while, and be permitted to labor in the more active duties of the ministry, I shall be thankful.'"

Here is a tribute to his memory from Bishop Morris: "As we ascended the hill from the ferry on the west side, we entered the town of Washington. Having proceeded west to the middle of the town, we turned at right angles to the north, about three hundred yards, to the old graveyard, which is situated on a dry ridge in open woods. Our business was to seek out the grave of Dr. Ruter, the apostle of Methodism in Texas, who died at his post, May 16th, 1838. The mournful spot sought for was easily found without a guide, the grave being enclosed by a stone wall, and covered with a white marble slab, three feet wide and six long, with a suitable inscription. At the foot of the slab stands a small hickory tree, hung with Spanish moss, waving in the breeze over the charnel-house. When we read on the cold marble, 'Thirty-seven years an Itinerant Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Superintendent of the first Mission of that Church in the Republic of Texas,' and then remembered that the same mission had already become a respectable Conference, and was still increasing, the thought arose, Whereunto will this mission grow? and what cause of rejoicing must this be to its first superintendent for ever!"

The Rev. Mr. Goode, speaking of Texas, says: "Here Methodism is pioneering, in her true character, and evidently exerting a happy influence in the formation of the character of this people. It is said that one of the late Texan envoys to

the United States Government remarked, while in Washington City, that 'The efforts of the Methodist ministry had done more toward securing respect for the laws, submission to courts of justice, regard to the sanctity of oaths, and consequently the general peace and good order of society, than any other influence that had ever been exerted.' So let it ever be truly said of the Methodist ministry everywhere! But, solemn reflection, these blessings have not been attained for Texas without cost to the Church. In this land some of her most gifted and favorite sons have laid down their lives. Here fell our Ruter, our Poe and his pious companion: here their dust reposes, and hence will they arise in the morning of the resurrection. But they have left a monument in the hearts of a grateful people."

The Rev. Mr. Alexander says: "One week after his return to Washington, I heard of his illness, and went immediately to see him. I found him quite ill, but in a happy frame of mind, perfectly resigned to the will of God. I remained with him several days and nights, and such patience under affliction I never witnessed before. We frequently engaged in prayer with him, and his whole soul seemed engaged in the exercise. At his request I preached for him one evening, a few friends being present. When he first proposed it, I hesitated for a moment. He immediately remarked, 'You may say to yourself, He has gone over the whole subject-matter of preaching so often, it would not interest him to hear it. Not so—the gospel is a treasure—this is what I need.' He continued perfectly in his senses till the last moment. A short time before he expired he fainted: after reviving, with uplifted hands and eyes, he said, 'Bless the Lord for that grace that has so long sustained and still sustains me!' He frequently expressed great concern for the

prosperity of this mission, and of Zion at large. The Doctor was followed to the grave by a large concourse of citizens. He was greatly beloved, and his memory will be long cherished."

An extract from the Rev. Mr. Fowler says: "Dr. Ruter died at his post, as a faithful watchman on the walls of Zion. In this mysterious providence the Church has lost one of her first and most efficient ministers. But though a mighty man in Israel is fallen, he conquered as he fell, and has gone in deathless triumph to his reward in heaven. He now rests from his labors, and his works follow him."

His death produced a sensation of deep sorrow throughout the Church, to all portions of which his long and devoted labors and eminent qualities had endeared him. The New England Conference, within whose bounds his name was as ointment poured forth, was in session at Boston when the sad intelligence arrived. It was first announced from the pulpits on Sabbath morning, and was noticed by Drs. Fisk and Bascom in their discourses during the day, amidst the profound emotions of the people, many of whom had sat under his ministry.

The following preamble and resolutions were introduced by Dr. Fisk, and passed unanimously by the Conference: "In view of the painful intelligence just communicated to the Conference by Bishop Soule, of the unexpected and afflicting death of that highly gifted, useful, and esteemed brother and fellow-laborer, Rev. Martin Ruter, D.D., missionary in Texas, and in view of the fact that Dr. Ruter formerly held a special relation to this Conference, having commenced his ministerial labors in New England, and having not only labored in unison with many of our surviving ministers, but was also honored by God in being the instru-

ment of the conversion of some who are now members of this Conference, we, the members of the New England Annual Conference, in Conference assembled,

“*Resolve*, That we deeply feel this painful dispensation of Divine Providence in the removal of one with whom many of us were allied by personal and friendly ties, and whose loss is so great an affliction to the Church of Christ. We honor the memory of the deceased, we feel humbled under a sense of this providential chastisement, and most earnestly supplicate the Divine blessing upon us and upon the Church, that this visitation may be sanctified to us, and to the advancement of the cause of God in general, and of the missionary work in particular.”

Resolutions, commemorative of his worth, were also passed by the Pittsburg Conference and the Alleghany College, as with both he was identified up to the last year of his life.

Dr. Manly, one of the physicians of the deceased, the day after his death wrote to his widow as follows: “It falls to my lot to first communicate to you the painful intelligence that the Rev. Dr. M. Ruter, your husband, is now no more—*yours* or *ours*. He departed this life between two and three o’clock on the morning of the 16th instant, full of that faith and grace which had buoyed him up through the labors of a minister and missionary for the last thirty-seven years. He has travelled amongst us since last fall, organizing societies, forming circuits, and establishing and spreading the gospel over this wilderness, with such zeal for the cause of God as caused him to disregard long rides, cold, hunger, wet, much preaching, or any other obstacle that might present itself. He has seemed to have but one motive—to do his work and finish his course in peace. But, O, how soon it has been done! The Doctor complained of a feverish con-

dition and bad health for some weeks before he was confined to his bed, and often spoke of setting out for home, but was fearful to do so until he felt better; but at length he started, and rode one day and part of another; and becoming too sick to travel, he took medicine, and on feeling better next morning, he determined that it was best for him to return to this place to procure medical aid, and to be amongst his friends. He did so, and remained able to walk about a little a day or two, and was then confined to his bed. Dr. Smith and myself were his principal physicians, having also the aid of several others occasionally, that we might leave nothing undone that could promise him any relief; but all to no purpose. I watched over him as physician and friend for three weeks, and often, during that time, we prayed and held sweet counsel together; and his *firm confidence*, his *communion with God*, his *religious joy*, his *entire* resignation to the will of Heaven, and his ardent concern for the welfare of the Church, made a deep and lasting impression upon my own heart. My dear sister, we would sympathize with you, but, at the same time, are almost inclined to say that our loss, and the loss of *this country*, is greater than yours. As an individual, I had the happiness of but a short acquaintance with Dr. Ruter, but we loved him much. Let us not weep: he has gone to his rest, and we, if faithful, will soon follow. His disease was a pulmonary affection, in which the liver and bowels were largely involved, brought on by severe colds, etc. We have buried his remains as respectably as this country could afford, in the midst of the deep anxieties of our town and community, and we shall enclose his grave with a decent wall and a suitable monument, as the last tribute of respect that we have the privilege and pleasure of offering."

Dr. Ruter was self-educated, but acquired a good acquaintance with Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, the Mathematics, History, and other branches of knowledge. He was honored spontaneously with the titles of A. M. and D. D. He was an assiduous student while pursuing the fatiguing routes of his itinerant ministry, and is, like Adam Clarke, an example of the success with which even elaborate studies may be pursued under the inconveniences of such a life. In person he was substantially formed, and dignified in his manners. He had the affability of the Christian gentleman. His voice was unusually melodious, and his love of music strong. In the pulpit he was grave, pathetic, and often commandingly eloquent. He lived in habitual communion with God, and his piety, ever reverential yet cheerful, gave the charm of a pure Christian cordiality to his whole character.

In 1848 the Rev. Mr. Thrall writes: "It is now almost ten years since this distinguished scholar and devoted missionary breathed his last in Washington. A few mornings since, I visited the spot hallowed by becoming the resting-place of his mortal remains. By the exertions of our beloved brother, the Rev. R. Alexander, a beautiful marble slab was procured and placed over his grave. It bears an inscription from the pen of Dr. Winans."

The epitaph will be found on the following page.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

BENEATH THIS STONE
 REST
 THE MORTAL REMAINS
 OF
 REV. MARTIN RUTER, D.D.,
 37 YEARS AN ITINERANT MINISTER
 OF THE
 METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
 AND
 SUPERINTENDENT OF THE FIRST MISSION OF THAT CHURCH
 IN
 THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS.
 HE WAS
 RESPECTABLE FOR HIS TALENTS,
 DISTINGUISHED FOR HIS LEARNING,
 AND
 SINCERELY AND DEVOUTLY PIOUS.
 HE DIED IN THIS TOWN, MAY 16TH, 1838,
 IN THE 54TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.
 HIS END WAS PEACE.
 HE LEFT A WIDOW AND NINE CHILDREN,
 WITH WHOSE SORROWS
 THOUSANDS SYMPATHIZE,
 AMONG WHOM THE ASSOCIATES AND OBJECTS
 OF HIS MISSIONARY BENEVOLENCE
 ARE PRINCIPAL.

Well done, thou servant of the Highest!

Thy work is done, and thou art blest;
 Beneath Jehovah's wing thou liest,
 Protected in thy quiet rest.

Soon, when the resurrection-day shall rise,
 The trump of Gabriel thou shalt hear,
 Burst from thy grave with glad surprise,
 And with the saints of light appear,

In honor clad, with glory crowned,
 To hear the approval of thy King,
 And join the raptured hosts around,
 The triumphs of his grace to sing.

WILLIAM W. REDMAN.

BY THE REV. ANDREW MONROE.

WILLIAM W. REDMAN was born in the Northwestern Territory, now Clark County, Indiana, December 14th, 1799. His parents were both pious, being members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and, as a natural consequence, felt a deep concern for the spiritual and eternal welfare of their offspring, and labored, both by precept and example, to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Hence their son William was in early life led to an acquaintance with the great fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and made familiar with the peculiarities of Methodism, as taught and exemplified by Havens, Wiley, Ruter, and other pioneers of Methodism in the West.

Besides the advantages of pious parental instruction, young Redman had the counsel and fervent prayers of the devoted itinerant preachers who often, in their peregrinations through the country in those early days, lodged at his father's house. Through these instrumentalities he was early brought to see and feel his sinfulness and lost condition, and need of pardoning mercy through Christ. According to his own statement, for the space of several years he often prayed and wept on account of sin, although he was not addicted to any

flagrant vices; yet he says of himself, "I had a rebellious will and a proud heart, and thought more highly of myself than I ought to think." Thus he continued to be exercised, resolving, vowing, and praying, until, in the seventeenth year of his age, he was permitted, in the good providence of God, to hear that weeping prophet, that eminent servant of God and the Church, Bishop George, preach from the latter part of our Lord's Prayer, "Deliver us from evil," etc. Under that discourse his convictions became deep, and his purpose to seek and serve God became settled; his heart melted; his feelings were deeply wrought on while the man of God spake as with a tongue of fire. He wrote down the heads of the discourse, and frequently read them over to revive and reawaken the feelings which it had produced.

He continued in this state of awakening until September 12th, 1817, when he attended a camp-meeting in Jefferson County, Kentucky, and there, while listening to a sermon from these words, "This man receiveth sinners," he was enabled to exclaim, "O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me. Behold, God is my salvation: I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song."

This meeting was held near Middletown, in the neighborhood of the Rev. James Ward. In the labors and privileges of that meeting the writer of this sketch participated. He remembers to have heard Mr. Redman speak of seeing and hearing him, and being assisted by him; but who preached the sermon under which he was converted, cannot be said with certainty. It was probably the presiding elder, the Rev. Marcus Lindsey, who was a great and good man in his day, and did much to advance the cause of God and Methodism

in Kentucky. He died of cholera in 1832 or 1833, in the midst of his best days. The pious, useful, and sweet-spirited Adams was present, and labored with others on that memorable occasion.

That the lives and labors of Lindsey and Adams deserve a more extended and permanent notice than has been given them, is the judgment of the writer; but their record is on high, and their works follow them.

Shortly after Mr. Redman had professed religion and joined the Church, he was persuaded that God had a work for him to do, and that a dispensation of the gospel was committed to him. He was accordingly licensed to exhort December 17th, 1819, and on the 10th of June following, he was licensed to preach as a local preacher. Both of his licenses are signed by the Rev. Calvin Ruter, as presiding elder.

But young Redman was destined for a larger field of action. With a heart burning with holy fire, he was constrained by the love of Christ to give himself wholly to the work of the ministry; and yet this decision was not reached without a struggle. It was no small trial, in those days, for a young man of ordinary advantages to become an itinerant preacher. To say nothing about the surrender of all prospect of worldly gain, abandonment of home, and the like, there were then no large cities and towns, with rich stations, districts, and circuits already organized, with commodious and comfortable houses of worship to preach in, and ceiled and carpeted houses to lodge the weary preacher. Let any man reflect on what Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Arkansas were thirty-five or forty years since, and he can imagine what lay before young Redman and many others who entered the itinerant ranks in our Church about the

same time. A vast wilderness, dark in every point of view, was spread out before them. But the love of Christ, and a desire to save souls for whom he died, decided the contest.

On the 14th of September, having been duly recommended as a candidate to this great work, he was admitted on trial in the Missouri Conference, which at that time included the greater portion of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Arkansas. The following are the districts as then arranged: Indiana District, with a membership of 3492 whites, 16 colored members; Illinois District, with a membership of 1864 whites, 7 colored members; Missouri District, with a membership of 1395 whites, 148 colored members; Black River District, with a membership of 511 whites, 25 colored members.

Brother Redman's first appointment was to the White River Circuit, Arkansas Territory, in the Black River District, Brother Wright presiding elder. To reach this distant field must have cost him a journey of at least five hundred miles. His route lay through a newly settled country, and a part of the way through a wilderness. Settlements were then few and far between; accommodations were rough; and the difficulties and dangers of the way were greatly augmented by the entire absence of bridges and roads. So far as the writer is advised, the young preacher made the journey solitary and alone to his new field of labor. It is likely that he formed the Circuit, as it does not appear on the minutes of that year: if so, this greatly increased his responsibility and perplexity.

The great distance between his appointments sometimes compelled him to lodge in the wilderness, with the canopy of heaven as his covering, his horse as his only companion, and his saddlebags for his pillow. On such occasions the bear, the wolf, and the panther were about his path. On one

occasion, as he related to me, he was greatly alarmed in the darkness of the night, when compelled to lodge in the open wilderness. Having secured his horse for the night, he laid himself down, with his saddlebags for his pillow. He had lain but a few minutes when the sudden terrific scream of a panther brought him to his feet: with great difficulty he held his horse, and for awhile he expected the bloodthirsty animal would rend him in pieces; but without any assignable cause, the dangerous foe retired, his affrighted horse became quiet, and he passed the remainder of the night in safety. In the morning he paid his devotions to the God of Daniel, who had delivered him from so great danger, and soon found his way to the cabin of the pioneer settler, who cordially entertained him with his simple fare, and then he went on his way rejoicing.

As to the result of his labors on this Circuit we know nothing, except what we gather from the printed minutes. These show that he returned a regular circuit, with a membership of 138 white and 18 colored members—a good year's work, considering the sparseness of the population, and the condition of the country.

That section of the work was considered a very sickly one, and nearly all the preachers who labored there suffered seriously, and some never recovered entirely from the effects of climate and exposure; but I believe Brother Redman was an exception, and came out unscathed.

The following year he was appointed to the Gasconade Circuit. This was in the bounds of the Missouri District. The Rev. Samuel Thompson was his presiding elder. This was also a hard field of labor, lying in a sparsely-settled, mountainous region of country, south of the Missouri River, chiefly on the waters of the Burbes and Gasconade rivers.

On this Circuit, as on the first he travelled, he had to hunt out among the valleys and hills of the Gasconade his preaching-places, and form his own Circuit. As the result of his labors, he reported 25 white and 15 colored members.

He formed an attachment this year for his presiding elder which continued through life—and no marvel, for who that ever knew Samuel H. Thompson did not love him? To the young preachers, and his companions in labors and sufferings, he always endeared himself. Full of goodness, and a large sympathetic heart, always ready for the battle and the most difficult and dangerous positions, he won the confidence and affections of his fellow-laborers in the kingdom and patience of Jesus.

At the close of his second year, Brother Redman was elected to Deacon's orders by the first Conference held in St. Louis, October, 1822, and ordained by Bishop Roberts.

The following year we find him on the Boonslick Circuit, in the same district as last year, the Rev. David Sharp being presiding elder. Here he found a membership of 126 white and 20 colored members. This circuit embraced the counties of Howard and Chariton and a part of Randolph and Boone. This was a large territory to be explored in four weeks: much of it was frontier work; yet in regard to comforts, helps, etc., this appointment was greatly in advance of the former. Nothing of special notice transpired in his itinerant career: he was diligent, acceptable, and, to some extent, useful in his field of labor. He returned an increase of 66 white and 9 colored members. I have heard him speak in terms of respect and strong attachment for his presiding elder of that year, but as Brother Sharp remained but one year in the far West, their acquaintance was of short duration.

At the ensuing Conference he was appointed in charge of the Boonslick and Cedar Creek Circuit, with Joseph Edmonson for his colleague. This arrangement greatly enlarged his territorial bounds, and also his labors and responsibility. His colleague was a most estimable young man, of superior mind and great promise. They were true-yokefellows, and labored together with great success. This was young Edmonson's first year. He lived to attain considerable eminence for talents, piety, and usefulness, and died in the triumphs of faith. I think his death occurred about the year 1844. He was a member of the Illinois Conference, loved and lamented by his brethren.

At the close of this year Brother Redman attended the Conference, and was elected and ordained elder. The ordination services were performed by Bishop Soule, in the presence of Bishops McKendree and Roberts. The Conference held its sessions at Padfield's camp-ground, St. Clair County, Illinois; and here the writer again met with the subject of this sketch, having been transferred from the Kentucky Conference to the Missouri.

On many accounts this was a memorable session of the Conference. The presence and preaching of three bishops gave interest and importance to the occasion. The funeral sermon of the lamented Beauchamp, a minister of uncommon ability, piety, and usefulness, and a member of the Conference, was delivered by Bishop Soule at this session. It was one of his happiest efforts. But the most remarkable and affecting incident of the occasion was the division of the Conference, under the action of the General Conference of that year. The time had now come when this pioneer band must be separated, to meet no more on earth. That portion of the original Conference lying west of the Mississippi

River, retained the original name. The subject of this sketch, as well as the writer, fell on the west side of the great river, in the bounds of the Missouri Conference.

Brother Redman's next appointment was Cedar Creek Circuit, where he labored with acceptability and usefulness. But here, as well as elsewhere in Missouri, Methodism met with formidable opposition. The Arian heresy prevailed to some extent. The doctrine of Barton Stone was embraced by many, having been transplanted by a tide of emigration from Kentucky. The Baptists were numerous, and had pre-occupied the ground with their doctrine of immersion, and the exclusive spirit which characterizes so many of that denomination. The opposition was manifested in various ways, and the spirit and practice of proselyting was common. Bigoted partisans not unfrequently availed themselves of our labors to build up their own sect. Brother Redman had many hard trials from this source, both in this and the Boonslick Circuit. Our preachers then were few and far between; and this gave the ministers of the denominations referred to a favorable opportunity of carrying out their proselyting schemes. Brother Redman, however, contended manfully for the faith, and souls were won to Christ. The minutes, nevertheless, show a small decrease in the numbers reported at the close of the year.

This year the Conference was held at a place called New Tennessee, St. Genevieve County, Missouri. Brother Redman was one of the little band of pioneers at that Conference—sixteen in number—with the beloved Bishop Roberts at our head. We were entertained by some kind friends, who encamped on the ground which had been prepared for the occasion.

The room which we used for the sessions of our Confer-

ence was a dilapidated cabin, at some distance from the camp-ground. Brother Redman's health having in a measure failed, he received a supernumerary relation at this Conference, and was appointed to Boonslick and Lamoine Circuits, the one lying north and the other south of the Missouri River, to labor as he might be able. Uriel Hawe was his colleague. The position of the two Circuits, separated as they were by the river, rendered it both embarrassing and laborious, especially for a man in feeble health like Brother Redman. Some, perhaps, at this distance of time, may think this a very singular arrangement of the work, but a sufficient explanation is found in the fact that we had only some sixteen or twenty preachers to occupy a territory now embracing some four Annual Conferences.

At the Conference held for 1826, he asked and obtained a location. This step, which he and his brethren deeply regretted, he felt impelled to take from the force of circumstances as then presented to his mind. He had married within the bounds of the Boonslick Circuit, some three years prior to this. He found himself with a growing family, both white and black, too numerous, as he supposed, to remove from place to place, and yet too young to leave alone for any considerable time. Moreover, it was difficult for a man with a family to get a support: the membership was small, and generally new settlers, with but little means, and, of course, not much to spare for ministerial support. Besides this, there was some opposition to married preachers, and especially to those who had married before they had time and experience to mature their minds and attain to a standing to which every minister should aspire before assuming the burdens and responsibilities of the marriage relation.

In the local relation he remained two years. At the Con-

ference of 1828 he was readmitted into the Missouri Conference, and was appointed to the Lamoine Circuit. He was blessed in his labors, and now felt that he was in the path of duty. He had tried a local sphere, and found it an unpleasant position for him, while he felt that his call implied entire consecration to the great work of saving souls. Many who have made the experiment know full well that his was no isolated case.

From the Conference of 1829, he was appointed to the Cedar Creek Circuit. He had for his colleague William Crane, with whom he labored harmoniously in their Master's cause. Brother Redman was not the man who could not work except in the lead, but wherever duty called he was ready to do his best, and lay himself out for the accomplishment of good in the cause of humanity and religion.

At the end of this year, circumstances of a most perplexing character again seemed to hedge up his way, and he was once more driven from the ranks of the itinerancy. It was with no ordinary reluctance that he again asked for a location, which was granted him.

In this relation he remained two years, when, feeling dissatisfied in it, he applied at the Conference held September, 1832, and was readily readmitted by his brethren, who loved him and sympathized with him in his troubles. At this Conference he was appointed to the Lamoine Circuit.

In the autumn of 1833 he was again appointed to Cedar Creek Circuit, where he labored with great acceptableness and signal success.

At the ensuing Conference of 1834, he was again appointed to Boonslick Circuit, where he was perhaps more popular than at any previous appointment. The inquiry will perhaps be made, Why keep a preacher for so many years on some

three circuits? The answer is, first, he was not prepared to remove to distant parts of the Conference; secondly, the circuits were not prepared to do without his valuable services; and, thirdly, his services were always acceptable and useful—never more so than at the last appointments to these several circuits.

In the autumn of 1835, he was appointed in charge of the Boonville District, on which he remained two years. In this appointment nothing of special interest has come to our knowledge. He was called to new duties and responsibilities, which he faithfully discharged.

At the Conference of 1837, held in St. Louis, he was appointed agent for the St. Charles College. In this work he remained two years. It was a hard service, and an appointment that no one desired.

His success in behalf of the College was limited; but perhaps no one would have done more under the circumstances than he did, although he was far from being satisfied with the result of his efforts. He collected some debts due the College, and added some sixteen hundred dollars to the endowment fund. He thought that he ought to have added thousands, whereas he only added hundreds. But his failure was not attributable to a want of talents or industry in his agency, but to a combination of circumstances wholly beyond his control. His ill-success in the matter induced him, before the close of the second year, with the advice and consent of the Board of Curators, to give up the duties of the agency; and he was employed until Conference on the Boonslick Circuit, where he was instrumental in carrying forward a most gracious revival of religion at Watts's Chapel. I have heard him speak of it as a time of remarkable power. He said that he experienced singular manifestations of God's

love to him. An eye-witness told me that Brother Redman was entirely overpowered, so that he lay for hours upon the ground as helpless as an infant. Some of the fruits of that meeting remain until the present, but others are gathered with the honored instrument to the garner of God.

At the Conference of 1839, held in Fayette, Brother Redman was appointed presiding elder of the Richmond District. This was a laborious field, being almost wholly frontier work, requiring long travels, over hill and vale, across vast prairies, without roads in numerous instances, save a narrow bridle-way, as the pioneers call it. In some places he was compelled to hold his quarterly meetings in log-cabins. On some such occasions the chapel was kitchen, dining-room, parlor, and bed-chamber for the family and guests. But he was not the man to complain, although the fare might be simple and coarse, and he might not always be invited to rest his weary body upon a bed of down.

He continued in this field four years, during which time he proved himself worthy of the trust committed to his hands, and did much to build up and establish Methodism in the bounds of that large District, and never was our dear brother more beloved by preachers and people. His popularity was greatly increased, and deservedly so.

After closing his labors in this District, and bidding adieu to the people of his charge—many of whom had been converted through his ministry—he met his brethren again in Conference, which was held that year in Lexington, Missouri. As usual, he was elected Secretary of the Conference, and filled the office with great acceptableness. At this session he was elected a delegate to the General Conference of 1844.

This session of the General Conference proved to be the most remarkable in our history, and in his connection with

the struggle of that occasion, he proved himself worthy the respect shown him by his brethren.

At the Conference at Lexington he was appointed to the Weston District, on which he remained but one year. He was then put on the St. Louis District, where he labored with some degree of usefulness for two years. During this period he was bereaved of the wife of his youth. She was a good woman, and died in peace.

In 1845 he was elected a delegate to the General Conference, which met in Petersburg, Virginia, being the first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. At that Conference the Missouri Conference was divided by the Missouri River—that part south of the river was called St. Louis Conference, the other part retaining the original name. Brother Redman preferred the Missouri Conference, and was accordingly changed, and put in charge of the St. Charles District, by Bishop Paine, where he labored with his usual zeal, popularity, and usefulness for three successive years. During this period he reëntered the state of matrimony. His second wife was an excellent lady.

At the Conference held in Fulton, Calloway County, in 1849, he was reappointed for the fourth year to the same district; and elected a delegate to the General Conference of 1850—which may be considered as proof of his general popularity, the confidence of the appointing power, and the strong hold which he had in the affections of his brethren, and their estimate of his ability to serve them in the highest council of the Church.

At the close of the Conference he proceeded to enter upon the labors of another year in good health and spirits. But how mysterious and inscrutable the ways of God! Brother Redman had arranged his first round of appointments, and

was about to commence (as he supposed) another year's toil in his Master's vineyard, when the Lord said to his servant, "It is enough!" How unexpected the call, both to himself and others! When, with that earnest grip and warm heart so common to Methodist preachers at the parting scene of an Annual Conference, he shook the hands of his brethren, little did he think it would be the last—little did we think we should see his face no more on earth! But it was even so!

He died at home, in the bosom of his family. His disease was an affection of the heart. He was taken ill on Sabbath, while preaching a funeral sermon, three miles from home, October 29th, 1849. While preaching he fainted away. After some time he was resuscitated and conveyed home, where he had good medical advice, and every attention from his family and friends that could contribute to his comfort and relief. He rested pretty well the first part of the night: got up at three o'clock; asked for some tea, with which he ate some bread; said he felt comfortable; and requested his wife to extinguish the light and retire to rest. She did so; but very soon discovered his breathing to be unnatural, and made haste to light a candle, and go to his relief. But she could not save him. A few more pulsations, and his heart ceased to beat, his spirit departed, and nothing was left on earth but the casket in which the precious treasure had been deposited!

Brother Redman was a good man. He was a kind husband and tender parent—perhaps a little too indulgent for the good of his children; but he loved and cared for them, and strove hard to educate and bring them up in the right way. He was brought up to habits of industry. He learned the printing business when young, and had, at the commencement of his itinerant career, a respectable English education,

to which he added a considerable stock of useful knowledge by reading.

He was an acceptable preacher. He took pains in preparing himself to defend the peculiar doctrines and polity of the Church, which he did with great success. Few preachers of his day were better prepared to expose the prevailing errors of the times. He wrote a series of able articles on the dogmas of the Rev. Alexander Campbell and his followers, which were published in the Church papers, and were extensively read and highly esteemed. He sometimes felt himself called to oppose the peculiar views of the Baptists, and never failed to make his mark. Although he managed these controversies with great earnestness, he seldom if ever gave offence to the opposing party, owing to the mildness of temper and sweetness of spirit in which he conducted them. He also published a sermon on Ministerial Support that speaks well for his ability as a writer. His piety was deep and fervent. He was a man of much prayer. In the social circle he was cheerful, but never light—sober, but not austere—dignified, but never assuming. He sought not only to render his company agreeable but edifying. He was a devoted Christian, a faithful and useful minister for more than thirty years. He was continually humbled in view of his own frailties and imperfections, and felt that he needed the all-prevailing mediation of the Saviour, as also the sympathy and forbearance of his brethren. But “he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.”

I will close this brief sketch with a few extracts from a letter just received from an estimable minister of the Missouri Conference, the Rev. William A. Mayhew, dated Mexico, Missouri, February 25th, 1858. He says:

“My acquaintance with Brother Redman commenced at

the session of the Missouri Conference held at Glasgow, in the autumn of 1847. His kind manner toward me during the session of that Conference, the first I ever attended, as well as his warm-hearted generosity at the close of the session, made a deep impression on my mind, and will always, I trust, be remembered with gratefulness. From that time to the period of Brother Redman's death, a little more than two years, I had the pleasure of having him as my presiding elder. At the Conference of 1847 I was appointed to the New London Mission, which then embraced a portion of two counties, Ralls and Pike, and was one of the charges composing the St. Charles District, over which our beloved Redman then presided. After the first six months of the year had passed, it was found necessary to connect the Mexico Mission with the New London, in order to afford them preaching and pastoral care, and Brother Redman procured the services of the Rev. R. C. Hatton as the assistant preacher. In consequence of that arrangement, there were two sets of quarterly meetings, so that we frequently enjoyed the counsels and ministry of Brother Redman, and we always found him kind and willing to give information in regard to our theological studies, and also interested in the temporal comfort of the preachers in his District. Many acts of his kindness in these regards, not only to myself, but also to Brother Hatton, are still very clearly, and, I trust, kindly recollected.

“He was punctual in attending his quarterly meetings, and his labors at them all were more or less blessed to the spiritual edification and religious encouragement of the preachers and membership of the Church. During this year we had two camp-meetings—one on the New London Mission, the other on the Mexico—and both were attended by Brother

Redman. The New London meeting was held at Grass Creek Camp-ground, in Pike County. There were but few tenters, though a pretty large concourse of people was in attendance. The Church in that neighborhood, as to numbers, was then very feeble. At this meeting Brother Redman preached with great acceptableness, usefulness, and success. He commenced his labors by preaching from Habakkuk iii. 2. That discourse made a very fine impression on those in attendance. Many points of his sermon on that occasion are yet remembered by me, and doubtless by others. This meeting resulted in the conversion and accession to the Church of some twenty persons, and I have no doubt Brother Redman's labors contributed very largely, under the blessing of God, to that success.

“The camp-meeting on the Mexico-Mission was held one mile north-east of the town of Mexico, on the land of Brother J. J. West, and was the first held at that place. The Methodists at Mexico were then but a feeble band, and it was not without some difficulty the meeting was gotten up. The tenters were few. It was attended, however, by quite a large concourse of people, and resulted in the conversion and accession to the Church of some twenty-seven persons, some of whom have since died, and are now, no doubt, reaping their reward in heaven, with him who was, in all probability, the instrument in the hands of God of their conversion. At this meeting Brother Redman preached the funeral sermon of Sister Day, of precious memory, long a member of the Methodist Church, and who had died a few months previous in the triumphs of faith, and in confident hope of a blissful immortality. Brother Redman's sermon was attended with unction, and made a powerful impression on the congregation, and one or two of Sister Day's sons were led to seek religion.

About fifteen months from that time, worn down with his labors, he quietly and calmly fell asleep in Jesus, and entered the rest for which he then toiled, and now realizes the full fruition of the joy which he, in that hour of Christian rejoicing, anticipated.

"I learn, through the brethren in Mexico, that at the camp-meeting held on the same ground in September, 1849, Brother Redman's labors had more of the unction of the Holy Ghost about them, and were more signally owned and blessed of God in the building up of the Church and the conversion of sinners. He labored hard and long, until he was almost entirely worn down. Some fifty souls were converted. When we consider the newness of the country, sparseness of population, and prevalence of Campbellism, that meeting may be regarded a great triumph, and is very justly entitled the most powerful meeting ever held in this part of the country. Shortly after this, Brother Redman attended the Conference held in Fulton, the last Conference he ever attended, and the last time I had the pleasure of seeing him. I could not but notice, at that Conference, his worn-down appearance, but did not suppose that he was so near the close of his earthly pilgrimage.

"Brother Redman was endeared to me by many acts of kindness, as doubtless he was to many, *very many* others. I loved him as a friend, I might say almost as a father, associated as I was with him during the first years of my itinerant labor, and even now I feel grateful, and thank God that I ever was blessed with his counsels and shared in his friendship."



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